

T H E
W O R K S
O F
Dr JONATHAN SWIFT,

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MISCELLANIES in VERSE.

A CRITICISM on these MISCELLANIES.

THE poetical performances of Dr Swift ought to be considered as occasional poems, framed either to please, or vex some particular persons. We must not suppose them designed for posterity. If he had cultivated his genius in that way, he must certainly have excelled, especially in satire. We see fine sketches in several of his pieces: but he seems more desirous to inform and strengthen his mind, than to indulge the luxuriancy of his imagination. He chuses to discover and correct errors in the works of others, rather than to illustrate and add beauties to his own. Like a skilful artist, he is fond of probing wounds to their depth, and of enlarging them to open view. He prefers caustics, which erode proud flesh, to softer ballanics, which give more immediate ease. He aims to be severely useful rather than politely engaging: and as he was either not formed; or would not take pains to excel in poetry, he became, in some measure, superior to it; and assumed more the air and manners of a critic, than of a poet. Had he lived in the same age with Horace, he would have approached nearer to him, than any other poet: and if we may make an allowance for the different course of study, and different form of government, to which each of these great men were subject, we may observe, in several instances, a strong resemblance between them. Both poets are equally distinguished for wit and humour. Each displays a peculiar felicity in diction. But, of the two, Horace is the more elegant and delicate: while he condemns, he pleases. Swift takes pleasure in giving pain. The dissimilitude of their tempers might be owing to the different turns in their fortune. Swift early formed large views of ambition, and was disappointed. Horace, from an exiled low state, rose into affluence, and enjoyed the favour and friendship of Augustus. Each poet was the delight of the principal persons of his age. *Cum magnis vixisse*, was not more applicable to Horace, than to Swift. They both were temperate; both were frugal; and both were of the same Epicurean taste. Horace had his Lydia, Swift had his Vanessa. Horace had his Mecaenas and his Agrippa; Swift had his Oxford and his Bollingbroke. Horace had his Virgil, Swift had his Pope.

Swift, who had the nicest ear, is remarkably chaste and delicate in his rhymes. A bad rhyme appeared to him one of the capital sins in poetry; and yet it is a sin into which some of our greatest poets have fallen; Dryden frequently, Pope sometimes. The former was imbarassed with a wife and family; and was often under such necessary circumstances, as to be obliged to publish, or to want subsistence. The latter was in a less confined, and in a much more easy situation. He was naturally judicious, and uncommonly atten-

tive to maintain the dignity of his character. Although his body was weak, his mind was equal to the weight of his laurel crown; and he wore it not only with ease, but majesty. Take him as a poet, *we shall not see his like again.*

The Dean kept company with many of the fair sex; but they were rather his amusement than his admiration. He trifled away many hours in their conversation, he filled many pages in their praise, and, by the power of his head, he gained the character of a lover, without the least assistance from his heart. To this particular kind of pride, supported by the bent of his genius, and joined by the excessive coldness of his nature, Vanessa owed the ruin of her reputation; and from the same causes Stella remained an unacknowledged wife. If we consider Swift's behaviour, so far only as it relates to women, we shall find, that he looked upon them rather as busts, than as whole figures. In his panegyrical descriptions, he has seldom descended lower than the centre of their hearts: or if ever he has designed a complete statue, it has been generally cast in a dirty, or in a disagreeable mould; as if statuary had not conceived, or had not experienced that justness of proportion, that delicacy of limb, and those pleasing and graceful attitudes which have constituted the sex to be the most beautiful part of the creation. If you review his several poems to Stella, you will find them fuller of affection than desire, and more expressive of friendship, than of love. For example,

*Thou Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung;
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendship and esteem possess'd,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.* Vol. 6. p. 171.

Most of the poems which are absolutely addressed to Stella, or which describe her in a variety of attitudes, turn upon her age: a kind of excuse perhaps for Swift's want of love.

It is impossible for me to pass a very minute comment upon the various poems wrote by Swift. They are not only mingled improperly, in point of dates and subjects: but many, very many of them, are temporary, trifling, and I had almost said puerile. Several of them are personal, and consequently scarce amusing; or at least they leave a very small impression upon our minds. Such indeed as are likely to draw your attention, are exquisite, and so peculiarly his own, that whoever has dared to imitate him in these, or in any of his works, has constantly failed in the attempt. Upon a general view of his poetry, we shall find him, as in his other performances, an uncommon, surprising, heteroclitic genius; luxurious in his fancy, lively in his ideas, humorous in his descriptions, and bitter, exceeding bitter, in his satire. The restlessness of his imagination, and the disappointment of his ambition, have both contributed

buted to hinder him from undertaking any poetical work of length or importance. His wit was sufficient to every labour: no flight could have wearied the strength of his pinions: perhaps, if the extensive views of his nature had been fully satisfied, his airy motions had been more regular, and less sudden. But he now appears like an eagle that is sometimes chained; and at that particular time, for want of nobler and more proper food, diverts his confinement, and appeases his hunger, by destroying the gnats, butterflies, and other wretched insects that unluckily happen to buzz or flutter within his reach.

While I have been reading over his poems, I have considered him as an Egyptian hieroglyphic; which though it had an unnatural, and frequently an indecent appearance, yet it always contained some secret marks of wisdom, and sometimes of deep morality. The subjects of his poems are often nauseous, and the performances beautifully disagreeable.

The lady's dressing-room [vol. 6. p. 341.] has been universally condemned as deficient in point of delicacy, even to the highest degree. The best apology that can be made in its favour, is to suppose, that the author exhibited his Celia in the most hideous colours he could find, lest she might be mistaken as a goddess, when she was only a mortal. External beauty is very alluring to youth and inexperience; and Swift, by pulling off the borrowed plumes of his harpy, discovers at once a frightful bird of prey, and by making her offensive, renders her less dangerous and inviting. Such, I hope, was his design. But let his views and motives have been ever so beneficial, his general want of delicacy and decorum must not hope even to find the shadow of an excuse; for it is impossible not to own, that he too frequently forgets that politeness and tenderness of manners, which are undoubtedly due to humankind. From his early and repeated disappointments, he became a misanthrope. If his mind had been more equal and content, I am willing to believe, that he would have viewed the works of nature with a more benign aspect. And perhaps, under a less constant rotation of anxiety, he might have preserved his senses to the last scene of life, and might have enjoyed that calm exit from the stage, for which his friend Horace so earnestly supplicates Apollo.

*Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latæ, dones, et precor, integra
Cum mente; nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem.*

His pride was so great as scarce to admit any body to the least share of his friendship, except such who could amuse him, or such who could do him honour. To these two different classes, we owe many of his poems. His companions and humble followers find

themselves immortalized by the insertion of their names in addresses to Stella, or in other miscellaneous pieces, written in an easy, although not in a careless manner. His more exalted friends, whose stations and characters did him honour, are treated in a different style; and you will perceive a real dignity, and a most delicate kind of wit, in all his poems to Lord Oxford, Lord Peterborough, Lord Carteret (now Earl of Granville), Mr Pulteney (now Earl of Bath); and I think I may particularly add, in a poem to the Countess of Winchelsea (under the name of *Ardelia*), and another to Mrs Biddy Floyd. These names abetted him in his pursuit of fame. They reflected back the glory which he gave. But still I cannot recollect one poem, nay scarce a couplet, to his noble patron Lord Bolingbroke. In that instance he has been as silent, as Virgil has been to Horace; and yet he certainly had not a grain of envy in his composition.

I think I can discern a third kind of style in his poems addressed to Mr Pope, Mr Gay, Dr Delany, and Dr Young. When he writes to them, there is a mixture of ease, dignity, familiarity, and affection. They were his intimate friends, whom he loved sincerely, and whom he wished to accompany into the poetical regions of eternity.

As to the poem called *Death and Daphne*, [vol. 6. p. 355.]; I recollect an odd incident relating to that nymph. Swift, soon after our acquaintance, introduced me to her, as to one of his female favourites. I had scarce been half an hour in her company, before she asked me, if I had seen the Dean's poem upon *Death and Daphne*? As I told her I had not, she immediately unlocked a cabinet, and bringing out the manuscript, read it to me with a seeming satisfaction, of which at that time I doubted the sincerity. While she was reading, the Dean was perpetually correcting her for bad pronunciation, and for placing a wrong emphasis upon particular words. As soon as she had gone through the composition, she assured me smilingly, that the portrait of *Daphne* was drawn for herself. I begged to be excused from believing it, and protested that I could not see one feature that had the least resemblance. But the Dean immediately burst into a fit of laughter: "You fancy," says he, "that you are very polite; but you are much mistaken. That lady had rather be a *Daphne* drawn by me, than a *Sacharissa* by any other pencil." She confirmed what he had said with great earnestness; so that I had no other method of retrieving my error, than by whispering in her ear as I was conducting her down stairs to dinner, that indeed I found

Her hand as dry and cold as lead.

You see the command which Swift had over all his females; and
you

you would have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe, and an assiduity, that are seldom paid to the richest, or the most powerful lovers; no, not even to the Grand Signior himself.

To these ladies Swift owed the publication of many pieces, which ought never to have been delivered to the press. He communicated every composition as soon as finished, to his female senate; who not only passed their judgment on the performance, but constantly asked, and almost as constantly obtained, a copy of it. You cannot be surprised, that it was immediately afterwards seen in print; and when printed, became a part of his works. He lived much at home, and was continually writing, when alone. Not any of his senators presumed to approach him, when he signified his pleasure to remain in private, and without interruption. His nightgown and slippers were not easier put on or off, than his attendants. No prince ever met with more flattery to his own person, or more devotion to his own mandates. This despotic power not only blinded him, but gave a loose to passions that ought to have been kept under a proper restraint. I am sorry to say, that whole nations are sometimes sacrificed to his resentment: for reflections of that sort appear to me the least justifiable of any kind of satire. You will read his *acurrima* with indignation, and his *minutiae* with regret. Yet I must add, that since he has descended so low as to write, and still so much lower as to print riddles, he is excellent even in that kind of versification. The lines are smoother, the expressions are neater, and the thought is closer pursued, than in any other *riddle-writer* whatever. But Swift composing riddles, is Titian painting draught-boards; which must have been inexcusable, while there remained a signpost-painter in the world.

As to the two Latin poems, *An epistle to Dr Sheridan* [vol. 6. p. 253.], and *A description of the rocks at Carbery in Ireland* [vol. 6. p. 267.], the Dean was extremely solicitous, that they should be printed among his works: and, what is no less true than amazing, he assumed to himself more vanity upon these two Latin poems, than upon many of his best English performances. It is said, that Milton in his own judgment preferred the *Paradise Regained* to the *Paradise Lost*. There possibly might be found some excuse for such a preference; but in Swift's case there can be none. He understood the Latin language perfectly well, and he read it constantly; but he was no Latin poet. And if the *Carberiae rupes*, and the *Epistola ad Thomam Sheridan*, had been the produce of any other author, they must have undergone a severe censure from Dr Swift.

The two poems, intitled, *The life and genuine character of Dr Swift* [vol. 7. p. 162.] and, *Verses on the death of Dr Swift, &c.*

[vol. 6. p. 220.], are poems of great wit and humour. The first was artfully published by Dr Swift in a manner so different from those rules of poetry to which he confined himself, that he hoped the public might mistake it for a spurious or uncorrect copy, stolen by memory from his original poem. He took great pleasure in this supposition: and I believe it answered his expectation. One of his strictest rules in poetry was to avoid triplets. What can have given rise to so nice a peculiarity, is difficult to determine. It might be owing only to a singular turn of thinking. But the reason which he publicly assigned, seemed not so much against the practice itself, as against the poets who indulged themselves in that manner of writing: "A custom" (according to the Dean's opinion) "introduced by laziness, continued by ignorance, and established by false taste." With deference to so great a critic, 'tis a custom that has frequently been pursued with remarkable success. Mr Dryden abounds in triplets; and in some of his most elegant poems, the third concluding verse forms the finest climax in the whole piece. Mr Waller, the father of all flowing poetry, has generally reserved the nicest point of wit to his triplicate line. And, upon an impartial inquiry, it is almost to be questioned, whether, in many instances, this despicable triplet may not add a greater beauty to a poetical composition, than any other circumstance. To be confined, on any terms, by the links of rhyme, is of great disadvantage to our English poetry. The finest poem that we can boast, and which we equalize, and perhaps would willingly prefer to the Iliad, is void of those fetters. But when it is our destiny to wear chains, surely we may be allowed to make them as light and easy as we can.

The second poem, *Verses on the death of Dr Swift* [vol. 6. p. 220.] is a most pointed piece of sarcasm. Not any of the Dean's poems have more wit; nor are any of them more severe. In it he has summoned together his whole powers of satire and poetry. It is a parting blow; the legacy of anger and disappointment. But as the two last lines are grammatically incorrect, and as they were not inserted in the first edition published at London, I cannot tell how they have crept into a poem, that is otherwise as exactly polished as any of Swift's nicest compositions. *Errata.*

The merits of Dr Swift in the character of a poet are considerably great. His descriptions, wherein there constantly appear the distinguishing marks of his own peculiar talents, are extremely just and lively: many of his groups are not to be excelled by any painter's imagination; his rhymes and his numbers are chaste and delicate; and in places, when, rather by accident than choice, he rises from the earth, and soars into the regions of poetry, he is equal to the finest masters among the Greeks and Romans, his ideas
are

are lofty, and his versification musically sonorous. And yet after all he is not to be considered in the light of a professed poet; the multitude of his writings on various subjects, both in verse and prose, being an evident demonstration, that he was superior to any particular course of learning. He was born to be the encourager of virtue, and the terror of the wicked. He never sat musing in his elbow-chair upon new subjects, for the exercise of his genius, and the advancement of his fame; but writ occasionally to please and to reform the world, as either politics or humour gave the spur to his faculties. There are but few of his poems that seem to have been the labour of more than one day, how greatly soever they might have been corrected and polished afterwards to his own liking before he transcribed them fair.

There indisputably runs a vein of satire throughout all his writings: but, as he declares that no age could have more deserved it, than that particular age wherein he was destined to live; he is intitled to all the praise we can bestow upon him, for exerting his whole abilities in the defence of honour, virtue, and his country. In his general satire, where perhaps thousands were equally meant, he hath never once through malice inserted the name of any one person; the vice nevertheless he exposeth to contempt and ridicule. But in particular satire, when egregious monsters, traitors to the weal-public, and slaves to party, are the objects of his resentment, he lashes without mercy; well knowing, that infamy, which is perhaps a taste of hell, is the only punishment which in this world can be inflicted upon such rebels to society, as, either by craft or corruption, bid defiance to the laws.

One of the most distinguishing characteristics of Dr Swift was a bright and clear genius; so extremely piercing, that every the most striking circumstance, arising from any subject whatever, quickly occurred to his imagination; and these he frequently so accumulated one upon another, that perhaps, beyond all other poets, of all ages and countries, he deserves in this particular to be the most universally admired. And this choice of circumstances, if any stress can be laid on the opinion of Longinus, that great director of our taste and judgment, renders a composition truly noble and sublime. The most remarkable pieces of this sort, are, *The furniture of a woman's mind*; *Betty the Grizette*; *The journal of a modern lady*; *His poem on reading Dr Young's Satires*; *Mordanto*; *The description of a city shower*; *The description of Quilca*; *The description of the morning*; and, *The place of the damned*. This power of the mind gave him also that desperate hand as Pope terms it, in taking off all sorts of characters. To omit those of a political nature, see *The progress of poetry*; *The second part of Traulus*; *The progress of love*; *The character of Corinna*; and, *The beautiful young nymph just going to bed*; where you will find that his imagination could even dream in the character of an old battered strumpet.

8 A CRITICISM ON

strumpet. And, from the same inexhaustible fund of wit, he acquired the historic arts both of designing and colouring, either in groups, or in single portraits. How exact, how lively, and spirited, is that group of figures in *The journal of a modern lady*? [Here the passage is inserted beginning thus :

But let me now a while survey, &c. l. 116.
and ending,

Flew how'ring o'er each female head. l. 135.].

And for a single portrait, if we consider the design, the attitude, the drapery, or the colouring, what is it that can excel the representation of Cassius in *The tragical elegy*? [Here the passage is inserted, beginning thus :

He seem'd as just crept out of bed, &c. l. 11.
and ending thus,

On embers plac'd, to drink it hot. l. 28.]

Throughout all his poetical writings, although many of them be dedicated immediately to the fair sex, there cannot be found, to the best of my recollection, one single distich, addressed in the character of a lover to any one person. If he writ any poems of that sort in his younger days, they must have been destroyed, if they be not concealed. Those verses upon women which are deemed the most satirical, were written principally with a view to correct their foibles, to improve their taste, and to make them as agreeable companions at threescore, as at the age of five and twenty. By what I can hear, the most exceptionable of his poems in that way have produced some very extraordinary effects in the polite world. This was in truth the ultimate design of his writing *The lady's dressing-room*, and other pieces, which are acknowledged to be somewhat liable to censure on account of their indelicacy.

Among the admirers of Dr Swift, many have compared him to Horace, making proper allowances for the respective ages in which they severally flourished. The resemblance however between them is not so exceedingly strong, as that a similitude and manner of writing could have excited the least degree of emulation between them, further than to be equally renowned for their peculiar excellencies. Each of them had, independent of what is generally called a fine taste, a thorough knowledge of the world, superadded to an abundance of learning. Both the one and the other of these great men held the numerous tribe of poets, as well as that motley generation of men called critics, in the utmost contempt ; and at the same time have manifested themselves to be incomparable judges of all that is truly excellent, whether in books or men. Neither of them had the least regard for the Stoics : and whatever may be said of their being of the Epicurean taste, which, if rightly understood, is far from being inconsistent with the high-

est.

est virtue; neither of them was attached to any particular system of philosophy. Homer was the darling author both of Horace and Swift. Horace declares in his epistle to Lollius, that Homer had abundantly more good sense and wisdom than all the philosophers; and Swift's opinion was, that Homer had more genius than all the rest of the world put together. Yet neither the one nor the other of them have attempted to imitate his manner; but, like heroes of a bold and true spirit, have industriously followed the bent of nature, and struck out originals of their own. But however strong may be supposed the resemblance between Horace and Swift, they were in fact upon the whole quite different men. Their tempers, their complexions, and their fortunes, were totally unlike. Each of them had in many respects greatly the advantage of the other.

Poetry was in Horace the business of his life; every desire, every comfort, and every passion of his mind, were centered in the Muses: he followed the example of the Greek poets, *præter laudem nullius avarus*. Poetry in Swift was only an appendage to his character: he wore it as an emblem of wit and spirit, which gave him an air of grandeur in the republic of letters. Horace, by diverting his thoughts from all sublunary affairs, and perpetually ranging about from flower to flower, among the gardens and groves, and wildernesses of the Greeks, with infinite labour extracted, like an industrious bee, the quintessence of their sweets; and by frequently experimenting all the changes of harmony, is deservedly the joy and admiration of the poetical world, for the music of his lines, and the variety of his numbers. His addresses to the Emperor, to Agrippa, to Pollio, and his panegyric on Drusus, are prodigiously sublime: but his hymns to the Muses, to Mercury, to Pan, to Apollo and Diana, to Venus, to his lyre, and to Bacchus, are absolutely raptures of poetry, even the divine spirit of that *amabilis insania*, "that delightful madness," which is only to be felt, impossible to be described. His verses nevertheless are but few in number; the whole of his works, at a random computation, amounting only to about 7000 lines; whereof not above one half are of that species of poetry on which he desired to fix all his pretensions to fame. And it was upon these only that he bestowed the greater part of his life. Swift, on the contrary, from the age of one and twenty, was deeply immersed in politics during his whole life; sometimes fighting the battles of church and state against a virulent, opposing faction, which threatened to undermine the constitution; sometimes resisting the torrent of ecclesiastical, and frequently the torrent of ministerial power, whenever the rights of the clergy, or the liberties of his country, were occasionally invaded; and generally fighting with beasts of one species or other, like a fierce and bold champion, resolutely bent on either death or victory: yet still he could find opportunities, by snatching hours of leisure, to write poetry for his amusement.

He

He had read many of the Greek and Latin poets ; relished and admired what was agreeable to his own taste ; but never devoted either his thoughts or his time to Apollo and the Muses. Throughout his whole works there is no such thing as an ode to Calliope, to Mercury, to Venus, to Apollo and Diana, to his lyre, to Bacchus, or to Pan ; nothing which was ever intended as a rapture of poetry. Is it not then somewhat very amazing, if we consider him in this fair and true light, that he should produce, by the mere force of taste and abilities, without any laboured correction at all, such wonders in the poetic strain, as to make any the most partial of his admirers, not only prefer him to all the poets of these latter centuries, but compare him to that immortal genius of the Augustan age, whose whole delight, speculation, and amusement, whether in bed or in the fields, was in meditating, writing, polishing, or correcting his verses? *Swift.*

MISCELLANIES in VERSE†.

N. B. Whatever verses are marked with an asterisk * prefixed, are not Dr Swift's.

CADENUS and VANESSA‡.

Written *anno* 1713.

THE *Shepherds* and the *nymphs* were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature *man*.

† The following poems chiefly consist either of humour or satire, and very often of both together. What merit they may have, we confess ourselves to be no judges of in the least; but, out of due regard to a writer, from whose works we hope to receive some benefit, we cannot conceal what we have heard from several persons of great judgment, that the author never was known, either in verse or prose, to borrow any thought, simile, epithet, or particular manner of style; but whatever he writ, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is an original in itself.---- Although we are very sensible, that in some of the following poems, the ladies may resent certain satirical touches against the mistaken conduct in some of the fair sex; and that some warm persons on the prevailing side may censure this author, for not thinking in public matters exactly like themselves; yet we have been assured, by several judicious and learned gentlemen, that what the author hath here writ, on either of those two subjects, hath no other aim than to reform the errors of both sexes. If the public be right in its conjectures of the author, nothing is better known in London, than that while he had credit at the court of Q. Anne, he employed so much of it in favour of Whigs in both kingdoms, that the ministry used to rally him as the advocate of that party; for several of whom he got employments, and preserved others from losing what they had: of which some instances remain even in this kingdom. Besides, he then writ and declared against the pretender with equal zeal, though not with equal fury, as any of our modern Whigs; of which party he always professed himself to be as to politics, as the reader will find in many parts of his works.
Dub. edit. 1735.

‡ See an account of the occasion of this poem in Swift's life prefixed to vol. 1.

This

CADENUS AND VANESEA. 12

The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd, 5
On which the pleader much enlarg'd ;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart; —

His

This poem is founded upon an offer of marriage made by a young lady to her preceptor. Whether such an incident really happened, or what gave the poet occasion to suppose it, need not here be inquired. His principal design is to expose the faults and follies in both sexes, by which love is degraded, and marriage rendered subservient to fordid purposes. *Hawkes.*

This poem, one of the greatest length, and, I believe, the longest ever composed by the Dean, is of a very extraordinary nature, and upon a very extraordinary subject. As a poem, it is excellent in its kind, perfectly correct, and admirably conducted.

Vanity makes terrible devastation in a female breast. It batters down all restraints of modesty, and carries away every seed of virtue. Vanessa was excessively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but in general fictitious. She was fond of dress; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; superior, in her own opinion, to all her sex; full of pertness, gaiety, and pride; not without some agreeable accomplishments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel; ambitious; at any rate, to be esteemed a wit; and, with that view, always affecting to keep company with wits; a great reader, and a violent admirer of poetry; happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's concubine; but still aiming and intending to be his wife; by nature haughty and disdainful, looking with the pity of contempt upon her inferiors, and with the smiles of self-approbation upon her equals; but upon Dr Swift with the eyes of love. Her love was founded in vanity, or, to use a more fashionable phrase, *in taste*. His own lines are the best proof of my assertion. [Here the particular passage is inserted, beginning thus,

Cadenus many things had writ, l. 510.

and ending thus,

Nor farther looks, but thinks him young, l. 531.]

The poem itself is dated in the year 1713, when Swift was in his meridian altitude; favoured by the courtiers; flattered, feared, and admired by the greatest men in the nation.

By the verses which I have already recited, it may be presumed, that the lady was first smitten with the same and character of Cadenus,

His altar now no long smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes :
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine ;

denus, and afterwards with his person. Her first thoughts pursued a phantom ; her later passion desired a substance. The manner in she which discovered her inclinations, is poetically described in these lines. [The passage here inserted, begins thus,

She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts, l. 602.

and ends thus,

Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart, l. 623.]

Supposing this account to be true, and I own I can scarce think it otherwise, it is evident, that the fair Vanessa had made a surprising progress in the philosophic doctrines, which she had received from her preceptor. His rules were certainly of a most extraordinary kind. He taught her, that vice, as soon as it defied shame, was immediately changed into virtue ; that vulgar forms were not binding upon certain *choice spirits*, to whom either the writings or the persons of men of wit were acceptable. She heard the lesson with attention, and imbibed the philosophy with eagerness. The maxims suited her exalted turn of mind. She imagined, that if the theory appeared so charming, the practice must be much more delightful. The close connection of soul and body seemed to require, in the eye of a female philosopher, that each should succeed the other in all pleasurable enjoyments. The former had been sufficiently regaled ; why must the latter remain unsatisfied ? " Nature," said Vanessa, " abhors a vacuum, and Nature ought always to be obeyed." She communicated these sentiments to her tutor ; but he seemed not to comprehend her meaning, nor to conceive the *distinctio rationis* that had taken rise in his own school. He answered her in the *non-essential modes*. He talked of friendship, of the delights of reason, of gratitude, respect, and esteem. He almost preached upon virtue, and he muttered some indistinct phrases concerning chastity.

So unaccountable a conduct in Cadenus may be thought rather to proceed from defects in nature, than from the scrupulous difficulties of a tender conscience. Such a supposition will still appear more strong, if we recollect the distant manner in which Swift cohabited with Stella, colder, if possible, after, than before she was his wife : and I now recollect some of his own lines that seem to confirm the surmise, as they contain an insinuation against Va-

14 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.
Which crimes aforesaid (*with her leave*)
Were (*as he humbly did conceive*)

15

nessa, not, perhaps, so much intended to wound her reputation, as to save his own. [The passage here inserted, begins thus,

But what success Vanessa met, l. 818.

and ends thus,

Nor shall the conscious muse unfold, l. 827.]

It is impossible to read this cruel hint without great indignation against the *conscious muse*, especially as it is the finishing stroke of a picture which was already drawn in too loose a garment, and too unguarded a posture. In this instance, I am afraid, the Dean must remain inexcusable.

Vanessa, in some time after the death of her sister, retired to Selbridge. Spleen and disappointment were the companions of her solitude. The narrowness of her income, the coldness of her lover, the loss of her reputation, all contributed to make her miserable, and to increase the frenzical disposition of her mind. In this melancholy situation she remained several years; during which time Cadenus visited her frequently. Their particular conversation, as it passed without witnesses, must for ever remain unknown: but, in general, it is certain, that she often pressed him to marry her. His answers were rather turns of wit than positive denials; till at last, being unable to sustain her weight of misery any longer, she writ a very tender epistle to Cadenus, insisting peremptorily upon as serious an answer, and an immediate acceptance, or absolute refusal of her, as his wife. His reply was delivered by his own hand. He brought it with him when he made his final visit at Selbridge, and throwing down the letter upon her table, with great passion hastened back to his horse, carrying in his own countenance the frown of anger and indignation.

Dr Swift had a natural severity of face, which even his smiles could scarce soften, or his utmost gaiety render placid and serene: but when that sternness of visage was increased by rage, it is scarce possible to imagine looks or features that carried in them more terror and austerity. Vanessa had seen him in all tempers, and from his outward appearance she guessed at the inward contents of his letter. She read it with as much resolution as the present cruelty of her fate, and the raging pride of her heart, would permit. She found herself entirely discarded from his friendship

and

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 15

Against our sov'reign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown :
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down. 20

and conversation. Her offers were treated with insolence and disdain. She met with reproaches instead of love, and with tyranny instead of affection. She had long thrown away the gentle lenitives of virtue; which, upon this occasion, might have proved healing ingredients to so deep and so dangerous a wound. She had preferred wit to religion, she had utterly destroyed her character and her conscience; and she was now fallen a prey to the horror of her own thoughts.

*Tum vero infelix satis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat : totaet coeli convexa tueri.*

She did not survive many days the letter delivered to her by Cadenus.-----Thus perished at Selbridge, under all the agonies of despair, Mrs Esther Vanhomrigh; a miserable example of an ill-spent life, fantastic wit, visionary schemes, and female weakness. *Orrery.*

This poem is built on the finest model; supported with infinite humour, wit, and gaiety; embellished with ideas the most lovely and delicate; beautifully adorned with variety of the most attractive images; and conducted throughout the whole with such perfect regularity, that, beyond all other pieces, whether of Dr Swift, or any poet that ever writ in English, it appears calculated to abide the severest examination of critics.

In the apparatus of this poem we find, that Venus the goddess of love and beauty, having cause to be afraid, upon hearing the merits of a trial between the nymphs and shepherds, that her sovereignty might be called in question on account of that wretched corrupted taste which prevails among the youth of both sexes, resolves on a political expedient to maintain the dignity of her throne, and to reduce her rebellious subjects unto their loyalty, their chains, and their obedience.

Now, this debate, which was spun out for sixteen years between the nymphs and shepherds, is supposed to have commenced only some few days before the birth of Vanessa. But the Cyprian queen having, in order to try an experiment, selected Vanessa, upon the day of her birth, from all the rest of the little female world, adorns her with every grace and beauty that is supposed to attract the admiration of the shepherds. And, to complete her design, she prevails on the goddess of learning (al-

16 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

The *nymphs* with scorn beheld their foes :
When the *defendant's* counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact ;

though by a stratagem) to pour down all her gifts into the bosom of this delightful girl. [Here some verses are inserted, beginning thus,

Thus, to the world's perpetual shame, l. 432.

and ending thus,

Give mortals neither heat nor light, l. 443.]

Here let us stop, and take an impartial view of this enchanting fair. With regard to the beauty, the elegance, the graces, and the sweetness of her person, she is beyond all contradiction, to use an expression of Parnel,

All bright as an angel new-dropt from the skies.

And with regard to the accomplishments of the mind, her soul is endued with knowledge, judgment, wit, decency, modesty, truth, justice, fortitude, honour, politeness, generosity, wisdom, and every other virtue which can possibly enter into the composition of the most illustrious character. She had a soul worthy to be the inhabitant of so beautiful, so angelic a mansion. However, to speak as a critic, it matters not whether Vanessa be a real or a fictitious character. If indeed the character be drawn from real life, we must insist upon it, that Vanessa behaved herself, throughout all the habitudes and vicissitudes of life, with unblemished honour ; as in truth her character would not otherwise have been even poetically just ; and consequently the poem, instead of being universally admired for its superior excellencies, would (to speak in the style of critics) have been damned, on its first appearance, for its inaccuracies and inconsistencies. On the other hand, if the character be fictitious, the whole is a fable ; and consequently there never existed any such person as the charming Vanessa. It is certain however, that among the poets we frequently meet with characters, especially when compliments are addressed to some particular favourites in the *grand monde*, which are partly *real*, and partly *fictitious*. What I mean by *real* is, when some person really and truly existing, is generally understood to be the object of the poet's complaisance ; and what I mean by *fictitious* is, when the poet, without any regard to truth, elegantly displays the fineness and delicacy of his own taste, in all the caresses of gallantry, politeness,

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 17

But, what the gentlest heart would vex, 25
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
That modern love is no such thing,
As what those ancient poets sing;

liteness, courtship, and address, unto this *real*, not *imaginary* lady. For example, were a poet to insert the name of some little, nut-brown, trifling girl, under the portrait of all that is beautiful, accomplished, and adorable in the fairest of the creation; his compliment would nevertheless be extremely polite; no matter for the resemblance. Pictures, we all know, are designed for posterity; and posterity cares not, whether in fact the picture was drawn from the life, or was only imaginary. They see; they are pleased; they inquire no further. The most remarkable instance of this kind that we know of among all the poets, whether ancient or modern, is that of Prior's Chloe, who was a cheerful, gay, facetious old woman, that used to laugh with a profusion of good humour, until she was almost ready to die, at the conceit of her being a poet's flame. And Prior, we may be sure, was equally delighted with the excellence of her understanding. Vanessa was perhaps another remarkable instance of this kind: for, as the poet has expressly declared, that "her name on earth shall not be told," we are by no means at liberty to form any conjectures about her. It is affirmed, however, that Vanessa was in love with Cadenus, and declared her passion to him after a strange manner. That Vanessa might have liked Cadenus, at least the poetical Vanessa, we cannot make any sort of doubt, because we are expressly told so. The manner in which she declared her passion to him, is only to be collected from the poem itself; wherein we find, that, after an apology founded on maxims truly philosophical, she reveals her sentiments in the following terms. [Here some verses are inserted, beginning thus,

I knew, by what you said and writ, l. 618.

and ending thus,

Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart, l. 623.]

The remainder of the conversation between Cadenus and Vanessa, for half a dozen pages together, is evidently nothing more than a flight of imagination, wholly designed for the entertainment of those who have a relish for composition, and a taste for poetry. But supposing it was some real Vanessa that liked Cadenus; or, in plain terms, supposing that Miss Vanhomrigh had a passion for Dr Swift; is there any crime in love? Far from it: the voice of

A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
 Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
 Which having found an equal flame,
 Unites, and both become the same,

30

God, and the voice of nature, speak the direct contrary. The worst that can be said of it, is, that Vanessa, who had really and truly been educated under the inspection of Cadenus, (a man beyond all others upon earth, whose delight was to give instruction to young people and especially to young women), had not sufficiently considered, that in love we are all sportmen, careless of joys that are within our reach, and perpetually driving after the flying game. Nevertheless, to maintain the dignity of her sex, and to apologize for this little failure in point of discretion, (that cool sober quality, not virtue of the mind; which frequently, or rather notoriously presides in that breast where every humane, generous, and spirited affection of the soul is wanting), she availeth herself of the Doctor's own maxims, before she adventures to impart the most tender of her sentiments to an old experienced man, whose heart, like a rock of adamant, was incapable of impressions. [Here some verses are inserted, beginning thus,

She well remember'd, to her cost, l. 604.

and ending thus,

Now, said the nymph, &c. l. 614.]

However, in justice to the honour and reputation of Vanessa, we are obliged to remark, that Cadenus, from his earliest youth, had been always a courtier of the women, as far as words, and terms, and politeness, and gallantry, without professing any degree of sincerity, constancy, and love, can recommend a cavalier to their service. And this we are told in the following lines.

*Cadenus, common forms apart,
 In ev'ry scene had kept his heart;
 Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
 For pastime, or to shew his wit, l. 540. --- 543.*

But sure it is, that courtship and address, without any protestations of fidelity and love, may be carried somewhat too far; as the deportment of Cadenus to the beautiful and accomplished Vanessa, in this poetical representation of gallantry, sufficiently demonstrates. Is it therefore any matter of astonishment, that Vanessa (before whom Cadenus might have sigh'd and languish'd, and
 to

In diff'rent breasts together burn,
 Together both to ashes turn.
 But women now feel no such fire, 35
 And only know the gross desire.
 Their passions move in lower spheres,
 Where-e'er caprice or folly steers.

to whom at particular times he might have both vowed and written) should have been encouraged to hope, as she liked his person, and was enamoured of his writings, that she might have carried off so glorious a prize from all the rest of her contemporaries? Allowing this to have been the case, which is perhaps agreeable to truth, as well as to common report, Vanessa's declaration to her admired Cadenus, may without violence be interpreted into a gentle demand of those tender affections, which, from the current of his behaviour towards her, she had a right to expect.

I have been assured, that Miss Vanhomrigh was, in her general converse with the world, as far from encouraging any style of address, inconsistent with the rules of honour and good breeding, as any woman alive. Neither can it be said, if any conclusions may be drawn from her appearance and behaviour in Ireland, that she was either a vain woman, or fond of dress; although she was extremely nice and delicate, as well in the cleanliness of her person, as in every thing she wore. Her only misfortune was, that she had a passion for Dr Swift, which was not to be conquered; although it is a point incontestable, that Dr Swift had never once made her the most distant overtures of marriage. And this passion was in all probability the remote cause of her death. She languished for some years, and fell into a consumption; neither was she convinced that Dr Swift was married to Mrs Johnson, until about two months before her decease. She was at last carried off by a fever, in the year 1723, and in the 37th year of her age.

Thus died at Selbridge, worthy of an happier fate, the celebrated Mrs Esther Vanhomrigh, a martyr to love and constancy.

*Hers'd in Death's cold, frozen arms,
 Lie deep intomb'd Vanessa's charms;
 Transfix'd by Love's unerring dart,
 The gentle fair indulg'd the smart;
 For twice six long revolving years
 Her days were spent in sighs and tears;
 Her tender frame at last decay'd,
 She quits the world a lifeless shade;
 Nor can, alas! the grave secure
 Her virtues uncorrupt and pure!*

Vanessa's

20 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
 Or some worse brute in human shape, 40
 Ingross the fancies of the fair,
 The few soft moments they can spare,
 From visits to receive and pay;
 From scandal, politics, and play;
 From fans, and flounces, and brocades, 45
 From equipage and park-parades,
 From all the thousand female toys,
 From ev'ry trifle that employs
 The out or inside of their heads,
 Between their toilets and their beds. 50

In a dull stream, which moving slow,
 You hardly see the current flow;
 If a small breeze obstructs the course,
 It whirls about for want of force,
 And in its narrow circle gathers 55
 Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers:
 The current of a female mind
 Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind;
 Thus whirling round, together draws
 Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws. 60
 Hence we conclude, no womens hearts
 Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
 Nor are the men of sense to blame,
 For breasts incapable of flame;
 The fault must on the *nymphs* be plac'd, 65
 Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,
 Had witness ready to attest,
 Who fairly coukl on oath depose,
 When questions on the fact arose, 70
 That ev'ry article was true;
 Nor further those deponents knew:

*Vanessa's fate in mournful strains
 Bewail, ye nymphs and shepherd swains;
 Ye tuneful choirs, to whom belong
 The powers of verse, in plaintive song
 Bewail the nymph, who dy'd to prove,
 That reason was her guide in love.*

Swift.

Therefore he humbly would insist,
The bill might be with costs dismiss.

The cause appear'd of so much weight, 75
That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud:

For if the heav'nly folk should know
These pleadings *in the courts below*, 80

That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could shew her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.

And then, said she, my son and I 85
Must stroll in air, 'twixt earth and sky;

Or else, shut out from heav'n and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth;
There live with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fish perpetual *lent*. 90

But, since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.

The *Muses*, by their king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places 95

In order; on the left, the *Graces*:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.

The *Muses* oft were seen to frown;
The *Graces* half-asham'd look down; 100

And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.

The goddesses soon began to see,
Things were not ripe for a decree; 105

And said, she must consult her books,
The *lovers'* Fletas, Bractions, Cokes.

First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the second;

She then referr'd them to a place 110
In Virgil (*vide* Dido's case):

As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts:

22 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller. 115

There was on both sides much to say :
She'd hear the cause another day ;
And so she did, and then a third ;
She heard it — there she kept her word :
But with rejoinders and replies, 120

Long bills and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and effoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join :
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun. 125

Now, gentle Clio, sing or say,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose, 130

Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends ; which, if it sped,
Would shew the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws. 135

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf, 140
And thus debated with herself.

Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame, that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure ; 145
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This instant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where ev'ry virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells ;
What preachers talk, or sages write : 150
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 23

This said, she plucks in heav'n's high bow'rs
 A sprig of *amaranthine* flow'rs, 155
 In nectar thrice infuses bays,
 Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
 Then calls the *Graces* to her aid,
 And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
 From whence the tender skin assumes 160
 A sweetness above all perfumes:
 From whence a cleanliness remains,
 Incapable of outward stains:
 From whence that decency of mind,
 So lovely in the female kind; 165
 Where not one careless thought intrudes,
 Less modest than the speech of prudes;
 Where never blush was call'd in aid,
 That spurious virtue in a maid,
 A virtue but at second-hand; 170
 They blush, because they understand.

The *Graces* next would act their part,
 And shew'd but little of their art;
 Their work was half already done,
 The child with native beauty shone; 175
 The outward form no help requir'd:
 Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
 That gentle, soft, engaging air,
 Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
 And said, "*Vanessa* be the name 180
 " By which thou shalt be known to fame;
 " *Vanessa*, by the gods inroll'd:
 " Her name on earth—shall not be told."

But still the work was not complete;
 When Venus thought on a deceit. 185
 Drawn by her doves away she flies,
 And finds out Pallas in the skies:
 Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
 To see a lovely infant born;
 A boy in yonder isle below, 190
 So like my own without his bow,
 By beauty could your heart be won,
 You'd swear it is Apollo's son:

24 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

But it shall ne'er be said, a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd; 195
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles:
The queen of learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy, 200
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy;

Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind;
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit. 205
Her soul was suddenly endu'd

With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand. 210

But Pallas here was at a stand;
She knew in our degen'rate days
Bare virtue could not live on praise; —
That meat must be with money bought:
She therefore, upon second thought, 215
Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth;
Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd
A tincture in the prudent-maid:

She manag'd her estate with care, 220
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.

But, lest he should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child; 225
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.

The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
To see Vanessa thus endow'd: 230
She doubted not but such a dame

Through ev'ry breast would dart a flame;
That ev'ry rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 23

That scholars would forsake their books
To study bright Vanessa's looks ; 235
As she advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd

By her, as an unerring guide ;
Offending daughters oft would hear 240
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear :
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,

Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
" 'Tis what Vanessa never did." 245

Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
My pow'r shall be again restor'd,
And happy lovers bless my reign——
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For when in time the *martial maid* 250
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And fir'd with indignation vows,
To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
She'd all undo that she had done. 255

But in the poets we may find,
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have giv'n, 260
Or any brother-god in heav'n ;
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds :

And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause ; 265
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council-board.

Besides, she fear'd the queen of love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd 270
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own ;

26 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Yet she would act as best became
 A goddess of unspotted fame. 275
 She knew, by augury divine,
 Venus would fail in her design :
 She study'd well the point, and found
 Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
 From premisses erroneous brought, 280
 And therefore the deduction's nought,
 And must have contrary effects,
 To what her treach'rous foe expects.

In proper season Pallas meets
 The queen of love, whom thus she greets ; 285
 (For gods, we are by Homer told,
 Can in celestial language scold).
 Perfidious goddess ! but in vain
 You form'd this project in your brain,
 A project for thy talents fit, 290
 With much deceit, and little wit.
 Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
 Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me :
 For how can heav'nly wisdom prove
 An instrument to earthly love ? 295
 Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
 Thy votaries for want of sense ?
 Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
 To manage thy abortive scheme :
 She'll prove the greatest of thy foes ; 300
 And yet I scorn to interpose,
 But using neither skill nor force,
 Leave all things to their nat'ral course.

The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom :
 When, lo ! Vanessa in her bloom 305
 Advanc'd, like Atalanta's star,
 But rarely seen, and seen from far :
 In a new world with caution stept,
 Watch'd all the company she kept,
 Well knowing, from the books she read, 310
 What dang'rous paths young virgins tread :
 Would seldom at the park appear,
 Nor saw the playhouse twice a-year ;

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 27

Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind. 315

First issu'd from perfumers shops
A croud of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her how she lik'd the play?
Then told the tattle of the day;

A duel fought last night at two, 320
About a lady — you know who;

Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together:
Then fell to talking of the weather; 325

Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine.

Then in soft voice, and speech absurd,
With nonsense ev'ry second word,
With fustian from exploded plays, 330
They celebrate her beauty's praise;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.

With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce list'ning to their idle chat; 335

Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.

At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent;

And said she valu'd nothing less 340
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;

That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;

And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute: 345

That present times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble sense

By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.

She nam'd the ancient heroes round, 350
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;

Then spoke with censure, or applause,
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;

28 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Through nature and through art she rang'd,
 And gracefully her subject chang'd : 355
 In vain : her hearers had no share
 In all she spoke, except to stare.
 Their judgment was upon the whole,
 — That lady is the dullest soul —
 Then tipt their forehead in a jeer, 360
 As who should say — She wants it here ;
 She may be handsome, young, and rich,
 But none will burn her for a witch.
 A party next of glitt'ring dames,
 From round the purlieus of St James, 365
 Came early out of pure good-will,
 To see the girl in deshabille.
 Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
 Grew louder all the way up stairs ;
 At entrance loudest ; where they found 370
 The room with volumes litter'd round.
 Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
 Whilst Mrs Susan comb'd her head.
 They call'd for tea and chocolate,
 And fell into their usual chat, 375
 Discoursing, with important face,
 On ribands, fans, and gloves and lace ;
 Shew'd patterns just from India brought,
 And gravely ask'd her what she thought ;
 Whether the red or green were best, 380
 And what they cost ? Vanessa guest
 As came into her fancy first ;
 Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
 To scandal next — What awkward thing
 Was that last Sunday in the ring ? 385
 I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast ;
 I said her face would never last,
 Corinna, with that youthful air,
 Is thirty, and a bit to spare :
 Her fondness for a certain Earl 390
 Began, when I was but a girl.
 Phillis, who but a month ago
 Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,

I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight. 325

They rally'd next Vanessa's dress:
That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
Dear Madam, let me see your head:

Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop! 400

Sure, you are not aham'd to stoop;
With handsome garters at your knees;
No matter what a fellow sees.

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex aham'd, 405

The nymph stood silent out of spight,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.

Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent,

She's not so handsome in my eyes: 410
For wit, I wonder where it lies.

She's fair and clean, and that's the most:
But why proclaim her for a toast?

A baby face, no life, no airs,
But what she learn'd at country-fairs; 415

Scarce knows what diff'rence is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteene.

I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy.

With all her wit, I would not ask 420
Her judgment how to buy a mask.

We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place;

Which ev'ry girl at five years old
Can do, as soon as she is told. 425

I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the creature well enough.

The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.

(To know the world! a modern phrase 430
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays).

Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The queen of beauty lost her aim.

30 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Too late with grief she understood,
Pallas had done more harm than good: 435

For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.

Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's pow'r unite:

To copy her few nymphs aspir'd;
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd. 440

So stars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.

Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the croud, 445

With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit.

With pleasing arts she could reduce
Mens talents to their proper use;

And with address each genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd; 450

Thus making others wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.

A modest youth said something new;
She plac'd it in the strongest view. 455

All humble worth she strove to raise;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.

The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:

Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow. 460

But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a diff'rent make;

Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor. 465

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.

On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;

Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance for her patron's sake. 470

Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas, now were grown;

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 31

And Cupid hop'd, they would improve
By time, and ripen into love. 475
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt, 480
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's morals struck, were spoil'd.

The *queen of wisdom* could foresee,
But not prevent, the fates decree: 485
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamant chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By *Love* invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid, 490
Was, in the very search, betray'd.
Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost:

He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame, 495
A nymph so hard to be subdu'd,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires: 500

Among those venerable fires:
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit;
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate: 505
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.

Cadenus many things had writ: 510
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in secret lurks,

32 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart.
With pains unknown, increas'd her smart:

* Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies music in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young:
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase, she brighter shines;
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.

o Cadenus, common forms apart,
In ev'ry scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to shew his wit.
But time, and books, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.

* The poet having before shew'd the cause of Vanessa's disappointment, here represents Vanessa, who was intended to animate every woman to imitation, and inspire every man with love, as compelled to make advances to one who had scarce sensibility enough to understand them. *Hayk.*

His conduct might have made him styl'd
 A father, and the nymph his child.
 That innocent delight he took 550
 To see the virgin mind her book,
 Was but the master's secret joy
 In school to hear the finest boy.
 Her knowledge with her fancy grew ;
 She hourly press'd for something new ; 555
Ideas came into her mind
 So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind ;
 She reason'd without plodding long,
 Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
 But now a sudden change was wrought ; 560
 She minds no longer what he taught.
 Cadenus was amaz'd to find
 Such marks of a distracted mind :
 For, though she seem'd to listen more
 To all he spoke, than e'er before, 565
 He found her thoughts would absent range,
 Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
 And first he modestly conjectures
 His pupil might be tir'd with lectures ;
 Which help'd to mortify his pride, 570
 Yet gave him not the heart to chide :
 But in a mild dejected strain,
 At last he ventur'd to complain ;
 Said, she should be no longer teas'd ;
 Might have her freedom when she pleas'd ; 575
 Was now convinc'd, he acted wrong
 To hide her from the world so long,
 And in dull studies to engage
 One of her tender sex and age ;
 That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd, 580
 How she might shine in the *grand monde*,
 And ev'ry shepherd was undone
 To see her cloister'd like a nun.
 This was a visionary scheme :
 He wak'd, and found it but a dream ; 585
 A project far above his skill ;
 For nature must be nature still.

34 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

If he was bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters ; 590
Thus tutors often treat their betters :
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain, 595
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong,
Yet could such notions entertain, 600
That all his lectures were in vain ?
She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts ;
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost. 605

Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use ;
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own ;
Can make us without fear disclose 610
Our inmost secrets to our foes :
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind *.

* Vanessa, conscious that her passion was virtuous, had no motive to conceal it: for "virtue knows nothing that it dares not own." She therefore confessed it to Cadenus, contrary to the *common forms*, which require that the first address should be made by the man. For common forms are only for common minds; they only veil defects, and are not necessary, where defects are not found. *Hawkes.*

Lord Orrery has been so far from acting upon the principle on which Mr Pope framed this petition in his universal prayer,

Teach me-----

To hide the fault I see,

that where he has not found the appearance of a fault, he has laboured

Now, said the nymph, I'll let you see
My actions with your rules agree ; 615
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise.

boured hard to *make one*. An instance of which will be found in his remark upon a maxim of Cadenus to Vanessa :

*That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own.*

" He taught her," says his Lordship, " that vice, as soon as it defied shame, was immediately changed into virtue." But the most obvious and natural meaning is just contrary : That we desire to conceal no act which upon reflection we do not discover to be vitious, because virtue is pleased in proportion as it is displayed. And indeed these verses could not be supposed an apology for lewdness, if his Lordship believed his own assertion, that the Dean was " not to be swayed by deliberate evil." *Hawkes*.

Lord Orrery says, *above*, p. 13. That Dr Swift taught Vanessa, " that vice, as soon as it defied shame, was immediately changed " into virtue." If Cadenus ever instilled that maxim into the soul of Vanessa, we must, I am afraid, give him entirely up to censure, as an agent for the prince of darkness. But, without any racking, or transmutation of words, Swift's maxim was,

*That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes.*

A maxim which every man of honour would instil into the hearts of his children ; and which Dr Swift himself hath occasionally expressed in other terms highly advantageous, *on seeing verses written upon windows*.

*The sage, who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er one thought allow'd
That might not be confess'd ;
His window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
His breast again would cover,*

And

36 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dang'rous things were men of wit ;
You caution'd me against their charms, 620
But never gave me equal arms ;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.

Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise. 625

He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style :
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd 630
To form and cultivate her mind.

He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old ;
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face : 635

*And fairly bid the devil take
The di'mond and the lover.*

And such were the noble sentiments of that old Roman, I forget his name, whose reply to an architect could have proceeded only from the mouth of an hero. The architect made him an offer, upon his giving him so much money, to contrive a house for him in such a manner, as that none from abroad should possibly look into it. I will give you double the sum, replied the hero, if you will contrive a house for me in such a manner, as that every one that pleases may look into every corner of it.

This maxim of the Doctor's,

*That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind,*

is so clear and plain, that it can no more be tortured into an encouragement to vice, as Lord Orrery alledges, *above*, p. 13. than the second commandment into an encouragement to idolatry. Where do we find in the lines one syllable relating either to vice or virtue ? Are common forms either *vices* or *virtues* ? Whoever can imagine them to be either the one or the other, must have a certain vacuity in his brain for the reception of the most gross and palpable absurdities. *Swift.*

Much less could his declining age
 Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
 And if her youth indiff'rence met,
 His person must contempt beget:
 Or, grant her passion be sincere, 640
 How shall his innocence be clear?
 Appearances were all so strong,
 The world must think him in the wrong;
 Would say, he made a treach'rous use
 Of wit, to flatter and seduce: 645
 The town would swear he had betray'd
 By magic spells the harmless maid:
 And ev'ry beau would have his jokes,
 That scholars were like other folks:
 That, when Platonic flights were over, 650
 The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.
 So tender of the young and fair!
 It shew'd a true paternal care ——
 Five thousand guineas in her purse!
 The Doctor might have fancy'd worse. 655
 Hardly at length he silence broke,
 And falter'd ev'ry word he spoke;
 Interpreting her complaisance,
 Just as a man *sans consequence*.
 She rally'd well, he always knew: 660
 Her manner now was something new;
 And what she spoke was in an air
 As serious as a tragic player.
 But those who aim at ridicule,
 Should fix upon some certain rule, 665
 Which fairly hints they are in jest,
 Else he must enter his protest:
 For let a man be ne'er so wise,
 He may be caught with sober lies;
 A science which he never taught, 670
 And, to be free, was dearly bought;
 For, take it in its proper light,
 'Tis just what coxcombs call a *bite*.
 But not to dwell on things minute,
 Vanessa finish'd the dispute, 675

38 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Brought weighty arguments to prove
 That reason was her guide in love.
 She thought he had himself describ'd,
 His doctrines when she first imbib'd :
 What he had planted, now was grown ; 680
 His virtues she might call her own ;
 As he approves, as he dislikes,
 Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
 Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
 Attends us first, and leaves us last : 685
 Why she likes him, admire not at her ;
 She loves herself, and that's the matter.
 How was her tutor wont to praise
 The geniuses of ancient days !
 (Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
 For learning, wit, and wisdom fam'd) ; 690
 Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
 For persons whom he never saw.
 Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
 He must adore such god-like men. 695
 If one short volume could comprise
 All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
 How would it be esteem'd, and read,
 Although the writer long were dead !
 If such an author were alive, 700
 How all would for his friendship strive,
 And come in crouds to see his face !
 And this she takes to be her case.
 Cadenus answers ev'ry end,
 The book, the author, and the friend ; 705
 The utmost her desires will reach,
 Is but to learn what he can teach :
 His converse is a system fit
 Alone to fill up all her wit ;
 While ev'ry passion of her mind 710
 In him is center'd and confin'd.
 Love can with speech inspire a mute,
 And taught Vanessa to dispute.
 This topic, never touch'd before,
 Display'd her eloquence the more : 715

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 39

Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
 By this new passion grew inspir'd :
 Through this she made all objects pass,
 Which gave a tincture o'er the mass ;
 As rivers, though they bend and twine, 720
 Still to the sea their course incline ;
 Or, as philosophers, who find
 Some fav'rite system to their mind,
 In ev'ry point to make it fit,
 Will force all nature to submit. 725

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
 His lessons would have such effect,
 Or be so artfully apply'd,
 Insensibly came on her side.
 It was an unforeseen event ; 730
 Things took a turn he never meant.
 Whoe'er excells in what we prize,
 Appears a hero in our eyes :
 Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
 Will have the teacher in her thought. 735

The nymph in sober words intreats
 A truce with all sublime conceits :
 For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
 To her who durst not read romances ?
 Inobstinate style to make replies, 740
 Which he had taught her to despise ?

But when her tutor will affect
 Devotion, duty, and respect,
 He fairly abdicates his throne ;
 The government is now her own : 745

But though her arguments were strong,
 At least could hardly wish them wrong,
 Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
 But sure she never talk'd so well.

His pride began to interpose ; 750
 Preferr'd before a croud of beaux !
 So bright a nymph to come unsought !
 Such wonder by his merit wrought !
 'Tis merit must with her prevail ;
 He never knew her judgment fail. 755

40 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning head.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That vanity's the fool of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit 760
Will condescend to take a bit.

So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify, his pride;
When Miss delights in her spinner,
A fiddler may a fortune get; 765
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools can have his choice:
And oft the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.

To learning let a nymph delight, 770
The pedant gets a mistress by't.

Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet; 775

Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.

But friendship, in its greatest height, 780

A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love's allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return; 785

His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem;
With that devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.

While thus Cadenus entertains 790
Vanessa in exalted strains,

Constr'ing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own,
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste. 795

Love hitherto a transient guest,
 Ne'er held possession in his breast;
 So long attending at the gate,
 Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love, why do we one passion call, 800
 When 'tis a compound of them all?
 He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
 She vows to take him at his word,
 And hopes he will not think it strange,
 If both should now their stations change. 805
 The nymph will have her turn to be
 The tutor; and the pupil, he:
 Though she already can discern,
 Her scholar is not apt to learn;
 Or wants capacity to reach. 810
 The science she designs to teach;
 Wherein his genius was below
 The skill of ev'ry common beau;
 Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
 Enough to read a lady's eyes, 815
 And will each accidental glance
 Interpret for a kind advance.
 But what success Vanessa met,
 Is to the world a secret yet *.
 Whether the nymph, to please her swain, 820
 Talks in a high romantic strain;
 Or whether he at last descends
 To act with less seraphic ends;
 Or, to compound the bus'ness, whether
 They temper love and books together; 825
 Must never to mankind be told,
 Nor shall the conscious muse unfold †.

* The event of Vanessa's suit is judiciously omitted, as foreign to the plan and design of the poem. *Hawkes*.

† Lord Orrery says, *above*, p. 14. "It is impossible to read this 'cruel hint, without great indignation against the *conscious muse*.'" — But is there no allowance to be made for the rants and vagaries of an heteroclite genius? Or would any poet, who had the least spark of honour, supposing he had been so unfortunate as to have had amours with a lady, have told the story, or given the least intimation of it? Is one part of a poem "to be thought fine painting,

42 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Mean time the mournful *queen of love*
 Led but a weary life above.
 She ventures now to leave the skies, 830
 Grown by Vanessa's conduct wife :
 For though by one perverse event
 Pallas had cross'd her first intent,
 Though her design was not obtain'd;
 Yet had she much experience gain'd, 835
 And, by the project vainly try'd,
 Could better now the cause decide.
 She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina prox' die Martis,
 Should at their peril, without fail, 840
 Come and appear, and save their bail.
 All met; and silence thrice proclaim'd,
 One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
 The judge discover'd in her face
 Resentments for her late disgrace; 845
 And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
 Directed them to mind their brief;
 Nor spend their time to shew their reading;
 She'd have a summary proceeding,
 She gather'd under ev'ry head 850
 The sum of what each lawyer said,
 Gave her own reasons last, and then
 Decreed the cause against the *men*.
 But, in a weighty case like this,
 To shew she did not judge amiss, 855

"painting, but, in general, fictitious," and another part of the same to be interpreted, by the racking and torturing of a conjecture, into the most solid, prosaic, and impure of all imaginable ideas? However, do not, in fact, all professed admirers of particular women temper love and other amusements together in the days of courtship? If then Cadenus and Vanessa be conjectured to have tempered love and books together; why should they be supposed to have transgressed the rules of honour beyond the rest of the world? But allowing it were just that our indignation should rise against the *conscious muse*, (as indeed I am told, Miss Vanhomrigh herself was extremely angry with the Doctor on account of these lines), the higher surely that our indignation should be inflamed against her, the more ought Vanessa to be cleared and justified. *Swift*.

Which evil tongues might else report,
 She made a speech in open court ;
 Wherein she grievously complains,
 " How she was cheated by the swains ;"
 On whose petition, (humbly shewing 860
 That women were not worth the wooing,
 And that, unless the sex would mend,
 The race of lovers soon must end),
 " She was at Lord knows what expense
 " To form a nymph of wit and sense, 865
 " A model for her sex design'd,
 " Who never could one lover find.
 " She saw, her favour was misplac'd ;
 " The fellows had a wretched taste ;
 " She needs must tell them to their face, 870
 " They were a senseless, stupid race ;
 " And, were she to begin agen,
 " She'd study to reform the *men* * ;
 " Or add some grains of folly more
 " To *women*, than they had before, 875
 " To put them on an equal foot ;
 " And this, on nothing else, would do't.
 " This might their mutual fancy strike ;
 " Since ev'ry being loves its *like*.
 " But now, repenting what was done, 880
 " She left all bus'ness to her son ;
 " She puts the world in his possession,
 " And let him use it at discretion."
 The cry'r was order'd to dismiss
 The court, so made his last *O yes !* 885
 The goddess would no longer wait ;
 But, rising from her chair of state,
 Left all below at six and sev'n,
 Harness'd her doves, and flew to heav'n.

* As the *women* in their manners and dress imitate what the *men* approve, their faults and follies are little more than the consequences of the false taste of their admirers ; who cannot surely be urged by a stronger motive to correct it. *Hawkes*.

BAUCIS and PHILEMON*.

Imitated from the eighth book of Ovid.

Written about the year 1708.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

* In this tale there is not only abundance of wit and pleasantry, but some peculiar happy strokes, which, although but very rarely to be found in the works of the finest authors, are the distinguishing marks of an improved, consummate genius. The reader of taste and learning cannot but observe how exactly the sound doth echo to the sense in the following lines.

*They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft;
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.* l. 51.---54.

And yet, if possible, even these lines are excelled by the following distich:

*The groaning chair began to crawl;
Like a huge snail, along the wall.* l. 85, 86.

There are many examples in Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Horace, Shakespear, and Milton, which, for the same reason, are universally admired above all other passages in those sublime poets. Swift.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON. 45

Our wand'ring saints in woful state, 15
 Treated at this ungodly rate,
 Having through all the village past,
 To a small cottage came at last;
 Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
 Call'd in the neighbourhood *Philemon*; 20
 Who kindly did these saints invite
 In his poor hut to pass the night;
 And then the hospitable fire
 Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
 While he from out the chimney took 25
 A flitch of bacon off the hook,
 And freely from the fattest side
 Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
 Fill'd a large jug up to the brink, 30
 And saw it fairly twice go round;
 Yet (what is wonderful!) they found,
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
 As if they had not touch'd a drop.
 The good old couple were amaz'd, 35
 And often on each other gaz'd;
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,
 And just began to cry,——What art!
 Then softly turn'd aside to view
 Whether the lights were burning blue. 40
 The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on't,
 Told them their calling, and their errand:
 Good folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but *saints*, the hermits said;
 No hurt shall come to you or yours: 45
 But for that pack of churlish boors,
 Not fit to live on Christian ground,
 They and their houses shall be drown'd;
 Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
 And grow a church before your eyes. 50
 They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
 The roof began to mount aloft;
 Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter;
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

46 BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire. 55

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below: 60

In vain; for a superior force
Apply'd at bottom stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels, 65

Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slow'r. 70

The flier, though't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't;
But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour,
The jack and chimney, near ally'd, 75
Had never left each other's side:

The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple rear'd
Became a clock, and still adher'd; 80
And still its love to household-cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl, 85
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show, 90
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France and English Moll,

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON. 47

Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood, 95
 The little children in the wood,
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,
 Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;
 And, high in order plac'd, describe
 The heraldry of every tribe *. 100

A bedstead of the antique mode,
 Compact of timber many a load,
 Such as our ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphos'd into pews;
 Which still their ancient nature keep, 105
 By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these
 Grown to a church by just degrees,
 The hermits then desir'd their host
 To ask for what he fancy'd most. 110

Philemon, having paus'd a while,
 Return'd them thanks in homely style;
 Then said, My house is grown so fine,
 Methinks, I still would call it mine;
 I'm old, and fain would live at ease; 115
 Make me the *parson*, if you please.

He spoke; and presently he feels
 His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each arm a pudding-sleeve; 120
 His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
 And both assum'd a fable hue;
 But being old continu'd just
 As thread-bare, and as full of dust.

His talk was now of *tithes* and *dues*: 125
 He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
 Knew how to preach old sermons next,
 Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
 At christ'nings well could act his part,
 And had the service all by heart; 130

* Of the twelve tribes of Israel, which in country-churches are sometimes distinguished by the ensigns appropriated to them by Jacob on his deathbed. *Hawkes*.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

Wish'd women might have children fast,
 And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
 Against *Dissenters* would repine,
 And stood up firm for *right divine*;
 Found his head fill'd with many a system : 135
 But classic authors, — he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
 Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
 Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
 Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen* ; 140
 Her petticoat transform'd apace,
 Became black satin flounc'd with lace.
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down ;
 'Twas *Madam*, in her program gown.
 Philemon was in great surprise, 145
 And hardly could believe his eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim ;
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
 Were sev'ral years this man and wife ; 150
 When on a day, which prov'd their last,
 Discourfing o'er old stories past,
 They went by chance, amidst their talk,
 To the church-yard to take a walk ;
 When Baucis hastily cry'd out, 155
 My dear, I see your forehead sprout !
 Sprout ! quoth the man ; what's this you tell us ?
 I hope, you don't believe me jealous ;
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
 And really yours is budding too — 160
 Nay, — now I cannot stir my foot ;
 It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my muse ;
 In short, they both were turn'd to *yews*. 165
 Old Goodman Dobson of the green
 Remembers, he the trees has seen ;
 He'll talk of them from noon to night,
 And goes with folks to shew the sight ;
 On Sundays, after ev'ning-pray'r,
 He gathers all the parish there ; 170

A DESCRIPTION, &c.

49

Points out the place of either *yeu*;
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

175

A DESCRIPTION of a CITY-SHOWER.

In imitation of Virgil's georgics.

Written in the year 1712.

Careful observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a show'r.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming show'r your shooting corns presage,
Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage:
Saunt'ring in coffeehouse is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of *spleen*.

5

10

Mean while the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling show'r is born aslope;
Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop
To rail; she singing still whirls on her mop.

15

20

Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
 But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
 And waisted with its foe by vi'lent gust, 25
 * 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
 Ah! where must needy poets seek for aid,
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
 Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain
 Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain. 30

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
 Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
 To shops in crouds the daggled females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The templar spruce, while ev'ry spout's abroad, 35
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
 The tuck'd-up semstrefs walks with hasty strides,
 While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
 Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed. 40
 † Triumphant *Tories*, and desponding *Whigs* †,
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
 Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
 While spouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits;
 And ever and anon with frightful din 45
 The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
 So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
 Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,

* 'Twas doubtful which was sea, and which was sky.
Garth's disp.

† This was written in the first year of the Earl of Oxford's
 ministry.

‡ As *Whig* and *Wig* only differ by an aspiration, which is scarce
 to be distinguished, it may be thought an exception to the Dean's
 remarkable exactness, that he has made them rhyme: but the
 same thing was afterwards done by Mr Pope, either upon the
 Dean's authority, or because he did not think it liable to ob-
 jection:

*A joke on Jekyll or some odd old Whig.
 Who never chang'd his principles or Wig.*

Hawke.

A DESCRIPTION, &c.

51

(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them through), 50
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell 55

What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.

They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the *conduit* prone to Holborn bridge. 60

* Sweepings from butchers stalls, dung, guts and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the }
flood. }

A DESCRIPTION of the MORNING.

Written about the year 1712.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney-coach
Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own:
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door 5
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.

* These three last lines were intended to ridicule the practice of modern poets, who make three lines rhyme together, which they call *triplets*; and the last line two or more syllables longer than the rest, which they call an *alexandrine*. These triplets and alexandrines were brought in by Dryden and other poets in the reign of Charles II. They were merely the effects of haste, idleness, and want of money; and have been wholly avoided by the best poets since these verses were written.

Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
 Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
 The youth * with broomy stumps began to trace
 The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place. 10
 The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep
 Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
 Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet:
 And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the street.
 The turnkey now his flock returning fees, 15
 Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
 The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
 And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

HORACE, epist. 7. book 1. imitated, and addressed to the Earl of OXFORD †, in the year 1713 ‡.

HArley, the nation's great support,
 Returning home one day from court,
 (His mind with public cares possess'd,
 All Europe's bus'ness in his breast),
 Observ'd a *parson* near Whitehall
 Cheap'ning old authors on a stall. 5

1. *Strenuus et fortis, caussisque Philippus agendis
 Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
 Dum redit -----*
 5. ----- *Conspexit, ut aiunt,*

Adrasum

* To find old nails.

† Robert Harley, Esq; three times Speaker of the house of Commons, once in King William's reign, and twice in Queen Anne's; created Baron Harley of Wigmor, Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, the 24th of April 1711, and Lord High Treasurer of England, on the 29th of the said month.

‡ In this year the author was made Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin. See an account of his first interview with Mr Harley, in his letter to Dr King, Oct. 10. 1710. vol. 8.

The priest was pretty well in case,
 And shew'd some humour in his face;
 Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
 A perfect stranger to the spleen;
 Of size that might a pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to sit still.

10

My Lord (who, if a man may say't,
 Loves mischief better than his meat)
 Was now dispos'd to crack a jest,
 And bid friend Lewis * go in quest,
 (This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
 And very much in Harley's favour),
 In quest, who might this *parson* be,
 What was his name, of what degree,
 If possible, to learn his story,
 And whether he were *Whig* or *Tory*.

15

Lewis his patron's humour knows,

Away upon his errand goes,
 And quickly did the matter sift;
 Found out that it was Doctor Swift;

20

A clergyman of special note
 For shunning those of his own coat;
 Which made his brethren of the gown
 Take care betimes to run him down:

25

No libertine, nor over nice,
 Addicted to no sort of vice,
 Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
 Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:

*Adrasum quendam vacua tonsoris in umbra
 Cultello proprios purgantem leniter unguis.*

15. Demetri, (*puer hic non laeve iussa Philippi
 Accipiebat*), abi; quaere, et refer: unde domo, quis,
 Cujus fortunae, quo sit patre, quove patrono?

23. 25. It, redit, et narrat, Volteium nomine Maenamus

31. ----- Tenui censu, sine crimine notum,
 Et properare loco, et cessare, et quaerere, et uti,
 Gaudentem -----

* Erasmus Lewis, Esq; private secretary to the Earl of Oxford.

54 AN ADDRESS TO THE

In state-opinions *à la mode*,
 He hated Wharton * like a toad,
 Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
 And libell'd all the *junto* round;
 Kept company with men of wit,
 Who often father'd what he writ :
 His works were hawk'd in ev'ry street,
 But seldom rose above a sheet :
 Of late indeed the paper *stamp*
 Did very much his genius cramp:
 And, since he could not spend his fire,
 He now intended to retire.
 Said Harley, I desire to know
 From his own mouth if this be so ;
 Step to the Doctor strait, and say,
 I'd have him dine with me to-day.
 Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe my Lord had sent ;
 So never offer'd once to stir ;
 But coldly said, *Your servant, Sir.*
 Does he refuse me ? Harley cry'd :
 He does, with insolence and pride.
 Some few days after Harley spies
 The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes
 At Charing-cross among the rout,
 Where painted monsters are hung out :

47. *Scitari libet ex ipso quodcumque refert. Dic
 Ad coenam veniat. Non sane credere Maena ;
 Mirari secum tacitus.*

54. *Benigne, respondet.*

55. *Negat ille mihi ?*

56. -----*Negat improbus, et te
 Negligit, aut horret.*

57. -----*Volteium mane Philippus
 Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello
 Occupat, et salvere jubet prior.*

* Earl of Wharton, father to the Duke of Wharton who died
 in France.

He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.

Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse :

65

He never meant the least abuse ——

My Lord —— the honour you design'd ——

Extremely proud —— but I had din'd ——

I'm sure I never should neglect ——

No man alive has more respect ——

70

“ Well, I shall think of that no more,

“ If you'll be sure to come at four.”

The Doctor now obeys the summons,

Likes both his company and commons ;

Displays his talent, sits till ten ;

75

Next day invited comes again ;

Soon grows domestic ; seldom fails

Either at morning or at meals ;

Came early, and departed late :

In short, the gudgeon took the bait.

80

My Lord would carry on the jest,

And down to Windsor takes his guest.

Swift much admires the place and air,

And longs to be a canon there ;

In summer round the park to ride,

85

In winter, never to reside.

65. -----Ille Philippo

Excusare laborem.-----

71. -----Sic ignovisse putato

Me tibi, si coenas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo

Post nonam venies.-----

74. *Ut ventum ad caenam est, dicenda, tacenda locutus,*

Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi saepe

Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,

Mane cliens, et jam certus conviva :-----

81. -----Jubetur

Rura suburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.

Impositus mannis, arvum coelumque Sabinum

Non cessat laudare.

56 AN ADDRESS TO THE

A *canon* ! that's a place too mean ;
 No, Doctor, you shall be a *Dean* ;
 Two dozen *canons* round your stall,
 And you the tyrant o'er them all : 90
 You need but cross the *Irish seas*,
 To live in plenty, pow'r, and ease.
 Poor Swift departs ; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd money in his purse ;
 Travels at least an hundred leagues, 95
 And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him now a *Dean* complete,
 Devoutly lolling in his seat ;
 The silver virge, with decent pride,
 Stuck underneath his cushion-side : 100
 Suppose him gone through all vexations,
 Patents, instalments, abjurations,
 First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats ;
 Dues, payments, fees, demands, and——cheats,
 (The wicked laity's contriving 105
 To hinder clergymen from thriving).
 Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
 His tenants wrong him in his rent ;
 The farmers spitefully combin'd
 Force him to take his tithes in kind ; 110
 And Parvifol * discounts arrears.
 By bills for taxes and repairs †.

87. -----Videt, ridetque Philippus.

107. ---- -Oves furto, morbo periere capellae ;
 Spem mentita seges, bos est enectus aranda ;

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.

† Upon Dr Swift's arrival in Ireland to take possession of his deanery, he found the violence of party raging in that kingdom to the highest degree. The common people were taught to look upon him as a Jacobite ; and they proceeded so far in their detestation, as to throw stones and dirt at him as he passed through the streets. The chapter of St Patrick's, like the rest of the kingdom, received him with great reluctance ; they thwarted him in every point that he proposed. He was avoided as a pestilence ; he was

Poor Swift, with all his losses vext,
 Not knowing where to turn him next,
 Above a thousand pounds in debt,
 Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
 Rides day and night at such a rate,
 He soon arrives at Harley's gate ;
 But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
 Old Read * would hardly let him in.

115

120

113. *Offensus damnis, media de nocte caballum
 Arripit, iratusque Philippi tendit ad aedes.*

was opposed as an invader ; he was marked out as an enemy to his country. Such was his first reception as Dean of St Patrick's, Fewer talents, and less firmness, must have yielded to so outrageous an opposition ; *sed contra audentior ibat*. He had seen enough of human nature, to be convinced, that the passions of low, self-interested minds ebb and flow continually. They love they know not whom, they hate they know not why : they are captivated by words, guided by names, and governed by accidents. *Sacheverel and the church* had been of as great service to one party in the year 1710, as *Popery and slavery* were to the other in the year 1713. But, to shew the strange revolutions in this world, Dr Swift, who was now the detestation of the Irish rabble, lived to be afterwards the most absolute monarch over them that ever governed men.

His first step was, to reduce to reason and obedience his Rev. brethren the chapter of St Patrick's : in which he succeeded so perfectly and so speedily, that, in a short time after his arrival, not one member of that body offered to contradict him, even in trifles. On the contrary, they held him in the highest respect and veneration ; so that he sat in the chapter-house, like Jupiter in the synod of the gods. Whether fear or conviction were the motives of so immediate a change, I leave you to consider ; but certain it is

Viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis.

However, Swift made no longer a stay in Ireland, in the year 1713, than was requisite to establish himself as Dean, and to pass through certain customs and formalities, or, to use his own words,

-----Through all vexations, &c. l. 101.---104. *Orrery*.

* The Lord Treasurer's porter.

58 HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI.

Said Harley, Welcome, Rev'rend Dean;
What makes your Worship look so lean?

Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?

I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much that you neglect yourself.

125

What! I suppose now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye;
Or is your money out at use? —

Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,
(The Doctor in a passion cry'd),

130

Your raillery is misapply'd;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:
But 'tis a folly to contest

135

When you resolve to have your jest;
Then, since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first*.

121. *Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque Philippus,
Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attentusque videris
Esse mihi.*

136. *Quod te per genium, dextramque, deosque penates.
Obsecro, et obtestor, vitæ me redde priori.*

HORACE, lib. 2. sat. 6. part of it imitated †.

Written about the year 1713.

I'VE often wish'd, that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a year,

1. *Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret.*

* In England, where he seems by this poem to solicit a settlement in the manner peculiar to himself. *Hawkes.*

† This poem was written about the same time with the preceding, and apparently with the same view. *Hawkes.*-----It was afterwards enlarged by Mr Pope. See Warburton's edition of Pope's works, vol. 4.

A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store ;
But should be perfectly content,
Could I but live on this side Trent,
Nor cross the *channel* twice a-year
To spend six months with *statesmen* here.

5

10

I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.

" Lewis, the *Dean* will be of use ;
" Send for him up, take no excuse."

15

The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

20

" Good Mr *Dean*, go change your gown,
" Let my Lord know you're come to town."

I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day ;

25

And find his Honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round
Chequer'd with ribands blue and green ;
How should I thrust myself between ?

30

Some wag observes me thus perplex't,
And smiling whispers to the next,
" I thought the *Dean* had been too proud
" To juggle here among a croud."

Another in a surly fit
Tells me, I have more zeal than wit ;

35

7. ----- *Auctius atque*

Dii melius fecere.-----

17. *Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.*

35. *Quid vis, insane, et quas res agis ? improbus urget,
Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat,*

Ad

60 HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI.

" So eager to express your love,
 " You ne'er consider whom you shove,
 " But rudely press before a Duke."

I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the world should know.

40

I get a whisper, and withdraw,
 When twenty fools I never saw
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
 Desiring I would stand their friend.

45

This humbly offers me his case —
 That begs my int'rest for a place —
 An hundred other mens affairs
 Like bees are humming in my ears.

50

" To-morrow my appeal comes on,
 " Without your help the cause is gone" —
 The Duke expects my Lord and you
 About some great affair at two —

" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
 " To get my warrant quickly sign'd :

55

" Consider, 'tis my first request." —
 Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best : —

Then presently he falls to tease,

" You may for certain, if you please ;

60

" I doubt not, if his Lordship knew —

" And, Mr Dean, one word from you" —

'Tis (let me see) three years and more
 (October next it will be four)

Since Harley bid me first attend,

65

And chose me for an humble friend ;

Ad Mecaenatem memori si mente recurras.

Hoc juvat, et melli est, non mentiar.-----

44. ----- *Aliena negotia centum*

Per caput et circa salium latus.

60. ----- *Si vis, potes, addit et inflat.*

63. *Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,*

Ex quo Mecaenas me coepit habere suorum

In numero ; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda

Vellet iter faciens, et cui concedere nugat.

Would take me in his coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that ;
 As, " What's o'clock ? " and, " How's the wind ?
 " Whose chariot's that we left behind ? " 70
 Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the country-signs ;
 Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
 " From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay ? "
 Such tattle often entertains 75
 My Lord and me as far as Stains,
 As once a-week we travel down
 To Windsor, and again to town,
 Where all that passes *inter nos*
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross. 80
 Yet some I know with envy swell,
 Because they see me us'd so well :
 " How think you of our friend the *Dean* ?
 " I wonder what some people mean ;
 " My Lord and he are grown so great, 85
 " Always together, *tête à tête*, ——
 " What they admire him for his jokes ——
 " See but the fortune of some folks ! "
 There flies about a strange report
 Of some express arriv'd at court, 90
 I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
 And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
 " You, Mr *Dean*, frequent the great ;
 " Inform us, will the *Emp'ror* treat ?
 " Or, do the prints and papers lie ? " 95
 Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
 " Ah ! Doctor, how you love to jest !
 " 'Tis now no secret " —— I protest
 'Tis one to me. — " Then tell us, pray,
 " When are the troops to have their pay ? " 100

81. ----- *Subjeclior in diem et horam*
Invidiae.

89. *Frigidus a rostris mandat per compita rumor ;*
Quicumque obuius est, me consulit.

And though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost ;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country-seat !
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book !
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town !

105

110

101. *Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.*
108. *O rus, quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitae jucunda obliviae vitae ?*

* THE HAPPY LIFE of a COUNTRY-PARSON.

In imitation of MARTIAL †.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A wife that makes conserves ; a steed
That carries double when there's need ;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe-pig, and mortuary guinea ;
Gazettes sent *gratis* down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd ;
A large concordance, bound long since ;
Sermons to Charles the First when Prince ;
A chronicle of ancient standing ;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy hand in ;
The Polyglott, — three parts, — my text, —
Howbeit, — likewise — now to my next, —
Lo here the Septuagint, — and Paul, —
To sum the whole, — the close of all.

5

10

15

* This and the two following poems were wrote by Mr Pope.

He that has these, may pass his life,
 Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his wife;
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
 And fast on Fridays — if he will;
 Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,
 Talk with churchwardens about paws,
 Pray heartily for some new gift,
 And shake his head at Doctor Swift.

20

* A TALE OF CHAUCER.

Lately found in an old manuscript.

WOMEN, though nat fans lecherie,
 Ne swinken but with secrecie :

This in our tale is plain y-fond,
 Of clerk that wonneth in Ireland;
 Which to the fennes hath him betake,
 To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.

5

Right then there passen by the way
 His aunt, and eke her daughters tway :
 Ducke in his trowzes hath he hent,
 Not to be spied of ladies gent.

10

" But ho ! our nephew, (crieth one),
 " Ho ! quoth another, couzen John ;"

And stoppen, and lough, and callen out, —
 This sely clerk full low doth lout.

They asken that, and talken this,
 " Lo here is *coz*, and here is *Miss*."

15

But as he gloz'd with speeches soote,
 The ducke fore tickleth his erse roote :
 Fore-piece and buttons all to-brest,
 Forth thrust a white neck and red crest.

20

Te-be, cry'd ladies ; clerke nought spake ;
 Miss star'd ; and gray ducke crieth *quaaake*.

" O moder, moder," (quoth the daughter),
 " Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter ?"

" Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
 " Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke."

25

* The ALLEY.

An imitation of SPENCER.

IN ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tide,
A narrow pass there is, with houses low;
Where ever and anon the stream is ey'd,
And many a boat soft sliding to and fro.
There oft' are heard the notes of infant-wo, 5
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall;
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And, as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen, 15
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;
Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood,
I ween.

III.

The snappish cur (the passengers annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies; 20
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries;
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies; 25
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds in the deep base are
drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days

THE ALLEY.

65

Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
 Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice :
 There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
 Slander beside her, like a magpye, chatters,
 With Envy, (spitting cat), dread foe to peace ;
 Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters, 35
 And, vexing ev'ry wight, tears cloaths and all to tatters.

V.

Her dug's were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
 Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall :
 She scratch'd, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band ;
 And bitch and rogue her answer was to all ; 40
 Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call.
 Whene'er she pass'd by a lane or nook,
 Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
 And by his hand obscene the porter took,
 Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look. 45

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town :
 Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch :
 Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown ;
 And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
 Grots, statues, urns, and Jo——n's dog and bitch : 50
 Ne village is without, on either side,
 All up the silver Thames, or all a-down ;
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
 Vales, spires, meandring streams, and Windsor's tow'ry
 pride.

* THE CAPON'S TALE.

To a lady who fathered her lampoons upon her
 acquaintance.

IN Yorkshire dwelt a sober yeoman,
 Whose wife, a clean, pains-taking woman,

Fed num'rous poultry in her pens,
And saw her cocks well serve her hens.

A hen she had, whose tuneful clocks 5
Drew after her a train of cocks ;
With eyes so piercing, yet so pleasant,
You would have sworn this hen a pheasant.
All the plum'd *beau-monde* round her gathers ;
Lord ! what a bristling up of feathers ! 10
Morning from noon there was no knowing,
There was such flutt'ring, chuckling, crowing :
Each forward bird must thrust his head in,
And not a cock but would be treading.

Yet tender was this hen so fair, 15
And hatch'd more chicks than she could rear.

Our prudent dame bethought her then
Of some dry nurse to save her hen :
She made a capon drunk ; in fine,
He eat the sops, she sipp'd the wine ; 20
His rump well pluck'd with nettles stings,
And claps the brood beneath his wings.

The feather'd dupe awakes content,
O'erjoy'd to see what God had sent ;
Thinks he's the hen, clocks, keeps a pother, 25
A foolish foster-father-mother.

Such, Lady Mary, are your tricks ;
But since you hatch, pray own your chicks ;
You should be better skill'd in nocks,
Nor, like your capons, serve your cocks. 30

VERSES written in a lady's ivory table-book.

Written in the year 1706.

Peruse my leaves through ev'ry part,
And think thou see'st my owner's heart,

Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
 As hard, as senseless, and as light;
 Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes,
 5 But hid with caution from the wife.
 Here you may read, *Dear charming saint;*
 Beneath, *A new receipt for paint:*
 Here in beau-spelling, *Tru tel deth;*
 There in her own, *Far an el breth:*
 10 Here, *Lovely nymph;* pronounce my doom:
 There, *A safe way to use perfume:*
 Here a page fill'd with billetdoux:
 On t'other side, *Laid out for shoes;*
Madam, I die without your grace;
 15 Item, *for half a yard of lace.*
 Who that had wit would place it here,
 For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer?
 In pow'r of spittle, and a clout,
 Whene'er he please, to blot it out;
 20 And then, to heighten the disgrace,
 Clap his own nonsense in the place.
 Whoe'er expects to hold his part
 In such a book, and such a heart,
 If he be wealthy, and a fool,
 25 Is in all points the fittest tool;
 Of whom it may be justly said,
 He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

Mrs HARRIS'S PETITION*.

Written in the year 1701.

To their Excellencies,

The Lords Justices of Ireland †,

*The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries,*

Humbly sheweth,

THat I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's ‡ chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds four shillings and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold:

* When the Earl of Berkeley was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, Swift's true poetical vein (Pindaric flights being entirely out of the road of his talents) began to discover itself in some occasional pieces which he writ in those times, particularly in the *Ballad on the game of traffic* [vol. 7. p. 120.], in the *Ballad to the tune of the cutpurse*, and in *Mrs Harris's petition*. These poems are all wrong dated in the several editions of his works. It appears to a demonstration they were all written in the year 1699. ----- The petition of Mrs Harris, although it may be ranked in that class of poetry which is called *low humour*, is full of mirth and raillery. The Doctor himself and Mrs Harris, are the two principal characters, against whom the ridicule is immediately pointed. However, there is one beautiful stroke of nature in this poem worthy to be remarked, which in the way of characterising can never be excelled by any effort of genius. Do but observe the answer of the old deaf housekeeper in the following lines:

Then my dams Wadgar came, &c. l. 25. to l. 29.

In one word, whoever can read this petition of Mrs Harris without feeling some extraordinary pleasure, hath, in my opinion, neither wit, humour, judgment, nor any taste for poetry in his whole composition. *Swift.*

† Earl of Berkeley, and Earl of Galway,

‡ Lady Betty Berkeley,

Mrs HARRIS's PETITION. 69

So, because I had been buying things for my *Lady* last night,

I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was right.

Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,

Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,

I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my smock.

So, when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was unript,

And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slip't:

Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my *Lady* to bed;

And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead.

So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light:

But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, *Lord!* I thought I should have sunk outright.

Lord! *Madam*, says Mary, how d'ye do? Indeed, says I, never worse:

But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse?

Lord help me! said Mary, I never stirr'd out of this place:

Nay, said I, I had it in *Lady Betty's* chamber, that's a plain case.

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:

However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.

So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,

But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and search'd the folks round,

And in a corner of *Mrs Dukes's* box ty'd in a rag the money was found.

70 Mrs HARRIS's PETITION.

So next morning we told Whittle *, and he fell a-
 swearing :

Then my Dame Wadgar † came ; and she, you know,
 is thick of hearing : 25

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what
 a loss I have had ?

Nay, said she, my Lord Colway's ‡ folks are all very
 sad ;

For my Lord Dromedary || comes a Tuesday without
 fail.

Pugh ! said I, but that's not the bus'ness that I ail.

Says Cary **, says he, I have been a servant this five and
 twenty years, come spring, 30

And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a
 thing.

Yes, says the *steward*, I remember, when I was at my
 Lady Shrewsbury's,

Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of *goose-*
berries.

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of
 grief,

(Now you must know, of all things in the world, I hate a
 thief). 35

However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse slyly
 about :

Mrs Dukes ††, said I, here's an ugly accident has hap-
 pen'd out :

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse †† ;
 But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.

* Earl of Berkeley's valet.

† The old deaf housekeeper.

‡ Galway.

|| Drogheda, who, with the Primate, was to succeed the two
 Earls.

** Clerk of the kitchen.

†† A servant, wife to one of the footmen.

‡‡ An usual saying of hers.

Mrs HARRIS's PETITION. 71

'Tis true, seven pounds four shillings and six pence makes
a great hole in my wages : 40

Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these
ages.

Now, Mrs Dukes, you know, and every body under-
stands,

That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go with-
out hands.

The *devil* take me, said she, (blessing herself); if ever I
saw't !

So she roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had call'd her all
to naught. 45

So you know, what could I say to her any more ?

I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well; but then they would have had me gone to the
cunning man :

No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the *chaplain* will be here
anon.

So the *chaplain* * came in. Now the servants say he is
my sweetheart, 50

Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his
part.

So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out
I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a *nativity*, when a body's
plunder'd ?

(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *parson* like
the *devil*).

Truly, says he, Mrs Nab, it might become you to be more
civil : 55

If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says, d'ye
see,

You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from
me :

I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I'd have you to
know.

Lord ! said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never thought
you so ;

* The author.

72 Mrs HARRIS's PETITION.

You know, I honour the cloth ; I design to be a *parson's*
wife ; 60

I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjurer* in all my
life.

With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who
should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me, and so went
away.

Well : I thought I should have swoon'd. Lord! said I,
what shall I do ?

I have lost my *money*, and shall lose my *true love* too. 65

Then my Lord call'd me : Harry *, said my Lord, don't
cry,

I'll give you something towards thy loss : and says my
Lady, so will I.

Oh ! but, said I, what if, after all, my chaplain won't
come to?

For that, he said, (an't please your *Excellencies*), I must
petition you.

The premisses tenderly consider'd, I desire your *Excellen-*
cies protection, 70

And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collec-
tion ;

And, over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies*
letter,

With an order for the *chaplain* aforesaid, or, instead of
him, a better :

And then your poor *petitioner* both night and day,

Or the *chaplain*, (for 'tis his *trade*), as in duty bound,
shall ever pray. 75

* A cant word of my Lord and Lady to Mrs Harris.

Lady Betty Berkeley, finding in the author's room some verses * unfinished, underwrit a stanza of her own, with raillery upon him; which gave occasion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.

Written in the year 1703.

To the tune of *The cutpurse*.

I.

Once on a time, as old stories rehearse,
A friar would needs shew his talent in Latin;
But was forely put to't in the midst of a verse,
Because he could find no word to come pat in:

Then all in the place

5

He left a void space,

And so went to bed in a desperate case:

When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!

He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.

Chorus. *Let censuring critics then think what they list*
on't;

10

Who would not write verses with such an as-
sistant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement:

For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite,

That came through the key-hole, or in at the casement;

And it needs must be one that could both read and
write:

15

Yet he did not know

If it were friend or foe,

Or whether it came from above or below:

* These verses are called, *A ballad on the game of traffic*, and may be found among the posthumous poetry, vol. 7.

74 VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

Howe'er, it was civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself. 20
Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a stand :
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains ;
When he found a new help from invisible hand. 25
Then, good Doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely must own you were at a dead lift :
And, though some malicious young spirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was
burnt.

Written in the year 1706.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse could draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team ;
Lead them a dance of many a mile, 5
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its diff'rent pow'r :
Heroic strains could build a tow'r ;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories ; 10
A lyric ode would slate ; a catch
Would tile ; an epigram would thatch.
But, to their own, or landlord's cost,
Now poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng 15
Can raise a lodging *for a song* :
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observ'd they grew a num'rous race ;

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE. 75

And should they build as fast as write,
 'T would ruin undertakers quite. 20
 This evil therefore to prevent,
 He wisely chang'd their element :
 On earth the god of wealth was made
 Sole patron of the building trade ;
 Leaving the wits the spacious air, 25
 With licence to *build castles* there :
 And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
 To lodge in garrets comes from thence.

Premising thus, in modern way,
 The better half we have to say : 30
 Sing, Muse, the house of poet Van
 In higher strains than we began.

Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
 Is both a herald and a poet ;
 No wonder then if nicely skill'd 35
 In both capacities to build.
 As herald, he can in a day
 Repair a *house* * gone to decay ;
 Or by *atchievement, arms, device,*
 Erect a new one in a trice ; 40
 And as a poet, he has skill
 To build in speculation still.
 Great Jove ! he cry'd, the art restore
 To build by verse as heretofore,
 And make my muse the architect ; 45
 What palaces shall we erect !
 No longer shall forsaken Thames
 Lament his old Whitehall in flames ;
 A pile shall from its ashes rise,
 Fit to invade or prop the skies. 50

Jove smil'd, and, like a gentle god,
 Consenting with the usual nod,
 Told Van, he knew his talent best,
 And left the choice to his own breast.
 So Van resolv'd to write a farce ; 55
 But, well perceiving wit was scarce,

* House, family.

With cunning that defect supplies ;
 Takes a French play as lawful prize ;
 Steals thence his plot and ev'ry joke,
 Not once suspecting Jove would *smoke* ;
 And (like a wag) sat down to write,
 Would whisper to himself, a *bite*.
 Then from the motley, mingled style
 Proceeded to erect his pile.
 So men of old, to gain renown, did
 Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
 Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
 To turn the matter to a jest :
 Down from Olympus' top he slides,
 Laughing as if he'd burst his sides :
 Ay, thought the God, are these your tricks ?
 Why then *old plays* deserve *old bricks* ;
 And since you're sparing of your stuff,
 Your building shall be small enough.
 He spake, and, grudging, lent his aid :
 Th' experienc'd bricks that knew their trade,
 (As being bricks at second hand),
 Now move, and now in order stand.
 The building, as the poet writ,
 Rose in proportion to his wit :
 And first the prologue built a wall,
 So wide as to encompass all.
 The scene, a wood, produc'd no more
 Than a few scrubby trees before.
 The plot as yet lay deep ; and so
 A cellar next was dug below :
 But this a work so hard was found,
 Two acts it cost him under ground.
 Two other acts we may presume
 Were spent in building each a room.
 Thus far advanc'd he made a shift
 To raise a roof with act the fifth.
 The epilogue behind did frame
 A place not decent here to name,
 Now poets from all quarters ran
 To see the house of brother Van ;

60

65

70

75

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85

90

95

Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no such house was to be found.

One asks the watermen hard by,

Where may the poet's palace lie?

100

Another of the Thames inquires,

If he has seen its gilded spires?

At length they in the rubbish spy

A thing resembling a goose-pye.

Thither in haste the poets throng,

105

And gaze in silent wonder long,

Till one in raptures thus began

To praise the pile and builder Van.

Thrice happy poet! who mayst trail

Thy house about thee like a snail;

110

Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease

Take journeys in it like a chaise;

Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,

Canst make it serve thee for a tilt.

Capacious house! 'tis own'd by all,

115

Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small:

For ev'ry wit in Britain's isle

May lodge within thy spacious pile.

Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,

Thy mother burnt, art born again,

120

Born like a phoenix from the flame;

But neither bulk nor shape the same:

As animals of largest size

Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;

A type of modern wit and style,

125

The rubbish of an ancient pile.

So *chymists* boast they have a pow'r

From the dead ashes of a flow'r

Some faint resemblance to produce,

But not the virtue, taste, or juice.

130

So modern rhymers wisely blast

The poetry of ages past;

Which after they have overthrown,

They from its ruins build their own.

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

Written in the year 1708.

WHEN mother Clud had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How *Miss* pick'd every painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye, 5
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's *genius*, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *architecture* :
He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child : 10
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the *model* in his mind.
But when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk, 15
And mark the progress of their work ;
With true delight observ'd them all.
Raking up *mud* to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The *model* in his table-book ; 20
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolv'd a *house* to build :
A *real house*, with *rooms*, and *stairs*,
Five times at least as big as theirs ;
Taller than *Miss*'s by two yards ; 25
Not a sham thing of clay or cards.
And so he did ; for in a while
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground. 30
Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew :

There all the little schoolboys run,
 Envyng to see themselves outdone.
 From such deep rudiments as these, 35
 Van is become by due degrees
 For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd
 At court Vitruvius the *second* :
 No wonder, since wise *authors* show,
 That *best foundations* must be low : 40
 And now the Duke * has wisely ta'en him
 To be his *architect* at Blenheim.
 But, raillery for once apart,
 If this rule holds in ev'ry art;
 Or if his *Grace* were no more skill'd in 45
 The art of batt'ring walls than building,
 We might expect to see next year
 A *mouse-trap* man chief engineer.

The virtues of SID HAMET the Magician's rod †.

Written in 1712.

THE rod was but a harmless wand,
 While Moses held it in his hand;
 But, soon as e'er he *laid it down*,
 'Twas a devouring serpent grown.

Our great magician Hamet Sid, 5
 Reverses what the prophet did :
 His *rod* was honest English wood;
 That senseless in a corner stood,
 Till, metamorphos'd by his grasp,
 It grew an all-devouring asp ; 10

* The Duke of Marlborough, to whom Q. Anne gave the palace of Woodstock, for his Grace's victory over the French and Bavarians at Blenheim, Aug. 2. 1704.

† The staff of Lord Treasurer Godolphin, which, on the 29th of May 1711, was given to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. H.

Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist;
But when he *laid it down*, as quick
Resum'd the figure of a stick.

So to her midnight-feast the hag
Rides on a broom-stick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning-dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.

They tell us something strange and odd:
About a certain *magic rod*,

That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines *;
Where there are none, it stands erect,
Scorning to shew the least respect:
As ready was the *wand of Sid*

To bend where golden mines were hid;
In Scottish hills found precious ore †,
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a gentle bow divin'd
How well a *cully's* purse was lin'd;
To a forlorn and broken rake,
Stood without motion, like a stake.

The rod of *Hermes* was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.
That rod was just a type of Sid's,
Which o'er a British senate's lids
Could scatter *opium* full as well,
And drive as many souls to hell.

* The *virgula divina*, or *divining rod*, is described to be a forked branch of a hazel or willow, two feet and an half long. It is to be held in the palms of the hands, with the single end elevated about eighty degrees; and in this position is said to be attracted by minerals and springs, so as by a forcible inclination to direct where they are to be found. *Hawkes*.

† Supposed to allude to the union of the two kingdoms.

SID HAMET.

81

Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft he us'd to *fish* withal ;
A *plaice* was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of *gudgeons* took :
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his *fish*, and sav'd his *bait*.

45

Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe
A circle with their *rod* describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep *mischievous spirits* out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where *spirits* throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to *take them in* :
But when th' enchanted *rod* was *broke*,
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.

50

55

Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good ;
That down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line ;

60

Thence, through a long descent of kings,
Came an heir-loom, as Homer sings.

65

Though this description looks so big,
That *sceptre* was a sapless twig,
Which from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.

70

Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit ;
And he, the *dragon*, never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
No *hobby-horse*, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's shop*,
Or glitt'ring tinsel of May-fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.

75

Dear Sid, then why wert thou so mad
To break thy *rod* like naughty lad ?

80

* An eminent toymen in Fleet-street.

You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
 And then return'd it to *your mistress*;
 Or made it a Newmarket switch,
 And not a *rod* for thy own breech.
 But, since old Sid has broken this,
 His next may be a *rod in pifs*.

85

A T L A S;

O R,

The MINISTER of STATE.

To the Lord Treasurer OXFORD.

Written in the year 1712.

ATlas, we read in ancient song,
 Was so exceeding tall and strong,
 He bore the skies upon his back,
 Just as a pedlar does his pack:
 But, as a pedlar overpreis'd
 Unloads upon a stall to rest,
 Or, when he can no longer stand,
 Desires a friend to lend a hand;
 So Atlas, left the pond'rous spheres
 Should sink, and fall about his ears,
 Got Hercules to bear the pile,
 That he might sit and rest a while.
 Yet Hercules was not so strong,
 Nor could have borne it half so long.
 Great statesmen are in this condition;
 And Atlas is a politician,

5

10

15

THE SALAMANDER.

83

A *premier* minister of state :

Alcides one of second rate.

Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise,

Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies

20

Too long upon his single shoulders,

Sink down he must, or find *upholders*.

The DESCRIPTION of a SALAMANDER *.

*Out of Pliny's Natural history, lib. 10. c. 67. and
lib. 29. c. 4.*

Written in the year 1706.

AS mastiff dogs in modern phrase are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar* ;

As *pyes* and *daws* are often styl'd

With Christian nicknames like a child ;

As we say *Monfieur* to an *ape*,

5

Without offence to human shape ;

So men have got from bird and brute

Names that would best their natures suit.

The *lion*, *eagle*, *fox*, and *boar*,

Were heroes titles heretofore.

10

Bestow'd as hi'roglyphics fit

To shew their valour, strength, or wit :

For what is understood by *same*,

Besides the getting of a *name* ?

But, e'er since men invented guns,

15

A diff'rent way their fancy runs :

* This excessive bitter *description of a salamander* was occasioned by the Duke of Marlborough's giving that appellation to Lord Cutts, after he had come off victorious, and without a wound, from an engagement with part of the French army, whose fire was so extremely brisk, and so incessantly poured in upon the English forces, that it was supposed nothing but a *salamander* could have lived in the midst of it. *Swift*.

To paint a hero, we inquire
 For something that will conquer *fire*.
 Would you describe Turenne * or Trump † ?
 Think of a bucket or a pump.
 Are these too low ? — then find out grander,
 Call my Lord Cutts a *salamander* ‡.
 'Tis well ; — but since we live among
 Detractors with an evil tongue,
 Who may object against the term,
 Pliny shall prove what we affirm ;
 Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
 And I'll be judg'd by standers by.

First, then, our author has defin'd
 This reptile of the serpent kind,
 With gaudy coat, and shining train ;
 But loathsome spots his body stain :
 Out from some hole obscure he flies,
 When rains descend, and tempests rise,
 Till the sun clears the air ; and then
 Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a storm,
 I've seen a *snake* in human form,
 All stain'd with infamy and vice,
 Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
 Burnish, and make a gaudy show,
 Became a gen'ral, peer, and beau,
 Till peace hath made the sky serene ;
 Then shrink into its hole again.

*All this we grant — why then look yonder,
 Sure that must be a salamander !*

* The famous Marechal Turenne, General of the French forces, said to have been the greatest commander of the age. H.

† Van Trump, Admiral of the States-General in their last war with England, eminent for his courage and his victories. H.

‡ Lord Cutts. *Salamander* was a name given him by his flatterers, upon his having survived an engagement in which he stood an incessant fire for many hours. He is said frequently to have lamented himself in these terms : " G--d d---n my bl---d, I'm " the most unlucky dog upon earth ; for I never engaged an ene- " my without being wounded, nor a whore without being p---x'd." *Hawkes.*

THE SALAMANDER.

35

Farther, we are by Pliny told,
This *serpent* is extremely cold ;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire :
Besides, it spues a filthy froth
(Whether through rage, or lust, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.

30

55

So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame :
And should some nymph who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charleton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects
Her tainted carcase to pursue,
As from the *salamander's* spue ;
A dismal shedding of her locks,
And, if no leprosy, a pox.

60

65

*Then I'll appeal to each by-stander,
If this be not a salamander ?*

70

* The E L E P H A N T ;

Or, The PARLIAMENT-MAN.

Written many years since.

Taken from Coke's institutes.

ERE bribes convince you whom to chuse,
The precepts of Lord Coke peruse.

VOL. VI.

H

Observe an *elephant*, says he,
 And let like him your member be :
 First, take a man that's free from *gall* ; 5
 For elephants have none at all :
 In *flocks* or *parties* he must keep ;
 For elephants live just like sheep :
Stubborn in honour he must be ;
 For elephants *ne'er bend the knee* : 10
 Last, let his *memory* be sound,
 In which your elephant's profound ;
 That *old examples* from the wise
 May prompt him in his No's and Ay's.
 Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ, 15
 In all the form of lawyers wit ;
 And then with Latin, and all that,
 Shews the comparifon is pat.
 Yet in some points my Lord is wrong :
 One's *teeth* are fold, and t' other's *tongue* : 20
 Now men of parliament, God knows,
 Are more like *elephants of shonis*,
 Whose docile memory and fenfe
 Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence.
 To get their master half a crown, 25
 They spread their flag, or lay it down :
 Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,
 And guarded nations from attacks,
 Now praftife every pliant gesture,
 Op'ning their trunk for ev'ry teftter. 30
 Siam, for elephants fo fam'd,
 Is not with England to be nam'd :
 There elephants by men are fold ;
 Ours fell themselves, and take the gold.

AN ELEGY on the fupposed death of PARTRIDGE,
the almanack-maker*.

WELL ; 'tis as Bickerftaff has gueft,
 Though we all took it for a jeft :

* See an account of his death, which Partridge averred to be falfe, and Bickerftaff defended as true, vol. 4.

AN ELEGY ON PARTRIDGE. 87

Partridge is dead ; nay more, he dy'd,
Ere he could prove the good 'Squire ly'd.

Strange, an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky !

Not one of all his *crony* stars
To pay their duty at his herse !

No meteor, no eclipse appear'd !

No comet with a flaming beard !

The sun has rose, and gone to bed,

Just as if Partridge were not dead ;

Nor hid himself behind the moon,

To make a dreadful night at noon.

He at fit periods walks through Aries,

Howe'er our earthly motion varies ;

And twice a-year he'll cut th' equator,

As if there had been no such matter.

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy

There is 'twixt *cobling* * and *astrology* ;

How Partridge made his *optics* rise

From a *shoe-sole* to reach the skies.

A list the cobbler's temples ties,

To keep the hair out of his eyes ;

From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem*

That princes wear derives from them :

And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days

Adorn'd with *golden stars* and *rays* ;

Which plainly shews the near alliance

'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets science*.

Besides, that slow-pac'd sign *Bootes*,

As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis :

But Partridge ended all disputes ;

He knew his trade, and call'd it † *boots*.

The *horned moon*, which heretofore

Upon their shoes the Romans wore,

Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,

And whence we claim our *shoeing-horn*,

Shews how the art of *cobling* bears

A near resemblance to the *spheres*.

* Partridge was a cobbler.

† See his almanack.

88 AN ELEGY ON PARTRIDGE.

A scrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
 (A great refinement in *barometry*)
 Can, like the stars, foretell the weather;
 And what is *parchment* else but *leather*?
 Which an astrologer might use
 Either for *almanacks* or *shoes*.

45

Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
 At once did practise both these arts:
 And as the boading owl (or rather
 The bat, because her wings are *leather*)
 Steals from her private cell by night,
 And flies about the candle-light;
 So learned Partridge could as well
 Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
 And in his fancy fly as far,
 To peep upon a twinkling star.

50

55

Besides, he could confound the *spheres*,
 And set the *planets* by the ears;
 To shew his skill, he Mars could join
 To Venus in *aspect malign*;
 Then call in Mercury for aid,
 And cure the wounds that Venus made.

60

Great scholars have in Lucian read,
 When Philip King of Greece was dead,
 His *soul* and *spirit* did divide,
 And each part took a diff'rent side:
 One rose a star; the other fell
 Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.

65

Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
 The *cobling* and *star-gazing* part,
 And is install'd as good a star
 As any of the Cæsars are.
 Triumphant star! some pity show,
 On *coblers militant* below,
 Whom roguish boys in stormy nights
 Torment by pissing out their lights,
 Or through a chink convey their smoke
 Inclos'd *artificers* to choke.

70

75

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
 Mayst follow still thy calling there.

80

AN FLEGY ON PARTRIDGE. 89

To thee the *Bull* will lend his *hide*,
 By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd :
 For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
 And scrape her pitchy sides for *wax* ;
 Then Ariadne kindly lends
 Her braided hair to make thee *ends* :
 The point of Sagittarius' dart
 Turns to an *awl* by heav'nly art ;
 And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
 Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
 For want of room by Virgo's side,
 She'll strain a point, and sit astride *,
 To take thee kindly in *between* ;
 And then the *signs* will be *thirteen*.

55

90

The E P I T A P H.

Here, five foot deep, lies on his back
 A cobbler, starmonger, and quack ;
 Who to the stars in pure good-will
 Does to his best look upward still.
 Weep, all you customers that use
 His pills, his almanacks, or shoes :
 And you that did your fortunes seek,
 Step to his grave but once a-week :
 This earth, which bears his body's print,
 You'll find has so much virtue in't,
 That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
 Whate'er concerns you full as well,
 In physic, stolen goods, or love,
 As he himself could, when above.

5

10

*-----Tibi brachia contrahet ingens
 Scorpius, &c.

H 3

* VERSES

* VERSES to be prefixed before BERNARD
LINTOT's New Miscellany †.

SOME Colinæus † praise, some Bleau †,
Others account them but so so ;
Some Plantin † to the rest prefer,
And some esteem old Elzevir † ;
Others with Aldus † would besot us ;
I, for my part, admire Lintottus. ——— 5
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own person, large and fair.
They print their names in letters small,
But LINTOT stands in capital : 10
Author and he with equal grace
Appear, and stare you in the face.
Stephens prints *Heathen* Greek, 'tis said,
Which some can't construe, some can't read :
But all that comes from Lintot's hand, 15
Ev'n Rawlinson might understand.
Oft in an Aldus, or a Plantin,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting :
Of Lintot's books this can't be said,
All fair, and not so much as read. 20
Their copy cost 'em not a penny
To Homer, Virgil, or to any ;
They ne'er gave *sixpence* for *two lines*
To them, their heirs, or their assigns :
But Lintot is at vast expense, 25
And pays prodigious dear for ——— sense.
Their books are useful but to few,
A scholar, or a wit or two :
Lintot's for gen'ral use are fit ;
For some folks read, but all folks sh—. 30

† The Oxford and Cambridge miscellany, 8vo.

† Printers famous for having published fine editions of the
Bible, and of the Greek and Roman classics.

* To

* TO MR JOHN MOORE,

Author of the celebrated WORM-POWDER †.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms !
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain !
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find,
E'er since our grandame's evil ;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name ;
The blockhead is a slow-worm ;
The nymph, whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day ;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows ;
Thus worms suit all conditions ;
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
By all their winding play ;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

† This poem was wrote by Mr Pope.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise,
 If thou couldst make the courtier void.
 The worm that never dies!.

30

O! learned friend of Abchurch-lane;
 Who sett'st our intrails free!
 Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
 Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

35

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
 Some few short years, no more!
 Ev'n Button's wits * to worms shall turn,
 Who maggots were before..

40

* VERSES occasioned by an *&c.* at the end of
 Mr D'URFY'S name in the title to one of his
 plays †.

Jove call'd before him t'other day
 The vowels, U, O, I, E, A;
 All diphthongs, and all consonants;
 Either of England, or of France;
 And all that were, or wish'd to be,
 Rank'd in the name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
 Fierce is this cause; the letters spoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and *mutes* turn'd vocal.
 Those four proud syllables alone

5

Were silent, which by fate's decree
 Chim'd in so smoothly, one by one,
 To the sweet name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
N, by whom names subsist, declar'd,
 To have no place in this was hard;

10

* Button's coffeehouse, in Covent-Garden, frequented by the
 wits of that time.

† This accident happened by Mr D'Urfy's having made a
 flourish there, which the printer mistook for an *&c.*

VERSES OCCASIONED BY AN &c. 93

And Q maintain'd 'twas but his due 15
 Still to keep company with U;
 So hop'd to stand no less than he
 In the great name of *Tom D'Urffy*.
E shew'd, a comma ne'er could claim
 A place in any British name; 20
 Yet, making here a perfect botch;
 Thrusts your poor vowel from his notch;
Hiatus mi valde defendus!
 From which, good Jupiter, defend us!
 Sooner I'd quit my part in thee, 25
 Than be no part in *Tom D'Urffy*.
P protested, puff'd, and swore,
 He'd not be serv'd so like a beast;
 He was a piece of emperor,
 And made up half a pope at least. 30
C vow'd, he'd frankly have releas'd
 His double share in *Cæsar Caius*
 For only one in *Tom Durseius*.
I, consonant and vowel too,
 To Jupiter did humbly sue, 35
 That of his grace he would proclaim
Durseius his true Latin name:
 For though without them both 'twas clear
 Himself could ne'er be Jupiter;
 Yet they'd resign that post so high 40
 To be the genitive, *Dursei*.
B and *L* swore b — and w — s;
X and *Z* cry'd, p — x and z — s;
G swore by G—d, it ne'er should be;
 And *W* would not lose, not he, 45
 An English letter's property
 In the great name of *Tom D'Urffy*.
 In short, the rest were all in fray,
 From *Christ-cross* to *et cætera*.
 They, though but standers-by, too mutter'd; 50
 Diphthongs and triphthongs swore and flutter'd;
 That none had so much right to be
 Part of the name of stuttering T—
T — Tom — a — as — De — D'Ur — fy — fy. }

94 VERSES OCCASIONED BY AN &c.

Then Jove thus spake: With care and pain 55
 We form'd this name, renown'd in rhyme:
 Not thine, immortal *Neufgermain* †!
 Cost studious *cabalists* more time.
 Yet now, as then, you all declare,
 Far hence to Egypt you'll repair, 60 }
 And turn strange hi'roglyphics there,
 Rather than letters longer be,
 Unless i' th' name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
 Were you all pleas'd, yet what, I pray,
 To foreign letters could I say? 65
 What if the Hebrew next should aim
 To turn quite backward *D'Urfy's* name?
 Should the Greek quarrel too, by Styx, I
 Could never bring in *Psi* and *Xi*;
Omicron and *Omega* from us 70
 Would each hope to be *O* in *Thomas*;
 And all th' ambitious vowels vie,
 No less than Pythagoric *Υ*,
 To have a place in *Tom D'Urfy*.
 Then, well-belov'd and trusty letters!
 Cons'nants, and vowels much their betters, 75
We, willing to repair this breach,
 And, all that in us lies, please each,
Et cat'ra to our aid must call;
Et cat'ra represents ye all: 80
Et cat'ra therefore we decree,
 Henceforth for ever join'd shall be
 To the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*. }

* PROLOGUE design'd for Mr D'URFY's last play.

Grown old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
 Your persevering, unexhausted bard:

† A poet, who used to make verses ending with the last syllables of the names of those persons he praised; which Voiture turned against him in a poem of the same kind.

PROLOGUE FOR MR D'URFY'S PLAY. 95

Damnation follows death in other men,
 But your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.
 Th' advent'rous lover is successful still, 5
 Who strives to please the fair *against* her *will* :
 Be kind and make him in his wishes easy,
 Who in your own *despite* has strove to please ye.
 He scorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore,
 But ever writ, as none e'er writ before. 10
 You modern wits, should each man bring his claim,
 Have desperate debentures on your fame ;
 And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
 If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
 From his deep fund our author largely draws, 15
 Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
 Though plays for honour in old time he made,
 'Tis now for better reasons ---- to be paid.
 Believe him, he has known the world too long,
 And seen the death of much immortal song. 20
 He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
 As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
 Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
 The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
 Fame is at best an unperforming cheat ; 25
 But 'tis substantial happiness to eat.
 Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
 Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

* PROLOGUE to The three hours after marriage.

Authors are judg'd by strange capricious rules ;
 The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools :
 Yet sure the best are most severely fated ;
 For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated. 5
 Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor ;
 But fool 'gainst fool is barb'rous civil war.
 Why on all authors then should critics fall ?
 Since some have writ, and shewn no wit at all.

96 PROLOGUE TO THE THREE, &c.

Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it;
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the French who made
it." 10

By running goods these graceless owlers gain;
Theirs are the *rules* of France, the *plots* of Spain:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common draught.
They pall Moliere's and Lopez' sprightly strain, 15
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.

How shall our author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate!
It had been civil in these ticklish times

To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes. 20

Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end,
But spare Old England, lest you hurt a friend.

If any fool is by our satire bit,

Let him hiss loud, to shew you all he's hit.

Poets make characters, as *salesmen* cloaths: 25

We take no measure of your fops and beaux;

But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,

And fit yourselves, like chaps in Monmouth-street.

Gallants! look here: this *fool's cap* * has an air

Goodly and smart, with ears of Issachar. 30

Let no one fool ingross it, or confine,

A common blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine.

But poets in all ages had the care

To keep this cap, for such as will, to wear.

Our author has it now, (for every wit 35

Of course resign'd it to the next that writ);

And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly thrown †;

Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

* Shews a cap with ears. † Flings down the cap and exit.

* SANDY S' s G H O S T :

O R,

A proper new BALLAD on the new OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES, as it was intended to
be translated by persons of quality.

Y E Lords and Commons, men of wit
And pleasure about town,
Read this, ere you translate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all !

Nor think your verses Sterling,
Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a *berlin* :

For not the desk with silver nails,
Nor *bureau* of expense,
Nor standish well japan'd, avails
To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
With faucer eyes of fire,
In woful wise did sore affright
A wit and courtly 'squire.

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth !
Like puppy tame, that uses
To fetch and carry in his mouth
The works of all the muses.

Ah ! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil ;
And sell his soul for vanity
To rhyming and the devil ?

A desk he had of curious work,
With glittering studs about ;
Within the same did Sandys lurk,
Though Ovid lay without.

Now, as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
 Forth popp'd the *sprite* so thin, 30
 And from the key-hole bolted out
 All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloon,
 And ruff compos'd most duly,
 This 'squire he dropt his pen fall soon, 35
 While as the light burnt bluely.

Ho ! Master Sam, quoth Sandys' sprite,
 Write on, nor let me scare ye ;
 Forsooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
 To Budgel seek, or Carey. 40

I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,
 Poor Ovid finds no quarter !
 See first the merry P—— comes
 In haste without his garter.

Then lords and lordings, 'squires and knights, 45
 Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers :
 Garth at St James's, and at White's,
 Beats up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
 Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan, 50
 Tom Burnet or Tom D'Urfy may,
 John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

If Justice Philips' costive head
 Some frigid rhymes disburfes ;
 They shall like Persian tales be read, 55
 And glad both babes and nurses.

Let Warwick's muse with Ash——t join,
 And Ozel's with Lord Hervey's,
 Tickell and Addison combine,
 And Pope translate with Jervis. 60

L—— himself, that lively lord,
 Who bows to every lady,
 Shall join with F—— in one accord,
 And be like Tate and Brady.

U M B R A.

99

Ye ladies too draw forth your pen ;
I pray where can the hurt lie ?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witness Lady Wortley.

65

Now, Tonson, list thy forces all,
Review them, and tell noses :
For to poor Ovid shall befall
A strange *metamorphosis* ;

70

A *metamorphosis* more strange
Than all his books can vapour ——

“ To what” (quoth ’squire) “ shall Ovid change ?” 75
Quoth Sandys, *To waste paper.*

* U M B R A.

CLOSE to the best-known author Umbra sits,
The constant index to all Button’s wits.
Who’s here? cries Umbra : only Johnson —— *Ob!*
Your slave, and *exit* ; but returns with Rowe :
Dear Rowe, let’s sit and talk of tragedies :
Ere long Pope *enters*, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele : he turns upon his *heel*,
And in a moment fastens upon *Steele* ;
But cries as soon, *Dear Dick, I must be gone ;*
For if I know his tread, here’s Addison.
Says Addison to Steele, ’Tis time to go :
Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe.
Poor Umbra, left in this abandon’d pickle,
E’en sits him down, and writes to honest Tickell.

5

10

Fool ! ’tis in vain from wit to wit to roam ;
Know, sense, like charity, *begins at home.* 15

* D U K E upon D U K E,

An excellent new Ballad.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.

TO lordings proud I tune my lay,
Who feast in bow'r or hall :
Though Dukes they be, to Dukes I say,
That pride will have a fall.

Now, that this same it is right sooth,
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John Duke of Guise,
And Nic. of Lancastere.

5

When Richard Cœur-de Lion reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart),
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd ;
Each play'd a lion's part.

10

A word and blow was then enough :
Such honour did them prick ;
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff ;
And if your a—se, a kick.

15

Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose,
At ev'ry turn fell to't ;
Come near, they trod upon your toes ;
They fought from head to foot.

20

Of these the Duke of Lancastere
Stood paramount in pride ;
He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
His foes, and friends beside.

DUKE UPON DUKE. 101

Firm on his front his beaver fat ; 25
 So broad, it hid his chin ;
 For why ? he deem'd no man his mate,
 And fear'd to tan his skin.

With Spanish wool he dy'd his cheek,
 With essence oil'd his hair ; 30
 No vixen civet-cat so sweet,
 Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
 Though made full short by God ;
 And when all other Dukes did bow, 35
 This Duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnaire
 To Guise's Duke was he :
 Was ever such a loving pair ?
 How could they disagree ? 40

Oh, thus it was : He lov'd him dear,
 And cast how to requite him ;
 And having no friend left but this,
 He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate quill,
 And thus he did indite : 45
 " This eve at whisk ourself will play,
 " Sir Duke ! be here to-night."

Ah no ! ah no ! the guileless Guise
 Demurely did reply ; 50
 I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
 So fore the gout have I.

The Duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
 And fiercely drove them on ;
 Lord ! Lord ! how rattled then thy stones, 55
 O kingly Kensington !

All in a trice he rush'd on Guise,
 Thrust out his lady dear ;

102 DUKE UPON DUKE.

He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,
And smote him on the ear.

60

But mark, how 'midst of victory
Fate plays her old dog trick !
Up leap'd Duke John, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell Duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic. ! oh Nic. alas !
Right did thy gossip call thee :
As who should say, Alas the day
When John of Guise shall maul thee !

65

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did sit ;
And look'd, as if he meant therein
To do — what was not fit.

70

Up didst thou look, oh woful Duke !
Thy mouth yet durst not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t——d, instead of trope.

75

“ Lie there, thou caitiff vile !” quoth Guise ;
“ No *sheets* is here to save thee :
“ The casement it is shut likewise ;
“ Beneath my feet I have thee.

80

“ If thou hast aught to speak, speak out.”
Then Lancastere did cry,
“ Know'st thou not me, nor yet thyself ?
“ Who thou, and who am I ?

“ Know'st thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
“ Have brawl'd and quarrel'd more,
“ Than all the line of Lancastere,
“ That battled heretofore ?

85

“ In senates fam'd for many a speech,
“ And (what some awe must give ye,
“ Though laid thus low beneath thy breech)
“ Still of the council privy ;

90

“ Still of the *duchy* chancellor ;
 “ *Durante life* I have it ;
 “ And turn, as now thou dost on me, 95
 “ Mine a —— e on them that gave it.”

But now the servants they rush'd in :
 And Duke Nic. up leap'd he :
 I will not cope against such odds,
 But, Guise ! I'll fight with thee : 100

To-morrow with thee will I fight
 Under the green wood tree ;
 “ No, not to-morrow, but to-night
 “ (Quoth Guise) I'll fight with thee.”

And now the sun declining low 105
 Bestreak'd with blood the skies ;
 When, with his sword at saddle-bow,
 Rode forth the valiant Guise.

Full gently pranc'd he o'er the lawn ;
 Oft roll'd his eyes around, 110
 And from the stirrup stretch'd to find
 Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the blade in air,
 Long look'd the field all o'er :
 At length he spy'd the merry-men brown, 115
 And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicolas
 Did wave his wand so white,
 As pointing out the gloomy glade
 Wherein he meant to fight. 120

All in that dreadful hour so calm
 Was Lancastere to see,
 As if he meant to take the air,
 Or only take a fee.

And so he did —— for to New Court 125
 His rowling wheels did run :

104 FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE.

Not that he shunn'd the doubtful strife ;
But *bus'ness* must be done.

Back in the dark by Brompton park,
He turn'd up through the Gore ; 130
So slunk to Cambden house so high,
All in his coach and four.

Meanwhile Duke Guise did fret and fume,
A sight it was to see,
Benumb'd beneath the evening-dew 135
Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
Sore mutt'ring all the way,
" The day I meet him, Nic. shall rue
" The cudgel of that day. 140

" Meantime on every pissing-post,
" Paste we this recreant's name,
" So that each pisser-by shall read
" And pifs against the same."

Now God preserve our gracious King, 145
And grant his nobles all
May learn this lesson from Duke Nic.
That *pride will have a fall*.

* Fragment of a SATIRE †.

IF meagre Gildon draws his venal quill,
I wish the man a dinner, and sit still :
If dreadful Dennis raves in furious fret,
I'll answer Dennis when I am in debt.
'Tis hunger, and not malice, makes them print ; 5
And who'll wage war with *bedlam* or the *mint* ?

† This and the four following poems were wrote by Mr Pope.

Should some more sober critics come abroad,
 If wrong, I smile; if right, I kiss the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence;
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 10
Commas and points they set exactly right;
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their *mite*:
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd those ribalds,
 From flashing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds,
 Who thinks he *reads*, when he but *scans* and *spells*; 15
 A word-catcher, that lives on syllables.
 Yet ev'n this creature may some notice claim,
 Wrapt round and sanctify'd with Shakespear's name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 20
 The *thing*, we know, is neither rich nor rare;
 And wonder how the devil it got there.

Are others angry? I excuse them too:
 Well may they rage; I give them *but* their due.
 Each man's true merit 'tis not hard to find; 25
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This who can *gratify*? for who can *guess*?
 The wretch * whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, 30
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains six lines a-year;
 In sense still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
 † Johnson, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, 35
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
 And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 ‡ It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
 Should modest satire bid all these *translate*,
 And own that nine such poets make a Tate; 40
 How would they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
 How would they swear not Congreve's self was safe!

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
 Apollo kindled, and fair *fame* inspires;

* Philips. † Author of the Victim, and Cobler of Preston.

‡ Verse of Dr Ev.

Bless'd with each talent and each art to please, 45
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
 View him with scornful, yet with fearful eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 50
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 55
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
 Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
 Approves of each, but likes the worst the best; 60
 Like Cato, gives his *little senate* laws,
 And sits attentive to his own applause;
 While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
 What pity, heav'n! if such a man there be? 65
 Who would not weep, if Addison were he!

* M A C E R.

When simple Macer, now of high renown,
 First sought a poet's fortune in the town;
 'Twas all th' ambition his great soul could feel,
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steel.
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford, 5
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these, he ventur'd on the town,
 And in a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.
 There he stopt short, nor since has writ a tittle,
 But has the wit to make the most of little; 10
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.

SYLVIA; A FRAGMENT. 107

† Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So some coarse country-wench, almost decay'd, 15
Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid:
Awkward, and supple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely lik'd for her *simplicity*: 20
In a translated suit then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
But just endur'd the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing's left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk, 25
To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

* SYLVIA; a FRAGMENT.

Sylvia my heart in wondrous wise alarm'd,
Aw'd without sense, and without beauty charm'd:
But some odd graces and fine flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad:
Her tongue still run on credit from her eyes, 5
More pert than witty, more a wit than wise:
Good-nature, she declar'd it, was her scorn,
Though 'twas by that alone she could be born:
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name;
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame: 10
Now coy, and studious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for D — y at a ball:
Now deep in Taylor and the *book of martyrs*,
Now drinking citron with his *Grace* and *Chartres*.
Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take; 15
But ev'ry woman's in her soul a rake.

† He requested by public advertisements the aid of the ingenious to make up a miscellany in 1713.

Frail, fev'rish sex ! their fit now chills, now burns :
 Atheism and superstition rule by turns ;
 And the mere Heathen in her carnal part
 Is still a sad good Christian at her heart.

20

* A R T E M I S I A.

THough Artemisia talks, by fits,
 Of councils, classics, fathers, wits ;
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke :
 Yet in some things, methinks, she fails ;
 'Twere well, if she would pare her nails,
 And wear a cleaner smock.

5

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
 Such nastiness and so much pride
 Are oddly join'd by Fate :
 On her large squab you find her spread,
 Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
 That lies and stinks in state.

10

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
 On any part, except her face ;
 All white and black beside :
 Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
 Her voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her stride.

15

So have I seen, in black and white,
 A prating thing, a magpye bight,
 Majestically stalk ;
 A stately, worthless animal,
 That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
 All flutter, pride, and talk.

20

* P H R Y N E.

PHryne had talents for mankind ;
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free port of trade :

Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state
Here first their entry made.

5

Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniard or French came to her;
To all obliging she'd appear;
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yarw Mynbeer*,
'Twas *S' il vous plait, Monsieur*.

10

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes;
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length she turns a bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

15

So have I known those insects fair,
Which curious Germans hold so rare,
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

20

On Mrs BIDDY FLOYD*:

O R,

The Receipt to form a BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1707.

WHEN Cupid did his grandfire Jove intreat
To form some beauty by a new receipt,

* This poem is allowed by all persons of taste and judgment, to be such a masterpiece in its kind, that it must abide the test of all future ages. *Swift*.

Jove sent, and found far in a country-scene
 Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene :
 From which ingredients first the dext'rous boy
 Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
 The graces from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride :
 These Venus cleans from ev'ry spurious grain
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
 Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd ;
 Then call'd the happy composition *Floyd*.

5

10

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs FINCH, afterwards
 Countess of WINCHELSEA, under her
 name of ARDELIA.

Written in the year 1707.

PHœbus, now short'ning ev'ry shade,
 Up to the northern *tropic* came,
 And thence beheld a lovely maid,
 Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
 Then lighted from his glitt'ring coach ;
 But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
 Before he durst the nymph approach.

5

Under those sacred leaves, secure
 From common lightning of the skies,
 He fondly thought he might endure
 The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

10

The nymph, who oft had read in books
 Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
 Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
 And guess'd his bus'ness ere he spoke.

15

He in the old celestial cant
 Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx
 Whate'er she would desire to grant ——
 But wife Ardelia knew his tricks. 20

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
 Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
 Under pretence of taking air,
 To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
 As having malice in her heart;
 And was resolv'd, upon a trial,
 To cheat the god in his own art. 25

Hear my request, the virgin said;
 Let which I please of all the Nine
 Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
 Obey my call, and only mine. 30

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
 The god could not refuse her pray'r:
 He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
 Thrice mutter'd something to the air. 35

And now he thought to seize his due:
 But she the charm already try'd:
 Thalia heard the call, and flew
 To wait at bright Ardelia's side. 40

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
 Apollo thought it vain to stay;
 Nor in her presence durst be rude;
 But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky hour,
 When on their queen the muses wait:
 But Pallas owns Ardelia's pow'r;
 For vows divine are kept by fate. 45

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke:
 Deceitful nymph, I see thy art;
 And, though I can't my gift revoke,
 I'll disappoint its nobler part. 50

Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
 And be thou negligent of fame ;
 With ev'ry muse to grace thy song,
 Mayst thou despise a poet's name. 55

Of modest poets be thou first ;
 To silent shades repeat thy verse,
 Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
 Yet hardly dare one line rehearse. 60

And last, my vengeance to complete,
 May you descend to take renown,
 Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
 A Whig *, and one that wears a gown.

* I M P R O M P T U.

To Lady WINCHELSEA.

Occasioned by four satirical verses on *women-wits* in
The rape of the lock.

IN vain you boast poetic names of yore,
 And cite those Sapphos we admire no more ;
 Fate doom'd the fall of ev'ry female wit ;
 But doom'd it then, when first Ardelia writ.
 Of all examples by the world confest, 5
 I knew Ardelia could not quote the best ;
 Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
 Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
 To write their praise you but in vain essay ;
 Ev'n while you write, you take that praise away : 10
 Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
 But shaiues himself till they are seen no more.

* To understand what the Doctor meaneth by a *Whig* in this passage, consult vol. 3. p. 244. l. 2. &c.

* E P I G R A M.

A Bishop by his neighbours hated,
Has cause to wish himself translated:
But why should Hough desire translation,
Lov'd and esteem'd by all the nation?

Yet, if it be the old man's case,
I'll lay my life, I know the place:
'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

5

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

Stella this day is thirty-four,
(We sha'n't dispute a year or more):
However, Stella, be not troubled;
Although thy size and years are doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declin'd;
Made up so largely in thy mind.

5

Oh, would it please the gods to *split*
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle fate,
(That either nymph might have her swain),
To split my Worship too in twain.

10

15

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at first incline
Where-e'er they see the fairest sign;

And, if they find the chambers neat,
 And like the liquor and the meat,
 Will call again, and recommend
 The Angel-inn to ev'ry friend.

5

What though the painting grows decay'd?
 The house will never lose its trade:

Nay, though the treach'rous tapster Thomas
 Hangs a new angel two doors from us,
 As fine as dawber's hands can make it,
 In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
 We think it both a shame and sin
 To quit the true old Angel-inn.

10

Now this is Stella's case in fact:

15

An *angel's* face, a little crack'd;
 (Could poets, or could painters fix
 How *angels* look at thirty-six):

This drew us in at first to find
 In such a form an *angel's* mind;

20

And ev'ry virtue now supplies
 The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.

See at her levee crouding swains,
 Whom Stella freely entertains

With breeding, humour, wit, and sense;

25

And puts them but to small expense;

Their mind so plentifully fills,
 And makes such reasonable bills,

So little gets for what she gives,

We really wonder how she lives!

30

And, had her stock been less, no doubt
 She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
 When Doll hangs out a newer face;

Or stop and light at Cloe's head;

35

With scraps and leavings to be fed?

Then, Cloe, still go on to prate
 Of thirty-six, and thirty-eight;

Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,

Your hints, that Stella is no chicken;

40

Your innuendoes, when you tell us

That Stella loves to talk with fellows:

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

25.

And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That, should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On ev'ry feature of her face;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And croud to Stella's at fourscore.

45.

50.

55.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY;

A great bottle of wine, long buried, being that
day dug up. 1722.

Resolv'd my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely sat me down to think:
I bit my nails; and scratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if with more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly from my brain,
It cost me Lord knows how much time:
To shape it into sense and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curse,
Long thinking made my fancy worse.
Forfaken by th' inspiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's shrine:
I told him what the world would say,
If Stella were unsung to day;

5.

10.

15.

116 STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

How I should hide my head for shame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came ;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sh——n the rogue would sneer, 20
And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel'n anno ridet Apollo*.

I have assur'd them twenty times,
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes ;
Phœbus inspir'd me from above, 25
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetic licence ;
And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think Eusden's right as good as mine. 30

Nor do I ask for Stella's sake ;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake :
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander-by.

Apollo, having thought a little, 35
Return'd this answer to a tittle.

Though you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints, and you should use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold. 40
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns
Through the whole set of Irish deans,
I'm daily stuns'd with such a medley,
Dean W——, Dean D——, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what Dean soever come, 45
My orders are, I'm not at home ;
And, if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the croud.

But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs Brent * ; 50
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of *earth* delights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand ;

* The housekeeper.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

117

Let her describe a circle round
In Saunder's * cellar on the ground :
A spade let prudent Archy † hold,
And with discretion dig the mould :
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca ‡, Ford, and Grattons || by.

55

Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated tow'rs the skies !
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire ;
And Bacchus for the poet's use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See ! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sov'reign med'cine for the brains.

60

65

70

You'll find it soon, if fate consents ;
If not, a thousand Mrs Brents,
Ten thousand Archys arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.

From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the muse ;
(But first let Robert **, on his knees,
With caution drain it from the lees) ;
The muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year.

75

80

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1724.

AS when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she's past her dancing-days ;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose :

5

* The butler.

† A lady, friend to Stella.

** The valet.

‡ The footman

|| Friends of the author.

Yet merry folks, who want by chance
 A pair to make a country-dance,
 Call the old housekeeper, and get her
 To fill a place for want of better : 10
 While Sheridan is off the hooks,
 And friend Delany at his books,
 That Stella may avoid disgrace,
 Once more the Dean supplies their place.
 Beauty and wit, too sad a truth ! 15
 Have always been confin'd to youth ;
 The god of wit and beauty's queen,
 He twenty-one, and she fifteen.
 No poet ever sweetly sung,
 Unless he were, like Phœbus, young ; 20
 Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
 Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
 At fifty-six, if this be true,
 Am I a poet fit for you ?
 Or, at the age of forty-three, 25
 Are you a subject fit for me ?
 Adieu ! bright wit, and radiant eyes,
 You must be grave, and I be wise.
 Our fate in vain we would oppose :
 But I'll be still your friend in prose : 30
 Esteem and friendship to express,
 Will not require poetic dress ;
 And if the muse deny her aid
 To have them *sung*, they may be *said*.
 But, Stella, say, what evil tongue 35
 Reports you are no longer young ;
 That *Time* sits with his sithe to mow
 Where erst sat Cupid with his bow ;
 That half your locks are turn'd to gray ?
 I'll ne'er believe a word they say. 40
 'Tis true, but let it not be known,
 My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown :
 For nature, always in the right,
 To your decays adapts my sight ;
 And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
 For I'm asham'd to use a glass ; 45

And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.

No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit:

50

Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *see*.

Oh, ne'er may Fortune shew her spight,
To make me deaf and mend my *fight*!

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, March 13. 1726.

THis day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:

This day then let us not be told,

That you are sick, and I grown old;

Nor think on our approaching ills,

5

And talk of spectacles and pills:

To-morrow will be time enough

To hear such mortifying stuff.

Yet since from reason may be brought

A better and more pleasing thought,

10

Which can, in spite of all decays,

Support a few remaining days,

From not the gravest of divines

Accept for once some serious lines.

Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;

15

Yet you, while time is running fast,

Can look with joy on what is past.

Were future happiness and pain

A mere contrivance of the brain,

20

As Atheists argue to entice

And fit their proselytes for vice,

(The only comfort they propose,

To have companions in their woes),

Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard

25

That virtue, styl'd its own reward,

And by all sages understood
 To be the chief of human good,
 Should acting die, nor leave behind
 Some lasting pleasure in the mind, 30
 Which by remembrance will assuage
 Grief, sickness, poverty, and age,
 And strongly shoot a radiant dart
 To shine through life's declining part.
 Say, Stella, feel you no content, 35
 Reflecting on a life well spent?
 Your skilful hand employ'd to save
 Despairing wretches from the grave;
 And then supporting with your store
 Those whom you dragg'd from death before: 40
 So Providence on mortals waits,
 Preserving what it first creates:
 Your gen'rous boldness to defend
 An innocent and absent friend;
 That courage which can make you just 45
 To merit humbled in the dust;
 The detestation you express
 For vice in all its glitt'ring dress;
 That patience under tort'ring pain,
 Where stubborn Stoics would complain 50
 Must these like empty shadows pass,
 Or forms reflected from a glass?
 Or mere chimæras in the mind,
 That fly, and leave no marks behind?
 Does not the body thrive and grow 55
 By food of twenty years ago?
 And had it not been still supply'd,
 It must a thousand times have dy'd.
 Then who with reason can maintain
 That no effects of food remain? 60
 And is not virtue in mankind
 The nutriment that feeds the mind;
 Upheld by each good action past,
 And still continu'd by the last?
 Then, who with reason can pretend 65
 That all effects of virtue end?

TO MRS MARTHA BLOUNT. 121

Believe me, Stella, when you show
 That true contempt for things below,
 Nor prize your life for other ends
 Than merely to oblige your friends, 70
 Your former actions claim their part,
 And join to fortify your heart.
 For Virtue in her daily race,
 Like Janus, bears a double face;
 Looks back with joy where she has gone, 75
 And therefore goes with courage on.
 She at your sickly couch will wait,
 And guide you to a better state.
 O then, whatever Heaven intends,
 Take pity on your pitying friends! 80
 Nor let your ills affect your mind,
 To fancy they can be unkind.
 Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
 Who gladly would your suff'rings share;
 Or give my scrap of life to you, 85
 And think it far beneath your due;
 You, to whose care so oft I owe
 That I'm alive to tell you so.

* TO MRS MARTHA BLOUNT†.

Sent on her birthday, June 15.

O H, be thou blest'd with all that Heav'n can send,
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a
 friend!
 Not with those toys the female race admire,
 Riches that *vex*, and vanities that *tire*;

† This poem was wrote by Mr Pope. It appears from his will, that he had had a sincere regard and long affection for the lady to whom it is addressed.

Not as the world its pretty slaves rewards, 5
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
 Young without lovers, old without a friend;
 A sop their passion, but their prize a sot;
 Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot! 10
 Let joy, or ease, let affluence, or content,
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face;
 Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15
 Without a *pain*, a *trouble*, or a *fear*;
 Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
 And wake to raptures in a life to come! 20

* S O N G. By a person of quality.

I Said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
 Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aking,
 What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what na-
 tion,
 By turns has not taught thee a pit—a—patation?
 Thus accus'd, the wild thing gave this sober reply: 5
 See the heart without motion, though Celia pass by!
 Not the beauty she has, or the wit that she borrows,
 Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.
 When our Sappho appears, she whose wit's so refin'd,
 I am forc'd to applaud with the rest of mankind; 10
 Whatever she says, is with spirit and fire;
 Ev'ry word I attend; but I only admire.
 Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
 Ever gazing on heav'n, though man is her aim:
 'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes; 15
 Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

But Cloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
 Her wit so genteel, without art, without care;
 When she comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
 The leapings, the akings, return all again. 20

O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
 Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season!
 When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
 Would one think Mrs Howard ne'er dream'd it was she?

* B A L L A D.

O F all the girls that e'er were seen,
 There's none so fine as Nelly,
 For charming face, and shape, and mien,
 And what's not fit to tell ye.

Oh! the turn'd neck and smooth white skin
 Of lovely dearest Nelly! 5

For many a swain it well had been,
 Had she ne'er pass'd by Calai-.

For when as Nelly came to France;
 (Invited by her cousins), 10

Across the Tuilleries each glance
 Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.

The King, as he at dinner sat,
 Did beckon to his *bussar*, 15

And bid him bring his taby-cat,
 For charming Nell to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd
 To see her so respected :

The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
 And puss her tail erected. 20

But not a man did look employ,
 Except on pretty Nelly :

Then said the Duke de Villeroy,
Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!

But who's that grave philosopher 25
 That carefully looks at'er?
 By his concern it should appear,
 The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy ! (quoth then a courtier fly),
 He on his child does leer too: 30
 I wish he has no mind to try
 What some pappas will here do.
 The courtiers all, with one accord,
 Broke out in Nelly's praises,
 Admir'd her *rose*, and *lys sans farde*, 35
 (Which are your *termes Françoises*).
 Then might you see a painted ring
 Of dames that stood by Nelly;
 She like the pride of all the spring,
 And they like *fleurs de palais*. 40
 In Marli's gardens, and St Clou,
 I saw this charming Nelly,
 Where shameless nymphs, expos'd to view,
 Stand naked in each *alley*:
 But Venus had a brazen face, 45
 Both at Versailles and Meudon,
 Or else she had resign'd her place,
 And left the stone she stood on.
 Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
 'Twould put down all th' Italian: 50
 Lord ! how those foreigners would stare !
 But I should turn Pygmalion :
 For spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
 Me nothing can delight so,
 As does that part that lies between 55
 Her left toe and her right toe.

* O D E,

* ODE, for MUSIC.

On the LONGITUDE.

RECITATIVO.

THE *longitude* mis'd on
By wicked Will. Whiston ;
And not better hit on
By good Master Ditton.

RITORNELLO.

So Ditton and Whiston
May both be bep-ft on ;
And Whiston and Ditton.
May both be besh-t on.

5

Sing Ditton
Besh-t on ;
And Whiston
Bep-ft on.

10

Sing Ditton and Whiston,
And Whiston and Ditton,
Besh-t and bep-ft on,
Bep-ft and besh-t on.

15

DA CAPO.

* EPIGRAM on the feuds about HAN-
DEL and BONONCINI.

Strange ! all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee !

* On Mrs T O F T S..

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along :
But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have dy'd.

L 3

TWO

TWO OR THREE;

OR,

A Receipt to make a CUCKOLD.

TWO or three visits, and two or three bows,
Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
Two or three kisses, with two or three sighs,
Two or three *Jesuses* and *Let-me-die's*,
Two or three squeezes, and two or three towzes, 5
With two or three thousand pound lost at their houses,
Can never fail cuckolding two or three spouses. }

* On a LADY who p—t at the tragedy of CATO; occasioned by an epigram on a Lady who wept at it.

WHile mandlin *Whigs* deplor'd their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the *Tory* Celia sate:
But, while her pride forbids her tears to flow,
The gushing waters find a vent below:
Though secret, yet with copious grief she mourns, 5
Like twenty river-gods with all their urns.
Let others screw their hypocritic face,
She shews her grief in a sincerer place:
There nature reigns, and passion void of art;
For that road leads directly to the heart. 10

* EPIGRAM, in a maid of honour's prayer-book.

WHen Israel's daughters mourn'd their past offences,
They dealt in *sackcloth*, and turn'd *cinder-*
wenches :

EPIGRAMS.

127

But Richmond's fair ones never spoil their locks ;
 They use white powder, and wear Holland smocks.
 O comely church ! where females find *clean linen* 5
 As decent to *repent* in, as to *sin* in.

EPIGRAM.

Written in the year 1712.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 He took to the street, and fled for his life :
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble ;
 Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice — 5
 But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
 Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
 Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life ;
 Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife. 10

* The BALANCE of EUROPE.

NOW Europe's balanc'd, neither side prevails ;
 For nothing's left in either of the scales.

* A PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE to Mr THOMAS SNOW, goldsmith, near Temple-bar ; occasioned by his buying and selling the third South-sea subscriptions, taken in by the directors at a thousand *per cent.* †

DIdstain not, Snow, my humble verse to hear ;
 Stick thy black pen a while behind thy ear.

† In the year 1723, the South-sea company, under pretence of paying

228 EPISTLE TO MR SNOW.

Whether thy compters shine with sums untold,
 And thy wide-grasping hand grows black with gold ;
 Whether thy mien erect, and fable locks, 5
 In crouds of brokers overawe the *stocks*;
 Suspend the worldly bus'ness of the day,
 And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
 The South-sea rocks and shelves, where thousands
 drown'd ! 10

When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
 Thou stood'st : no bill was sent unpaid away.
 When not a guinea chink'd on † Martin's boards,
 And † Atwill's self was drain'd of all his hoards,
 Thou stood'st ; an Indian king in size and hue ! 15
 Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.

Why did 'Change-alley waste thy precious hours
 Among the fools who gap'd for golden show'rs ?
 No wonder, if we find some poets there,
 Who live on fancy, and can feed on air ; 20
 No wonder *they* were caught by South-sea schemes,
 Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams ;
 No wonder *they* their third subscriptions fold
 For millions of imaginary gold ;
 No wonder that *their* fancies wild can frame 25
 Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same,
 Though chang'd throughout in substance and in name.
 But *you* (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
 With contracts furnish boys for paper-kites.

Let vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat, 30
 Who ruins thousands for a single groat :

paying the public debt, obtained an act of parliament for enlarging their capital, by taking into it all the debts of the nation incurred before the year 1716, amounting to 31,664,551 l. Part of this sum was subscribed into their capital at three subscriptions ; the first at 300 l. *per cent.* the second at 400 l. and a third at 1000 l. Such was the infatuation of the time, that these subscriptions were bought and sold at exorbitant premiums ; so that 100 l. South-sea stock subscribed at 1000 l. was sold for 1200 l. in Exchange-alley. *Hawkes.*

† Names of eminent goldsmiths.

I know thou scorn'st his mean, his sordid mind;
Nor with ideal debts wouldst plague mankind.
Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting vision true; 35
They sell the treasures which their slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.

Through fam'd Moorfields extends a spacious seat, 40
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where wrapp'd in contemplation, and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw.
There in full opulence a *banker* dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt: 45
His side-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours
In raising piles of straw and twisted bow'rs,
A *poet* enter'd of the neighbouring cell, 50
And with fix'd eye observ'd the structure well:
A sharpen'd skew'r 'cross his bare shoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.
The banker cry'd, "Behold my castle-walls,
"My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals, 55
"With land of more than twenty acres round!
"All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound."
The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law).
The banker's brain was cool'd; the mist grew clear; 60
The visionary scene was lost in air.

He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancy'd bargain was not good:
Yet loath the sum entire should be destroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract's void." 65
The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd:
"Shall I, ye gods, (he cries), my debts compound!"
So saying, from his rug the skew'r he takes,
And on the stick ten equal notches makes;

With just resentment flings it on the ground;
 "There, take my tally * of ten thousand pound." 70

The SOUTH-SEA, 1721.

YE wise philosophers! explain
 What magic makes our money rise,
 When dropt into the Southern main?
 Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told; 5
 Presto be gone — 'Tis here agen;
 Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
 Here's ev'ry piece as big as ten.

Thus in a bason drop a shilling,
 Then fill the vessel to the brim; 10
 You shall observe, as you are filling,
 The pond'rous metal seems to swim.

It rises both in bulk and height;
 Behold it swelling like a sop!
 The liquid medium cheats your sight; 15
 Behold it mounted to the top!

In stock three hundred thousand pound;
 I have in view a Lord's estate;
 My manors all contiguous round;
 A coach and six, and serv'd in plate. 20

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
 Puts all upon a desp'rate bet;
 Then plunges in the Southern waves,
 Dipt over head and ears — in debt.

* Charles II. having borrowed a considerable sum, gave tallies as a security for the repayment; but soon after, shutting up the exchequer, these tallies were as much reduced from their original value, as the South-sea had exceeded it. *Hawkes.*

So, by a calenture misled,
 The mariner with rapture sees
 On the smooth ocean's azure bed
 Enamel'd fields, and verdant trees.

25

With eager haste he longs to rove
 In that fantastic scene, and thinks
 It must be some enchanted grove;
 And *in* he leaps, and *down* he sinks.

30

Two hundred chariots, just bespoke,
 Are sunk in these devouring waves,
 The horses drown'd, the harness broke;
 And here the owners find their graves.

35

Like Pharaoh, by *directors* led,
 They with their *spoils* went safe before;
 His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
 Lay shatter'd on the Red-sea shore.

40

Rais'd upon *Hope's* aspiring plumes,
 The young advent'rer o'er the deep
 An eagle's flight and state assumes,
 And scorns the middle way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight;
 With *wax* the *father* bound them fast;
 The *wax* is melted by the height,
 And down the tow'ring boy is cast.

45

A moralist might here explain
 The rashness of the Cretan youth;
 Describe his fall into the main,
 And from a fable form a truth.

50

His *wings* are his *paternal* rent;
 He melts his *wax* at ev'ry flame;
 His credit sunk, his money spent,
 In *Southern seas* he leaves his name.

55

Inform us, you that best can tell,
 Why in your dang'rous gulf profound,
 Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wife* are drown'd?

60

So have I seen from Severn's brink
 A flock of *geese* jump down together,
 Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
 And swimming never wet a feather.

One fool may from another win, 65
 And then get off with money stor'd:
 But if a *sharper* once comes in,
 He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
 The great ones swallow up the small; 70
 So fares it in the Southern sea;
 The whale *directors* eat up all.

When *stock* is high, they come between,
 Making by second hand their offers;
 Then cunningly retire unseen, 75
 With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moonshine night
 An ass was drinking at a stream,
 A cloud arose, and stopt the light
 By intercepting ev'ry beam. 80

The day of judgment will be soon,
 (Cries out a sage among the croud);
 An ass hath swallow'd up the moon:
 The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

Each poor *subscriber* to the sea 85
 Sinks down at once, and there he lies:
Directors fall as well as they;
 Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes rising from the main,
 Can soar with moisten'd wings on high; 90
 The moisture dry'd, they sink again,
 And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
 Come here their losses to retrieve;
 Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops, 95
 Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
 As poets feign; but where's the moral?
 It shews the queen of love intends
 To search the deep for pearl and coral.

100

The sea is richer than the land,
 I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
 Which now I clearly understand;
 For by the sea she meant the *South*.

Thus by *directors* we are told,
 Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes;
 Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
 Look round, and see how thick it lies.

105

Oh! would those patriots be so kind,
 Here in the deep to wash their hands;
 Then, like Pactolus, we should find
 The sea indeed had *golden sands*.

110

A shilling in the Bath you fling,
 The silver takes a nobler hue
 By magic virtue in the spring,
 And seems a guinea to your view.

115

But, as a guinea will not pass
 At market for a farthing more,
 Shewn through a multiplying glass,
 Than what it always did before;

120

So cast it in the Southern seas,
 And view it through a *jobber's* bill;
 Put on what spectacles you please,
 Your guinea's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
 Thus from a hillock looking down,
 The golden stars for guineas took,
 And silver Cynthia for a crown.

125

The point he could no longer doubt;
 He ran, he leap'd into the flood;
 There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
 All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

130

*Upon the waters cast thy bread,
And after many days thou'lt find it ;
But gold upon this ocean spread* 135
Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it.

*There is a gulf where thousands fell ;
Here all the bold advent'urers came ;
A narrow sound, though deep as hell ;
'Change-alley is the dreadful name.* 140

*Nine times a-day it ebbs and flows ;
Yet he that on the surface lies,
Without a pilot, seldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.*

Subscribers here by thousands float, 145
*And jostle one another down ;
Each padling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold, and drown.*

*Now bury'd in the depth below,
Now mounted up to heav'n agen,* 150
*They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits end, like drunken men*.*

*Mean time secure on Garr'way † cliffs
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founde'r'd skiffs,* 155
And strip the bodies of the dead.

*But these, you say, are factious lies,
From some malicious Tory's brain ;
For where directors get a prize,
The Swifs and Dutch whole millions drain.* 160

*Thus, when by rooks a Lord is ply'd,
Some cully often wins a bet,
By vent'ring on the cheating side,
Though not into the secret let.*

While some build castles in the air, 165
Directors build them in the seas :

* Psalm cvii.

† Coffeehouse in 'Change-alley.

Subscribers plainly see 'em there ;
For fools will see as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shown
(Unless the men of Kent are liars) 170
Earl Goodwin's castles overflown,
And palace-roofs, and steeple-spires.

Mark where the fly *directors* creep,
Nor to the shore approach too nigh !
The monsters nestle in the deep 175
To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
Who, taught by instinct how to shun
The crocodile that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drinking run. 180

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover strength whene'er he fell :
Alcides held him in his arms,
And sent him *up in air to hell*.

Directors thrown into the sea, 185
Recover strength and vigour there ;
But may be tam'd another way,
Suspended for a while in air.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found, 190
What planet rul'd when you were born ;
We see you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach ;
For if the sea should sink so low, 195
To leave you dry upon the beach ;

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk :
Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpless on the sand. 200

Thus, when a whale hath lost the tide,
The coasters croud to seize the spoil ;

136 A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

The monster into parts divide,
And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may some western tempests sweep 205
These *locusts*, whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, *directors*, to the deep,
Driv'n from the South sea to the Red!

May he, whom nature's laws obey,
Who *lifts* the poor, and *sinks* the proud, 210
Quiet the raging of the sea,
And *still the madness of the croud!*

But never shall our isle have rest,
Till those devouring *swine* run down,
(*The devils leaving the posselt*), 215
And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors promises but wind,
South-sea at best a mighty bubble. 220

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum, tabuleque, et Troia gaza per undas.
Virg.

* A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When *Ay* said *Ay*, and *No* said *No*,
Without a place or fee;
Then Satan thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his spirit call'd *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves made up his pack,
And four fair suits he wore;
His troops they are with red and black 10
All blotch'd and spotted o'er:

A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE. 137

And ev'ry house, go where you will,
Is haunted by the imp *Quadrille*, &c.

III.

Sure cards he has for ev'ry thing,
Which well court-cards they name;
And, statesman-like, calls in the king
To help out a bad game:
But, if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to lose *Codille*, &c.

155

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books inroll'd,
And call'd a *party quaree*:
But now, meet when and where you will,
A *party quaree* is *Quadrille*, &c.

205

V.

The commoner, and knight, the peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil,
When the good husband's at *Quadrille*, &c.

305

VI.

When patients lie in piteous case,
In comes th' *apothecary*;
And to the doctor cries, alas!
Non debes quadrillare.
The patient dies without a pill;
For why? the doctor's at *Quadrille*, &c.

355

VII.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muscovite grow louder;
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Must want both sword and gun to kill;
For why? the gen'ral's at *Quadrille*, &c.

405

VIII.

The King of late drew forth his sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath),

455

And made of many a 'squire and lord
 An unwash'd Knight of Bath :
 What are their feats of arms and skill ?
 They're but nine parties at *Quadrille*, &c.

IX.

A party late at Cambray met,
 Which drew all Europe's eyes ;
 'Twas call'd in Postboy and Gazette
 The *quadruple allies* :
 But some body took something ill,
 So broke this party at *Quadrille*, &c.

50

X.

And now God save this noble realm,
 And God save eke Hanover ;
 And God save those who hold the helm,
 When as the King goes over :
 But let the King go where he will,
 His subjects must play at *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, *Quadrille*, &c.

60

* M O L L Y M O G ;

O R,

The fair maid of the inn †.

SAYS my uncle, I pray you discover
 What hath been the cause of your woes,
 Why you pine, and you whine, like a lover ?
 I've seen Molly Mog of the Rose.

O nephew ! your grief is but folly ;
 In town you may find better prog ;
 Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
 A Molly much better than Mog.

5

† The Rose inn at Ockingham in Berkshire.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
That women at best are a clog : 10
But I'm not so easily frightened
From loving my sweet Molly Mog.

The schoolboy's desire is a play-day ;
The schoolmaster's joy is to flog ;
The milkmaid's delight is on May-day ; 15
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

Will-o'-wisp leads the traveller a-gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire and bog :
But no light can set me a-madding,
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog. 20

For guineas in other mens breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog :
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

The heart, when half wounded, is changing, 25
It here and there leaps like a frog :
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fix'd upon sweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog : 30
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys, as my sweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog ;
And nothing can give satisfaction 35
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog ;
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog. 40

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

140 A SONG OF SIMILES.

Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log :
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog. 45

Those who toast all the family royal
In bumpers of *hogan* and *nog*,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog. 50

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue ;
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog. 55

When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog ;
To be sure she's a bit for the *vicar*,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog. 60

* A new SONG of new SIMILES.

MY passion is as mustard strong ;
I sit all sober sad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow ;
* I drink, yet can't forget her ;
For, though as drunk as David's fow,
I love her still the better. 5

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind ;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of woman-kind. 10

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er ;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before. 15

A SONG OF SIMILES.

141

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin! 20

I melancholy as a cat
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone; 25
She laughs to see me pale,
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love at her approach
Is busy as a bee! 30
Hearts found as any bell or roach
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men croud about her:
But soon as dead as a door-nail 35
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be scot free from cares,
And lighter than a feather. 40

As fine as fivepence is her mien;
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are; 45
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites: 50
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest ;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips, 55
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king :
Good Lord ! how all men envy'd me !
She lov'd like any thing. 60

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do ;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree, 65
Let who would take Peru !
Great as an emp'ror should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post : 70
Let us like burs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wish me better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie, 75
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, she'll drop a tear,
And sigh perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish. 80

* NEWGATE's GARLAND.

Being a new ballad, shewing how Mr Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by Mr Blake, alias Blueskin, the bold highwayman, as he stood at his trial in the Old Bailey, 1725.

To the tune of the *Cutpurse*.

I.

YE gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose;
Ye honester poor rogues, who die in your shoes,
Attend and draw near, 5
Good news ye shall hear,

How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear,
How Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

II.

When to the Old Bailey this Blueskin was led, 10
He held up his hand; his indictment was read;
Loud rattled his chains; near him Jonathan stood;
For fully forty pounds was the price of his blood.

Then, hopeless of life,

He drew his penknife, 15

And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife.
But forty pounds paid her, her grief shall appease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

III.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the King's gold, and leave him but a *crown*:
Some say there are peers, and some parliament-men, 21
Who meet once a-year to rob courtiers agen.

Let them all take their swing

To pillage the King,

And get a blue riband, instead of a string. 25
Now Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
 Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies pensions;
 Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees 30
 To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees.

Since this happy day

Now ev'ry man may

Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway.
 For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease; 35
 And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the customs, some rob the excise;
 But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.
 Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
 As yet only venture to steal from the altar. 40

But now to get gold,

They may be more bold,

And rob on the highway, since Jonathan's cold:
 For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease;
 And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please. 45

VI.

Some by public revenues, which pass'd through their hands,
 Have purchas'd clean houses, and bought dirty lands:
 Some to steal from a charity think it no sin,
 Which at home (says the proverb) does always begin.

But, if ever you be

50

Assign'd the trustee,

Treat not orphans like masters of the chancery;
 But take the highway, and more honestly seize;
 For ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

VII.

What a pother has here been with Wood and his brass,
 Who would modestly make a few halfpennies pass! 56
 The patent is good, and the precedent's old,
 For Diomedé changed his copper for gold:

But, if Ireland despise

The new halfpennies,

60

With more safety to rob on the road I advise:
 For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set thee at ease;
 And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

PRO-

PROMETHEUS.

On Wood * the patentee's Irish halfpence.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

AS when the 'squire and tinker, Wood,
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass;
The mixture thus by chymic art
United close in ev'ry part,

3

In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continu'd species;
And by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck :

10

So, to confound this *bated coin*,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French unite,
With equal int'rest, equal spite;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in *one opinion* jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.

15

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A strange event! whom *gold* incites
To blood and quarrels, *brass* unites:
So, goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for *folder* well enough:
So by the *kettle's* loud alarm
The *bees* are gather'd to a *swarm*:
So by the *brazen* trumpets bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster:
And so the *harp* of Ireland brings
Whole crouds about its *brazen strings*.

25

30

* See an account of Wood's project in the Drapier's letters,
vol. 3.

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
 But fasten'd to his throne above,
 So strong that from the lower end,
 They say, all human things depend.
 This chain, as ancient poets hold,
 When Jove was young, was made of *gold*.
 Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
 Dissolv'd, and into *money* coin'd;
 Then whips me on a chain of brass:
 (Venus was brib'd to let it pass *).

35

40

Now, while this brazen chain prevail'd,
 Jove saw that all devotion fail'd;
 No temple to his godship rais'd;
 No sacrifice on altars blaz'd;
 In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
 Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
 Jove stood amaz'd; but, looking round,
 With much ado the cheat he found;
 'Twas plain he could no longer hold
 The world in any chain but gold;
 And to the god of wealth, his brother,
 Sent Mercury to get another.

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Prometheus on a rock is laid,
 Ty'd with a chain himself had made,
 On icy Caucasus to shiver,
 While vultures eat his growing liver.

55

III.

Ye pow'rs of Grubstreet, make me able
 Discreetly to apply this fable;
 Say, who is to be understood
 By that old thief Prometheus? WOOD.
 For Jove, it is not hard to guess him;
 I mean his Majesty, *God blefs him*.
 This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
 He strove to steal that chain of gold,
 Which links the subject to the King,
 And change it for a brazen string.

60

65

* A great lady was said to have been bribed by Wood.

STREPHON AND FLAVIA. 147

But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the King and us, but brass,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack. 70

But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope ;
With which Prometheus shall be ty'd,
And high in air for ever ride ;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows. 75

* STREPHON and FLAVIA.

With ev'ry lady in the land
Soft Strephon kept a pother ;
One year he languish'd for one hand,
And next year for the other.
Yet when his love the shepherd told
To Flavia fair and coy, 5
Reserv'd, demure, than snow more cold,
She scorn'd the gentle boy.
Late at a ball he own'd his pain :
She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore, 10
With all the marks of high disdain,
She'd never hear him more.
The swain persisted still to pray,
The nymph still to deny ;
At last she vow'd she would not stay ; 15
He swore she should not fly.
Enrag'd, she call'd her footman strait,
And rush'd from out the room,
Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate,
And lay with Ralph at home. 20

C O R I N N A.

Written in the year 1712.

THis day (the year I dare not tell)
 Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
 Into the world Corinna fell,
 And he endow'd her with his art.
 But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
 Both softly to the cradle creep;
 Both stroke her hands, and rub her gums,
 While the poor child lay fast asleep.
 Then Cupid thus: This little maid
 Of love shall always speak and write:
 And I pronounce (the Satyr said)
 The world shall feel her scratch and bite.
 Her talent she display'd betimes;
 For in twice twelve revolving moons
 She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
 And all her gestures were lampoons.
 At six years old the subtle jade
 Stole to the pantry-door, and found
 The butler with my Lady's maid;
 And you may swear the tale went round.
 She made a song, how little Miss
 Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad;
 And how when Master went to p — ,
 Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.
 At twelve a wit and a coquette;
 Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
 Cuckolds, elops, and runs in debt;
 Turns auth'ress, and is Curll's for life.
 Her common-place book all gallant is,
 Of scandal now a *cornucopia*;
 She pours it out in Atalantis*,
 Or memoirs of the New Utopia.

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* The Atalantis was written by Mrs Manley; and may be considered as a pander for the stews, who gains admittance into good company by a genteel appearance, and good address.
Hawkej.

* The QUIDNUNCKI'S:

A tale occasioned by the death of the Duke Regent of FRANCE.

How vain are mortal man's endeavours !
 (Said at Dame Elleot's †, Mr Tr——s);
 Good Orleans dead ! in truth 'tis hard :
 Oh ! may all statesmen die prepar'd !
 I do foresee (and for foreseeing;
 He equals any man in being) 5
 The army ne'er can be disbanded.
 —— I wish the King were safely landed.
 Ah friends ! great changes threat the land !
 All France and England at a stand ! 10
 There's Meroweis —— mark ! strange work !
 And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk ——
 The Pope —— An India merchant by
 Cut short the speech with this reply,
 All at a stand ? you see great changes ! 15
 Ah, Sir ! you never saw the Ganges :
 There dwells the nation of Quidnuncki's,
 (So Monomotapa calls monkies) :
 On either bank, from bough to bough,
 They meet and chat (as we may now) : 20
 Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,
 They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug ;
 And, just as chance or whim provoke them,
 They either bite their friends, or stroke them.
 There have I seen some active prig, 25
 To shew his parts, bestride a twig :
 Lord ! how the chatt'ring tribe admire !
 Not that he's wiser, but he's higher :
 All long to try the vent'rous thing,
 (For pow'r is but to have one swing). 30

† A coffeehouse near St James's.

From side to side he springs, he spurps,
 And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
 Thus as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
 Down the swift stream the wretch is borne;
 Never, ah never, to return!

35

Z—ds! what a fall had our dear brother!
Morbleu! cries one, and *Damme*, t'other.
 The nation gives a gen'ral screech;
 None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
 Each trembles for the public weal,
 And for a while forgets to steal.

40

A while all eyes intent and steddly
 Pursue him whirling down the eddy:
 But, out of mind when out of view,
 Some other mounts the twig anew;
 And bus'ness, on each monkey shore,
 Runs the same track it run before.

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* AY and NO: A FABLE.

IN fable all things hold discourse;
 Then words, no doubt, must talk of course.
 Once on a time, near Channel-row †,
 Two hostile adverbs, *Ay* and *No*,
 Were hast'ning to the field of fight,
 And front to front stood opposite.
 Before each gen'ral join'd the van,
Ay, the more courteous knight, began:
 Stop, peevish particle, beware!
 I'm told you are not such a bear,
 But sometimes *yield*, when *offer'd fair*.
 Suffer yon folks a while to tattle;
 'Tis *we* who must decide the battle.

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† Channel-row is a dirty street near the parliament-house,
 Westminster.

Whene'er we war on yonder stage
 With various fate and equal rage, 15
 The nation trembles at each blow,
 That *No* gives *Ay*, and *Ay* gives *No* :
 Yet in expensive long contention
 We gain nor office, grant, or pension :
 Why then should *kinsfolks* quarrel thus ? 20
 (For *two* of *you* make *one* of *us* *).
 To some wise statesman let us go,
 Where each his *proper use* may know :
 He may admit two such commanders,
 And make those wait who serv'd in Flanders. 25
 Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
 A treas'ry-lord, not Master Y——g,
 Obsequious at his high command
Ay shall march forth to tax the land.
 Impeachments *No* can best resist, 30
 And *Ay* support the civil list :
Ay quick as Cæsar wins the day ;
 And *No*, like Fabius, by delay.
 Sometimes 'in mutual sly disguise,
 Let *Ay's* seem *No's*, and *No's* seem *Ay's* ; 35
Ay's be in court's denials meant,
 And *No's* in bishops give consent.
 Thus *Ay* propos'd —— and for reply
No for the first time answer'd *Ay*.
 They parted with a thousand kisses, 40
 And fight e'er since for *pay*, like Swisses.

P H I L L I S ;

O R,

The PROGRESS of LOVE.

Written in the year 1716.

DEsponding Phillis was endu'd
 With ev'ry talent of a prude :

• In English two negatives make an affirmative.

She trembled when a man drew near;
 Salute her, and she turn'd her ear;
 If o'er against her you were plac'd,
 She durst not look above your waist:
 She'd rather take you to her bed,
 Than let you see her dress her head:
 In church you hear her, through the croud,
 Repeat the *absolution* loud:
 In church, secure behind her fan,
 She durst behold that monster *man*;
 There practis'd how to place her head,
 And bit her lips to make them red;
 Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
 Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
 And heave her bosom unaware,
 For neighb'ring beaux to see it bare.
 At length a lucky lover came,
 And found admittance to the dame.
 Suppose all parties now agreed,
 The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
 The vicar and the ring bespoke:
 Guess, how could such a match be broke?
 See then what mortals place their bliss in!
 Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
 The mother scream'd, the father chid;
 Where can this idle wench be hid?
 No news of Phil! the bridegroom came,
 And thought his bride had sculk'd for shame;
 Because her father us'd to say,
 The girl *had such a bashful way*.
 Now John the butler must be sent
 To learn the road that Phillis went.
 The groom was with'd to saddle Crock;
 For John must neither light nor stop,
 But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
 And bring her back, alive or dead.
 See here again the devil to do;
 For truly John was missing too:
 The horse and pillion both were gone!
 Phillis, it seems, was fled with John.

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Old Madam, who went up to find
 What papers Phil had left behind,
 A letter on the toilet sees, 45
To my much honour'd father — these,
 ('Tis always done, romances tell us,
 When daughters run away with fellows),
 Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
 By others us'd in the like cases. 50
 " That long ago a *fortune-teller*
 " Exactly said what now befel her;
 " And in a *glass* had made her see
 " A *serving-man* of low degree.
 " It was *her fate*, must be forgiven; 55
 " For *marriages were made in heaven*:
 " His pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
 " She'd *do't, if 'twere to do again*:
 " Thank'd God, 'twas *neither shame nor sin*;
 " For John was come of *honest kin*. 60
 " Love never thinks of rich and poor:
 " She'd *beg with John from door to door*.
 " Forgive her, if it be a crime;
 " She'll never do't *another time*.
 " She ne'er before in all her life 65
 " Once disobey'd him, *maid nor wife*.
 " One argument she summ'd up all in,
 " The *thing was done, and past recalling*;
 " And therefore hop'd she should recover
 " His favour, when his *passion's over*. 70
 " She valu'd not what others thought her,
 " And was — his *most obedient daughter*."
 Fair maidens, all attend the muse,
 Who now the wand'ring pair pursues:
 Away they rode in homely sort, 75
 Their journey long, their money short;
 The loving couple well bemir'd;
 The horse and both the riders tir'd:
 Their victuals bad, their lodging worse;
 Phil cry'd, and John began to curse: 80
 Phil wish'd, that she had strain'd a limb,
 When first she ventur'd out with him;

154 THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

John wish'd, that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.

But what adventures more beset 'em,
The muse hath now no time to tell 'em :
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phillis all her trinkets pawn'd :

85

How oft she broke her marriage-vows
In kindness to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade ;
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In Christian justice due to John.

90

When food and raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice ;
For John is landlord, Phillis hostess :
They keep at Staines the old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

95

100

The PROGRESS of POETRY.

Written in the year 1720.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill ;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighb'ring pool ;
Nor loudly cackles at the door ;
For cackling shews the goose is poor.

5

But, when she must be turn'd to grase,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare :
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs ;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.

10

15

Such is the poet fresh in pay,
 {The third night's profits of his play};
 His morning draughts till noon can swill
 Among his brethren of the quill: 20
 With good roast beef his belly full,
 Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull;
 Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
 What poet e'er could take his flight?
 Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat, 25
 What poet e'er could sing a note?
 Nor Pegasus could bear the load
 Along the high celestial road;
 The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth
 To raise the lumber from the earth. 30
 But view him in another scene,
 When all his drink is Hippocrene,
 His money spent, his patrons fail,
 His credit out for cheese and ale;
 His two-years coat so smooth and bare, 35
 Through ev'ry thread it lets in air;
 With hungry meals his body pin'd,
 His guts and belly full of wind;
 And, like a jockey for a race,
 His flesh brought down to flying case: 40
 Now his exalted spirit loaths
 Incumbrances of food and cloaths;
 And up he rises, like a vapour,
 Supported high on wings of paper;
 He singing flies, and flying sings, 45
 While from below all Grubstreet rings.

The PROGRESS of BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1720.

When first Diana leaves her bed,
 Vapours and steams her look disgrace,

156 THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face :
But by degrees, when mounted high, 5
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears.
'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run : 10
If Celia should appear too soon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone !
To see her from her pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes, 15
Poor Strephon, how would he blaspheme !
Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a diff'rent site,
They form a frightful hideous face : 20
For instance, when the lily skips
Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the nose.
So Celia went entire to bed, 25
All her complexion safe and sound ;
But when she rose, white, black, and red,
Though still in sight, had chang'd their ground.
The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior station seeks, 30
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.
But Celia can with ease reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use, 35
And teach her cheeks again to blush.
She knows her *early* self no more ;
But fill'd with admiration stands,

- As other painters oft adore
The workmanship of their own hands. 40
- Thus after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her sex:
Say, which among the heav'nly pow'rs
Could cause such marvelous effects?
- Venus, indulgent to her kind, 45
Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
White lead and Lusitanian * dish.
- Love with white lead cements his wings:
White lead was sent us to repair 50
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
A lady's face, and China ware.
- She ventures now to lift the fash;
The window is her proper sphere:
Ah lovely nymph! be not too rash, 55
Nor let the beaux approach too near:
- Take pattern by your *sister* star;
Delude at once, and bless our sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly chuse to shine by night. 60
- But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The best mechanic hand must fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.
- Matter, as wise logicians say, 65
Cannot without a *form* subsist;
And *form*, say I, as well as they,
Must fail, if *matter* brings no grist.
- And this is fair Diana's case;
For all astrologers maintain, 70
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she's in her wane:

* Portugal.

158 THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

While * Partridge wisely shews the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his pois'nous claws
Attacks her in the *milky-way* : 75

But Gadbury *, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to show,
That swain Endymion † is not found,
Or else that Mercury's her foe. 80

But, let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamstead can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
Till midnight never shews her head : 85
So rotting Celia strolls the street,
When sober folks are all a-bed.

For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race, 90
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of *her* face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain :
No painting can restore a *nose*, 95
Nor will her teeth return again.

Ye pow'rs who over love preside !
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If you would have us well supply'd,
Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* moon. 100

* Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris. *Hawkes.*

† Endymion, a young shepherd, of whom Diana was feigned
to be enamoured. *Hawkes.*

PETHOX

PETHOX the GREAT.

Written in the year 1723.

From Venus born, thy beauty shows ;
But who thy father, no man knows :
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race :
Whether thy temper, full of fire, 5
Discovers Vulcan for thy fire ;
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin sing'd the soil,
From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal pow'r descends to thee : 10
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came ;
And, as a proof, shew num'rous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore 15
From head to foot, and *all before* ;
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent :
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighb'ring Gaul descend ; 20
Or from Parthenope * the proud,
Where numberless thy vot'ries croud :
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Vesputio's name ;
For so conject'ers would obtrude, 25
And from thy painted skin conclude :
Whether, as Epicurus shows,
The world from juggling seeds arose,
Which, mingling with prolific strife
In chaos, kindled into life ; 30

* Naples.

So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with sparkling rubies round :
Beneath thy decent steps the road
Is all with precious jewels strow'd.
The bird of Pallas * knows his post,
Thee to attend, where-e'er thou go'st.

35

Byzantians boast, that on the clod
Where once their *Sultan's* horse hath trod,
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree :
The same thy subjects boast of thee.

40

The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours seen
Of red, and yellow, blue, and green.

45

With half a word, when you require,
The man of bus'ness must retire.

The haughty minister of state
With trembling must thy leisure wait ;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The bus'ness of the nation stands.

50

Thou dar'st the greatest prince attack,
Canst hourly set him on the rack,
And, as an instance of thy pow'r,
Inclose him in a wooden tow'r :
With pungent pains on ev'ry side,
So Regulus in torments dy'd.

55

From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern ;
And well thy scholars are endu'd
With temp'rance, and with fortitude ;
With patience, which all ills supports ;
And secrecy, the art of courts.

60

The glitt'ring beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell ;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.

65

* *Eubo*, the owl.

With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in ev'ry noble race !
In whom thy features, shape, and mien
Are to the life distinctly seen.

70

The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Descendents of the barb'rous Huns,
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns :
But you have molded them afresh,
Remov'd the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.

75

Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the moon ;
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private use.

80

How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With * Hermes, son of Pleias bright !
Outnumber'd, half encompass'd round,
You strove for ev'ry inch of ground ;
Then, by a soldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial seat.

85

The victor, when your steps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waste :
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march ;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm profound as hell :
You, in your capitol secur'd,
A siege as long as Troy endur'd.

90

95

* Mercury:

* The LAMENTATION of GLUMDAL-
CLITCH for the loss of GRILDRIG †.

A PASTORAL.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair;
No British Miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and hawl'd in her thread, 5
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow; 10
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a show'r of rain.

In vain she search'd each cranny of the house, 15
Each gaping chink, impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this" (she cry'd) "with daily care,
"Within thy reach I set the vinegar,
"And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
"While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd; 20
"Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
"And all the little monsters of the brook!
"Sure in that lake he dropt; my Grilly's drown'd!"—
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast; 25
"But little creatures enterprize the most.
"Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
"Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at taw,
"Nor fear the marbles, as they bounding flew:
"Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you. 30
"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
"Who from a *page* can ever learn the truth?

† See Gulliver's travels, in vol. 4.

- " Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
 " To some lord's daughter sold the living toy,
 " Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play, 35
 " As children tear the wings of flies away.
 " From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
 " And never will return, or bring thee home.
 " But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
 " How then thy fairy footsteps can I find? 40
 " Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone
 " In the green thicket of a mossy stone :
 " Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slipp'ry round,
 " Perhaps all maim'd lie grov'ling on the ground?
 " Dost thou, imbosom'd in the lovely rose, 45
 " Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
 " Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
 " Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,
 " O shew me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flow'r
 " Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bow'r! 50
 " But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
 " On little females; and on little loves;
 " Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
 " The baby play-things that adorn thy house,
 " Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms, 55
 " Equal in size to cells of honey-combs;
 " Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the shore,
 " Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thine oar?
 " Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
 " Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again? 60
 " And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
 " To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
 " My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,
 " Mimick the actions of a real man?
 " No more behold thee turn my watch's key, 65
 " As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
 " How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
 " A dish of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head?
 " How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
 " And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?" 70
 She said; but broken accents stopt her voice,
 Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:

She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies.
O squander not thy grief! those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

75

*MARY GULLIVER to Captain LEMUEL
GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The Captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr Sympson's in the country, Mrs Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly-complaining epistle.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
—— What, touch me not? what, shun a wife's
embrace?

Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And wak'd, and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said, that thou shouldst cleave unto thy wife;
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan!
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own:
Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own.

5

10

15

Biddel *, like thee, might farthest India rove;
He chang'd his country, but retain'd his love. 20
There's Captain Pennel * absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife.
Yet Pennel's wife is brown, compar'd to me,
And Mrs Biddel sure is fifty-three.

Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut: 25
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy *groom*.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the *forrel mare*? 30
Say, by what witchcraft, or what diæmon led,
Preferr'st thou *litter* to the marriage-bed!

Some say the devil himself is in that *mare*:
If so, our *Dean* shall drive him forth by pray'r.
Some think you mad, some think you are posselt, 35
That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas, this frenzy to appease!
That *straw*, that *straw* would heighten the disease.

My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys) 40
Alone I press; in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise, and, shiv'ring with the frost,
Search all the house; my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours rise; 45
Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!
The neighbours answer, *With the forrel mare*.

At early morn I to the market haste,
(Studious in ev'ry thing to please thy taste); 50
A curious *fowl* and *sparagras* I chose,
(For I remember you were fond of those):
Three shillings cost the first, the last sev'n groats:
Sullen you turn from both, and call for *vats*.

Others bring goods and treasures to their houses, 55
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses:

* Names of the sea-captains mentioned in Gulliver's travels.

My *only* token was a cup like horn,
 That's made of nothing but a lady's *corn*.
 'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
 The *groom* and *forrel mare* preferr'd to me! 60

These for some moments when you deign to quit,
 And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
 'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know;
 For pleas'd remembrance builds delight in wo.
 At ev'ry danger pants thy consort's breast, 65
 And gaping infants squawl to hear the rest.

How did I tremble, when by thousands bound
 I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground?
 When scaling armies climb'd up ev'ry part,
 Each step they trod I felt upon my heart. 70

But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
 King, Queen, and nation staring with amaze,
 Full in my view how all my husband came!
 And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my flame.

Those *spectacles* ordain'd thine eyes to save, 75
 Were once my present; *love* that armour gave.
 How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
 For when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd me.

When folks might see thee all the country round
 For six pence, I'd have giv'n a thousand pound. 80
 Lord! when the *giant-babe* that head of thine
 Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!

When in the *marrow-bone* I see thee-ramm'd,
 Or on the house-top by the *monkey* cramm'd,
 The piteous images renew my pain, 85
 And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.

But on the *maiden's nipple* when you rid,
 Pray heav'n, 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
 Glumdalclitch too! — with thee I mourn her case:
 Heav'n guard the gentle girl from all disgrace! 90

O may the king that one neglect forgive,
 And pardon her the fault by which I live!
 Was there no other way to set him free!
 My life, alas! I fear, prov'd death to thee.

O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame! 95
 Teach me to woo thee by thy best lov'd name!

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

167

Whether the style of Gildrig please thee most,
 So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupenduous coast,
 When on the monarch's ample hand you fate,
 And hollow'd in his ear intrigues of state ; 100
 Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
 When like a mountain you look'd down on kings :
 If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
 Or Glumglum's humbler title sooth thine ear :
 Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose, 105
 To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the nose,
 I'd call the Houyhnhnm, that high sounding name ;
 Thy childrens noses all should twang the same.
 So might I find my loving spouse of course
 Endu'd with all the *virtues* of a *horse*. 110

* TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, the MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

IN amaze
 Lost, I gaze ;
 Can our eyes
 Reach thy size ?
 May my lays 5
 Swell with praise,
 Worthy thee !
 Worthy me !
 Muse, inspire 10
 All thy fire !
 Bards of old
 Of him told,
 When they said,
 Atlas' head
 Propt the skies ; 15
 See ! and believe your eyes !

See him stride
 Valleys wide,
 Over woods,
 Over floods ! 20
 When he treads,
 Mountains heads
 Groan and shake ;
 Armies quake :
 Let his spurn 25
 Overtum
 Man and steed :
 Troops, take heed !
 Left and right,
 Speed your flight ! 30
 Lest an host
 Beneath his foot be lost.
 Turn'd aside
 From his hide
 Safe from wound 35
 Darts rebound.
 From his nose
 Clouds he blows :
 When he speaks,
 Thunder breaks ! 40
 When he eats,
 Famine threats !
 When he drinks,
 Neptune shrinks !
 Nigh thy ear, 45
 In mid air,
 On thy hand
 Let me stand ;
 So shall I,
 Lofty poet ! touch the sky. 50

* A Gentle ECHO on WOMAN.

In the Doric manner.

Shepherd,

ECHO, I ween, will in the woods reply,
And quaintly answer questions : shall I try ?
Echo, Try.

Shepherd,

What must we do our passion to express ?
Echo, Press.

Shepherd,

How shall I please her who ne'er lov'd before ?
Echo, Before.

Shepherd,

What most moves women, when we them address ?
Echo, A dress.

Shepherd,

Say, what can keep her chaste, whom I adore ?
Echo, A door.

Shepherd,

If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
Echo, Lyar.

Shepherd,

Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by her ?
Echo, Buy her.

Shepherd,

When bought, no question, I shall be her dear ?
Echo, Her deer.

Shepherd,

But deer have horns ; how must I keep her under ?
Echo, Keep her under.

Shepherd,

How shall I hold her ne'er to part asunder ?
Echo, A—se under.

Shepherd,

But what can glad me, when she's laid on bier ?
Echo, Beer.

170 EPILOGUE TO A PLAY.

Shepherd,
What must I do, when woman will be kind?
Echo, Be kind.

Shepherd,
What must I do, when woman will be cross?
Echo, Be cross.

Shepherd,
Lord! what is she that can so turn and wind?
Echo, Wind.

Shepherd,
If she be wind, what stills her when she blows?
Echo, Blows.

Shepherd,
But if she bang again, still should I bang her?
Echo, Bang her.

Shepherd,
Is there no way to moderate her anger?
Echo, Hang her.

Shepherd,
Thanks, gentle Echo; right thy answers tell,
What woman is, and how to guard her well.
Echo, Guard her well.

EPILOGUE to a PLAY for the benefit of the
Weavers in Ireland, 1721.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the stage?
When actors, who at best are hardly saviors,
Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
Stay, — let me see, how finely will it sound! 5
Imprimis, from his Grace * a hundred pound:
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors:
Item, the actors freely give a day, —
The poet had no more who made the play. 10

* Dr William King, Archbishop of Dublin.

But whence this wondrous charity in play'rs ?
 They learn'd it not at sermons, or at pray'rs.
 Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
 To own the truth, we have some private ends.
 Since waiting-women, like exacting jades, 15
 Hold up the prices of their old *brocades*,
 We'll dress in *manufactures* made at home,
 Equip our *kings* and *gen'ral's* at the Comb * :
 We'll rig in Meath-street Ægypt's haughty queen ;
 And Anthony shall court her in *rataan*. 20
 In *blue shalloon* shall Hannibal be clad,
 And Scipio trail an Irish *purple plad*.
 In druggert dress'd, of thirteen pence a-yard,
 See Philip's son amidst his Persian guard ;
 And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage, 25
 With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
 In short, our kings and princesses within
 Are all resolv'd the project to begin ;
 And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
 Must imitate the fashions of the court. 30
 Oh ! could I see this audience clad in *stuff*,
 Though money's scarce, we should have trade enough.
 But *chints*, *brocades*, and *lace* take all away,
 And scarce a crown is left to see a play.
 Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs 35
 Between the *weavers*, and us playhouse-kings :
 But wit and weaving had the same beginning ;
 Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning.
 And next observe how this alliance fits,
 For *weavers* now are just as poor as *wits* : 40
 Their brother quill-men, workers for the stage,
 For sorry *stuff* can get a crown a-page ;
 But *weavers* will be kinder to the *play'rs*,
 And sell for twenty pence a yard of theirs :
 And, to your knowledge, there is often less in 45
 The *poet's* wit, than in the *player's* dressing.

* A street in Dublin famous for woollen manufactures.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Beneath this verdant *billock* lies,
Demar, the *wealthy* and the *wife*.
His *heirs*, that he might safely rest,
Have put his *carcase* in a *chest*;
The very *chest*, in which, they say,
His *other self*, his *money*, lay.
And, if his *heirs* continue kind
To that dear *self* he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his *better half* alive.

5

10

To STEELA, who collected and transcribed
his poems.

Written in the year 1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones;
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after times,
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.

5

Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendship and esteem possess'd,
I ne'er admitted love a guest.

10

In all the habitudes of life,
'The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;

15

Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort, that our own is best;
The best we value by the worst,
(As tradesmen shew their trash at first):
But his pursuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chuses for a friend.

20

A poet starving in a garret,
Conning old topics like a parrot,
Invokes his mistress and his muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes:
Should but his muse, descending, drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout *;
Or patch his broken stocking-foals,
Or send him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the stars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.

25

30

35

Or, should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris,
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bow'rs that hold those nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footman tipling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phillis mending ragged smocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.

40

45

These are the goddesses inroll'd
In Curll's collection †, new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a poem.

50

True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise;

* A cant word for strong beer.

† See an account of Curll, in vol. 5.

They are not scurrilous in satire,
 Nor will in panegyric flatter.
 Unjustly poets we asperse;
 Truth shines the brighter clad in verse;
 And all the fictions they pursue,
 Do but insinuate what is true.

55

Now, should my praises owe their truth
 To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
 What Stoics call *without our pow'r*,
 They could not be insur'd an hour:
 'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
 That must our expectation mock,
 And, making one luxuriant shoot,
 Die the next year for want of root:
 Before I could my verses bring,
 Perhaps you're quite another thing.

60

65

70

So Mævius, when he drain'd his scull
 To celebrate some suburb-trull,
 His similes in order set,
 And ev'ry crambo he could get;
 Had gone through all the common places
 Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:
 Before he could his poem close,
 The lovely nymph had lost her nose.

75

Your virtues safely I commend;
 They on no accidents depend:
 Let Malice look with all her eyes,
 She dares not say the poet lies.

80

Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
 Lest you should take them for a bribe,
 Resolv'd to mortify your pride,
 I'll here expose your weaker side.

85

Your spirits kindle to a flame,
 Mov'd with the lightest touch of blame;
 And when a friend in kindness tries
 To shew you where your error lies,
 Conviction does but more incense;
 Perverseness is your whole defence;
 Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spight,
 Regardless both of wrong and right;

90

Your virtues all suspended wait
 Till Time hath open'd Reason's gate;
 And, what is worse, your passion bends
 Its force against your nearest friends;
 Which manners, decency, and pride
 Have taught you from the world to hide: 100
 In vain; for see, your friend hath brought
 To public light your only fault;
 And yet a fault we often find
 Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind;
 And may compare to Ætna's fire, 105
 Which, though with trembling, all admire;
 The heat that makes the summit glow,
 Enriching all the vales below.
 Those who in warmer climes complain
 From Phœbus' rays they suffer pain, 110
 Must own, that pain is largely paid
 By gen'rous wines beneath a shade.
 Yet, when I find your passions rise,
 And anger sparkling in your eyes,
 I grieve those spirits should be spent, 115
 For nobler ends by nature meant.
 One passion with a diff'rent turn
 Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
 So the sun's heat with diff'rent pow'rs
 Ripens the grape, the liquor sours. 120
 Thus Ajax, when with rage possess'd
 By Pallas breath'd into his breast,
 His valour would no more employ,
 Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
 But, blinded by resentment, seeks 125
 For vengeance on his friends, the Greeks.
 You think this turbulence of blood
 From stagnating preserves the flood,
 Which, thus fermenting, by degrees
 Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees. 130
 Stella, for once you reason wrong;
 For, should this ferment last too long,
 By time subsiding, you may find
 Nothing but acid left behind:

176 STELLA TO DR SWIFT.

From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.

135

Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text?

Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand?

140

Or, if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire?

Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

* STELLA TO DR SWIFT on his birthday,
Nov. 30. 1721 †.

ST Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,

Let me among the rest attend,

Your pupil and your humble friend;

To celebrate in female strains

5

The day that paid your mother's pains;

Descend to take that tribute due

In gratitude alone to you.

When men began to call me fair;

You interpos'd your timely care;

10

You early taught me to despise

The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;

Shew'd where my judgment was misplac'd;

Refin'd my fancy and my taste.

† This poem shews the delicacy of Stella's taste. It is the only remaining performance of that improved and lovely woman that I know of in the poetic strain. It was given by Dr Swift to a lady of his acquaintance, who had a great esteem for the virtues and accomplishments of the amiable Stella, although she never had the least intimacy with her. The Doctor assured this lady, that it was a piece entirely genuine from the hands of Stella, without any sort of correction whatsoever. *Swift*.----- See *Bons mots de Stella* in vol. 8.; and her character in Dr Swift's life, prefixed to vol. 1.

STELLA TO DR SWIFT.

177

Behold that beauty just decay'd, 15
 Invoking art to nature's aid;
 Forlook by her admiring train,
 She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
 Short was her part upon the stage;
 Went smoothly on for half a page; 20
 Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
 As the scene chang'd, to change her part:
 She, whom no lover could resist,
 Before the second act was his'd.
 Such is the fate of female race 25
 With no endowments but a face;
 Before the thirti'th year of life
 A maid forlorn, or hated wife.

Stella to you, her tutor, owes
 That she has ne'er resembled those; 30
 Nor was a burden to mankind
 With half her course of years behind.
 You taught how I might youth prolong,
 By knowing what was right and wrong;
 How from my heart to bring supplies 35
 Of lustre to my fading eyes;
 How soon a beauteous mind repairs
 The loss of chang'd or falling hairs;
 How wit and virtue from within
 Send out a smoothness o'er the skin: 40
 Your lectures could my fancy fix,
 And I can please at thirty-six.
 The sight of Chloe at fifteen
 Coquetting, gives not me the spleen;
 The idol now of every fool 45
 Till time shall make their passions cool;
 Then tumbling down time's steepy hill,
 While Stella holds her station still.
 Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
 Redeem the womens ruin'd cause, 50
 Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
 That men may bow their rebel-necks.

Long be the day that gave you birth
 Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;

Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day *alone, then die to-morrow.*

55

The JOURNAL of a MODERN LADY.

Written in 1728.

IT was a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
So well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal —
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks, I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, &c.

5

10

15

[*Here several verses are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.

20

'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promise what you claim.
My word is past, I must submit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.

25

'Tbut transcribe; for not a line
 Of all the satire shall be mine,
 Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes 30
 The common slanders of the times,
 Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
 And me my innocence secures.
 Unwilling muse, begin thy lay,
 The annals of a female day. 35

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
 (As we shall shew you in the sequel),
 The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
 (Some authors say, not quite so soon),
 Because, though sore against her will, 40
 She sat all night up at Quadrille.
 She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
 And asks if it be time to rise;
 Of headach and the spleen complains;
 And then to cool her heated brains, 45
 Her nightgown and her slippers brought her,
 Takes a large dram of citron-water.
 Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray
 " Don't I look frightfully to-day?
 " But was it not confounded hard? 50
 " Well, if I ever touch a card!
 " Four *mattadores*, and lose *codill*!
 " Depend upon't, I never will.
 " But run to Tom, and bid him fix
 " The ladies here to-night by six." 55
 Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
 He says, his business is to know
 If you'll redeem the silver cup
 He keeps in pawn? — "Why, shew him up."
 Your dressing-plate he'll be content 60
 To take, for int'rest *cent. per cent.*
 And, Madam, there's my Lady Spade
 Hath sent this letter by her maid.
 " Well, I remember what she won;
 " And hath she sent so soon to dun? 65

" Here, carry down those ten pistoles
 " My husband left to pay for coals :
 " I thank my stars, they all are light ;
 " And I may have revenge to-night."

Now, loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,
 She enters on her usual theme ;

70

Her last night's ill success repeats,
 Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats :

" She slipt *Spadillo* in her breast,

" Then thought to turn it to a jest :

75

" There's Mrs Cut and she combine,

" And to each other give the sign."

Through ev'ry game pursues her tale,
 Like hunters o'er their ev'ning-ale.

Now to another scene give place :

80

Enter the folks with silks and lace :

Fresh matter for a world of chat,

Right Indian this, right Mechlin that :

Observe this pattern ; there's a stuff ;

I can have customers enough.

85

Dear Madam, you are grown so hard ——

This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard :

Madam, if there be truth in man,

I never sold so cheap a fan.

This bus'ness of importance o'er,

90

And Madam almost dress'd by four,

The footman, in his usual phrase,

Comes up with, Madam, dinner stays.

She answers in her usual style,

The cook must keep it back a while :

95

I never can have time to dress ;

No woman-breathing takes up less ;

I'm hurried so, it makes me sick ;

I wish the dinner at Old Nick.

At table now she acts her part,

100

Has all the dinner-cant by heart :

" I thought we were to dine alone,

" My dear ; for sure, if I had known

" This company would come to-day —
 " But really 'tis my spouse's way ; 105
 " He's so unkind, he never sends
 " To tell when he invites his friends :
 " I wish ye may but have enough."
 And while with all this paltry stuff
 She sits tormenting ev'ry guest, 110
 Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
 In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
 Which modern ladies call polite ;
 You see the booby husband sit
 In admiration at her wit ! 115

But let me now a while survey
 Our Madam o'er her ev'ning-tea ;
 Surrounded with her noisy clans
 Of prudes, coquets, and harridans ;
 When, frighted at the clam'rous crew, 120
 Away the god of *Silence* flew,
 And fair *Discretion* left the place,
 And *Modesty* with blushing face :
 Now enters overweening *Pride*,
 And *Scandal* ever gaping wide ; 125
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air ;
 Rude *Laughter* seeming like to burst,
 And *Malice* always judging worst ;
 And *Vanity* with pocket-glass, 130
 And *Impudence* with front of brass ;
 And study'd *Affectation* came,
 Each limb and feature out of frame ;
 While *Ignorance*, with brain of lead,
 Flew hov'ring o'er each female head. 135

Why should I ask of thee, my muse,
 An hundred tongues, as poets use,
 When, to give ev'ry dame her due,
 An hundred thousand were too few ?
 Or, how should I, alas ! relate 140
 The sum of all their senseless prate,

Their innuendo's, hints, and slanders,
 Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
 Now comes the gen'ral scandal charge;
 What some invent, the rest enlarge;
 And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
 "You have the tale as cheap as I:
 "I must conceal my author's name;
 "But now 'tis known to common fame."

145

Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
 Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
 Are you on vices most severe,
 Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
 Thus ev'ry fool herself deludes;
 The prudes condemn the absent prudes:
 Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
 Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
 Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
 To censure Phillis for perfumes;
 While crooked Cynthia sneering says,
 That Floramel wears iron stays:
 Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
 Admires how girls can talk with fellows,
 And, full of indignation, frets,
 That women should be such coquets:
 Iris, for scandal most notorious,
 Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"
 And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
 Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
 Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
 Talks half a day in praise of silence:
 And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
 Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

150

155

160

165

170

Now voices over voices rise,
 While each to be the loudest vies;
 They contradict, affirm, dispute,
 No single tongue one moment mute;
 All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
 They set the very lap-dog barking;

175

A MODERN LADY.

183

Their chatt'ring makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin :
Not schoolboys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever such incessant rout :
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter ;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with four election-ale.

180

185

Nor do they trust their tongue alone,
But speak a language of their own ;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book ;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down ;
Or, by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.

190

195

But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor Madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits :
" And was not Tom this morning sent ?"
" I'd lay my life he never went :"
" Past six, and not a living soul !"
" I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen !
How shall we pass the time between ?
" Here, Betty, let me take my drops ;"
" And feel my pulse, I know it stops :"
" This head of mine, Lord, how it swims !"
" And such a pain in all my limbs !"
Dear Madam, try to take a nap ——
But now they hear a footman's rap :
" Go run, and light the ladies up :"
" It must be one before we sup."

200

205

210

The table; cards, and counters set,
And all the gamester-ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our Madam can sit up all night ;

215

"Whoever comes, I'm not within." ——
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.

How can the muse her aid impart, 220
 Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
 Or in harmonious numbers put
 The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
 The superstitious whims relate,
 That fill a female gamester's pate? 225
 What agony of soul she feels
 To see a knave's inverted heels?
 She draws up card by card to find
 Good fortune peeping from behind;
 With panting heart, and earnest eyes, 230
 In hope to see *Spadillo* rise:
 In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
 She draws an ace, and sees it red.
 In ready counters never pays,
 But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys; 235
 Ever with some new fancy struck,
 Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
 "This morning, when the *parson* came,
 "I said I should not win a game.
 "This odious chair, how came I stuck in't? 240
 "I think I never had good luck in't.
 "I'm so uneasy in my stays;
 "Your fan a moment, if you please.
 "Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
 "I always lose when you look on." 245
 Lord! Madam, you have lost codill:
 I never saw you play so ill.
 "Nay, Madam, give me leave to say
 "'Twas you that threw the game away;
 "When Lady Tricksey play'd a four, 250
 "You took it with a *mattadore*;
 "I saw you touch your wedding-ring
 "Before my Lady call'd a king;
 "You spoke a word began with H,
 "And I know whom you meant to teach, 255

A MODERN LADY.

185

" Because you held the king of hearts ;

" Fie, Madam, leave these little arts."

That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs,
And makes her partner understand
A mattadore is in her hand.

260

" Madam, you have no cause to flounce.

" I swear I saw you thrice renounce."

And truly, Madam, I know when
Instead of five you scor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark ;
A child may know it in the dark :
I guess the hand ; it seldom fails :
I wish some folks would pare their nails.

265

While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form ;
And conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.

270

275

The time too precious now to waste,
And supper gobbled up in haste,
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
Yet shall I not again repeat,
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchmen knock,
A frosty morn — past four o' clock.
The chairmen are not to be found,
" Come, let us play the other round."

280

285

Now, all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone ;
But first the winner must invite
The company to morrow night.

Unlucky Madam, left in tears,
(Who now against Quadrille forswears),
With empty purse and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

290

The COUNTRY-LIFE.

Part of a Summer spent at the house of
GEORGE ROCHFORD, Esq;

Written in the year 1723.

THalìa, tell in sober lays,
How George, Nim, Dan, Dean pass their days.
Begin, my muse. First from our bow'rs
We sallie forth at diff'rent hours;
At seven the Dean, in night-gown drest, 5
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
Go to the Dean to read Lucretius;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors, 10
And kisses George, and ends our lectures;
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Hawls him, and scolds us down to breakfast.
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar,
All, heteroclite Dan except, 15
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by peculiar whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn;
O'ersees the work, or Dragon * rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hose; 20
Or —— but proceed we in our journal ——
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
From airy garrets some descend, 25
some from the lake's remotest end:
My Lord and Dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake:

* My Lord Chief Baron's smaller boat.

The loit'ers quake, no corner hides them,
 And Lady Betty soundly chides them. 30
 Now water's brought, and dinner's done :
 With church and king the Lady's gone ;
 (Not reck'ning half an hour we pass
 In talking o'er a mod'rate glass).
 Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief 35
 Steals off to dose away his beef ;
 And this must pass for reading Hammond ——
 While George and Dean go to backgammon.
 George, Nim, and Dean set out at four,
 And then again, boys, to the oar. 40
 But when the sun goes to the deep,
 (Not to disturb him in his sleep,
 Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
 His candle out, and he abed),
 We watch his motions to a minute, 45
 And leave the flood, when he goes in it.
 Now stinted in the short'ning day,
 We go to pray'rs, and then to play,
 Till supper comes ; and after that
 We sit an hour to drink and chat. 50
 'Tis late —— the old and younger pairs,
 By Adam * lighted, walk up stairs.
 The weary Dean goes to his chamber ;
 And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
 So when the circle we have run, 55
 The curtain falls, and all is done.
 I might have mention'd sev'ral facts,
 Like episodes between the acts ;
 And tell who loses, and who wins,
 Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins ; 60
 How Dan caught nothing in his net,
 And how the boat was overfet.
 For brevity I have retrench'd
 How in the lake the Dean was drench'd :
 It would be an exploit to brag on, 65
 How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon,

* The butler.

How steady in the storm he sat,
 And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat :
 How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
 Still brings us hares, when he can catch 'em : 70
 How skilfully Dan mends his nêts ;
 How fortune fails him when he sets :
 Or how the Dean delights to vex
 The ladies, or lampoon the sex :
 Or how our neighbour lifts his nose, 75
 To tell what ev'ry schoolboy knows ;
 Then with his finger on his thumb
 Explaining, strikes opposers dumb :
 Or how his wife, that female pedant,
 (But now there need no more be said on't), 80
 Shews all her secrets of housekeeping ;
 For candles how she trucks her dripping ;
 Was forc'd to send three miles for yeast,
 To brew her ale, and raise her paste ;
 Tells every thing that you can think of, 85
 How she cur'd Tommy of the chincough ;
 What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
 And how her doves were kill'd by weasels ;
 How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
 She had with dreams the other night. 90
 But now, since I have gone so far on,
 A word or two of Lord Chief Baron * ;
 And tell how little weight he sets
 On all Whig papers, and gazettes ;
 But for the politics of Pue †, 95
 Thinks ev'ry syllable is true.
 And since he owns the King of Sweden
 Is dead at last, without evading,
 Now all his hopes are in the Czar :
 " Why, Muscovy is not so far : 100
 " Down the Black sea, and up the Streights,
 " And in a month he's at your gates ;
 " Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
 " By Christmas we shall see strange things."

* Mr Rochfort's father.

† A Tory news-writer.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 189

Why should I tell of ponds and drains, 105
 What carps we met with for our pains;
 Of sparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
 To choak the girls, and to consume a rabble ?
 But you, who are a scholar, know
 How transient all things are below, 110
 How prone to change is human life !
 Last night arriv'd Clem. * and his wife —
 This grand event hath broke our measures ;
 Their reign began with cruel seizures :
 The Dean must with his quilt supply 115
 The bed in which those tyrants lie :
 Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his *jordan*;
 (My Lady says, she can't afford one) ;
 George is half scar'd out of his wits,
 For Clem. gets all the dainty bits. 120
 Henceforth expect a diff'rent survey,
 This house will soon turn topsy-turvey :
 They talk of further alterations,
 Which causes many speculations.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written in the year 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and swain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot* hight,
 Who wont to weed the court of Gosford Knight †,
 While each with stubbed knife remov'd the roots
 That rais'd between the stones their daily shoots ;
 As at their work they sat in counter-view, 5
 With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.
 Sing, heavenly muse ! in sweetly-flowing strain,
 The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

* Mr Clement Barry.

† Sir Arthur Achefon, whose great grandfather was Sir Archibald of Gosford in Scotland.

190 A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Der. My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than strongest weeds that grow these stones betwixt : 10
My spud these nettles from the stones can part,
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

She. My love for gentle Dermot faster grows,
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again; but oh ! 15
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

Der. No more that brier thy tender legs shall rake ;
(I spare the thistle for Sir Arthur's * fake).
Sharp are the stones ; take thou this rushy mat ;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat. 20

She. Thy breeches torn behind stand gaping wide ;
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside :
Nor need I blush, although you feel it wet ;
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

Der. At an old stubborn root I chanc'd to tug, 25
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug ;
A longer ha'-p'orth never did I see ;
This, dearest Sheelah, thou shalt share with me.

She. In at the pantry-door this morn I slipt,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt ; 30
Dennis † was out, and I got hither safe ;
And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

Der. When you saw Tady at long-bullets play,
You sat and lous'd him all the sun-shine day.
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales, 35
Or crack such lice as his between your nails ?

She. When you with Oonah stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kifs the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch those nasty sluts !
I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts. 40

Der. If Oonah once I kifs'd, forbear to chide :
Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side :

* Who is a great lover of Scotland. † Sir Arthur's butler.

THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER. 191

But if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain.

She. Dermot, I swear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thousand lice, and every louse was gold, 46
Him on my lap you never more should see;
Or may I lose my weeding knife — and thee.

Der. Oh! could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
A pair of brogues to bear thee dry to mafs! 50
But see where Norah with the fowins comes —
Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

MARY the COOK-MAID'S Letter to Dr SHERIDAN.

Written in the year 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head!

You a gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where you were bred.

I am sure such words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.

Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr Sheridan!
'tis a shame 5

For a parson, who should know better things, to come out
with such a name:

Knave in your teeth, Mr Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and
a sin;

And the Dean, my master, is an honefter man than you
and all your kin:

He has more goodness in his little finger, than you have
in your whole body:

My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-shank'd
hoddy doddy. 10

And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,

Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you goose;

192 THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER.

Which, and I am sure, I have been his servant four years
since October,

And he never call'd me worse than *sweet-heart*, drunk or
sober :

Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd to my
knowledge, 15

Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in
your wicked college.

You say you will eat grass on his grave : A Christian eat
grass !

Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an
ass :

But that's as much as to say, that my master should die
before ye ;

Well, well, that's as God pleases ; and I don't believe
that's a true story : 20

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master ;
what care I ?

And I don't care who knows it ; 'tis all one to Mary.

Every body knows, that I love to tell truth, and shame
the devil.

I am but a poor servant ; but I think gentlefolks should be
civil.

Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that
you was here ; 25

I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the year.

And Saunders the man says you are always jesting and
mocking :

Mary, said he, (one day, as I was mending my master's
stocking),

My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the
school —

I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him
a fool. 30

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale

He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-
clout to his tail.

And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this let-
ter ;

For I write but a sad scrawl ; but my sister Marget she
writes better.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN, &c. 193

Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master
comes from pray'rs; 35

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up
stairs:

Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write
written hand:

And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to com-
mand,

MARY.

A DIALOGUE between Mad MULLINIX and
TIMOTHY.

Written in the year 1728.

M. I Own, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But prithee, Tim, why all this clutter?

Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?

When, if you search the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;

No, not among the *priests* and *friars* —

T. 'Twixt you and me, G— damn the liars.

M. The Tories are gone ev'ry man over
To our illustrious house of Hanover;

From all their conduct this is plain;

And then —

T. ——— G— damn the liars again.
Did not an Earl but lately vote,

To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?

M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [aside, 15

T. Did not an able statesman-bishop
This dang'rous horrid motion dish-up
As Popish craft? did he not rail on't?
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on't?

20

* See Tim and the fables, in vol. 7.

Proving the Earl a grand offender,
 And in a plot for the *pretender*,
 Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
 Was then imbarking at Avignon.

M. These brangling jars of Whig and Tory 25
 Are stale, and worn as Troy-town story.
 The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
 And now you find you fought for nothing.
 Your faction, when their game was new,
 Might want such noisy fools as you; 30
 But you, when all the show is past,
 Resolve to stand it out at last;
 Like Martin Marall, gaping on *,
 Nor minding when the song is done.
 When all the *bees* are gone to settle, 35
 You clatter still your brazen kettle.
 The leaders whom you lifted under,
 Have dropt their arms, and seiz'd the plunder;
 And when the war is past, you come
 To rattle in their ears your drum: 40
 And as that hateful hideous Grecian
 Therfites (he was your relation)
 Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
 With whom he serv'd, than by his foes;
 So thou art grown the detestation 45
 Of all thy party through the nation:
 Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
 With plots, and Jacobites, and treason;
 Thy busy, never-meaning face,
 Thy screw'd-up front, thy state-grimace, 50
 Thy formal nods, important sneers;
 Thy whisp'rings foisted in all ears,

* Sir Martin Marall is a character in one of Dryden's comedies. Sir Martin was to serenade his mistress; but as he could not play, his man undertook to conceal himself, and do it for him, while he should thrum the instrument; but this ingenious project miscarried, by the knight's continuing his exercise when the music was at an end. *Hawkes.*

(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink),
Have made thy presence, in a true sense, 55
To thy own side so damn'd a nuisance,
That when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you're too severe: 60
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours: but d—— my blood,
I must pursue the public good:
'The faction (is it not notorious?)' 65
Keck at the memory of *glorious*:
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me his statue round. 70
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail, 75
The Tories terror, scourge, and flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The Tories! you are their *delight*;
And should you act a diff'rent part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart. 80
Why, Tim, you have a taste I know,
And often see a *puppet show*:
Observe, the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the scene;
But when they hear his rusty voice, 85
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws,
How Solomon decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which *pretender*;
Nor listen to the witch of Endor. 90
Should Faustus, with the devil behind him,
Enter the stage, they never mind him:

196 A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

If Punch, to spur their fancy, shows
 In at the door his monstrous nose,
 Then sudden draws it back again; 95
 O what a pleasure mix'd with pain!
 You ev'ry moment think an age,
 Till he appears upon the stage:
 And first his bum you see him clap
 Upon the Queen of Sheba's lap: 100
 The Duke of Lorrain drew his sword;
 Punch roaring run, and running roar'd,
 Revil'd all people in his jargon,
 And sold the King of Spain a bargain;
 St George himself he plays the wag on, 105
 And mounts astride upon the *dragon*;
 He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
 Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
 In every action thrusts his nose;
 The reason why, no mortal knows: 110
 In doleful scenes that break our heart,
 Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
 There's not a puppet made of wood,
 But what would hang him, if they could;
 While, teasing all, by all he's teas'd, 115
 How well are the spectators pleas'd!
 Who in the motion have no share,
 But purely come to hear and stare;
 Have no concern for Sabra's fake,
 Which gets the better, faint or snake, 120
 Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
 Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.
 Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet-shows;
 Where petulant conceited fellows 125
 Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
 So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
 Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up troubl' in;
 You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
 Put all your brother-puppets out, 130
 Run on in a perpetual round
 To tease, perplex, disturb, confound,

MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY. 197

Intrude with monkey grin and clutter
To interrupt all serious matter,
Are grown the nuisance of your *clan*, 135
Who hate and scorn you to a man :
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories ;
They would consent, that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you. 140

But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this coil what hast thou got ?
If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you'll be disgrac'd at *court*.

T. Got ? D—— my blood, I frank my letters, 145
Walk to my place before my betters,
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer ——

Got ? D—— me, why, I got my will !
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still : 150
I part with twenty ladies by ;
They call me beast ; and what care I ?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,

And sons of whores —— behind their backs.
But could you bring me once to think, 155
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Reville and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal

To serve myself and commonweal, 160
And fret the Tories souls to death,
I did but lose my precious breath,
And when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their maygame ;
Consume my vitals ! they should know, 165
I am not to be treated so ;

I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.
But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure ? 170
No little boys and girls to cry,
There's nimble Tim a-passing by ?

No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a *party-hatred*?

Will none the Tory *dogs* pursue,

175

When through the streets I cry *Halloo*?

'Must all my d—mee's, bloods, and wounds,

Pass only now for empty sounds?

Shall Tory rascals be elected,

Although I swear them disaffected?

180

And when I roar, *A plot, a plot,*

'Will our own party mind me not?

So qualified to swear and lie,

'Will they not trust me for a *spy*?

Dear Mullinix, your good advice:

185

I beg; you see the case is nice:

O! were I equal in renown,

Like thee to please this thankless town!

Or blest'd with such engaging parts

To win the truant schoolboys hearts!

190

Thy virtues meet their just reward,

Attended by the *sable guard*.

Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops

The snow-ball destin'd at thy chops:

Thy graceful steps, and col'nel's air,

195

Allure the *cinder-picking fair*.

M. No more — in mark of true affection,

I take thee under my protection:

Thy parts are good, 'tis not deny'd;

I wish they had been well apply'd.

200

But now observe my counsel, (*viz.*)

Adapt your habit to your phyz;

You must no longer thus equip ye,

As Horace says, *optat ephippia*;

(There's Latin too, that you may see

205

How much improv'd by Doctor —).

I have a coat at home, that you may try;

'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry.

My hat has much the nicer air;

Your block will fit it to a hair.

210

That wig, I would not for the world

Have it so formal, and so curl'd;

'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
 When I have lain in it a week,
 You'll find it well prepar'd to take 215
 The figure of *toupee* or *snake*.
 Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
 That which is which 'tis hard to know,
 When first in public we appear,
 I'll lead the van, keep you the rear; 220
 Be careful, as you walk behind;
 Use all the talents of your mind;
 Be studious well to imitate.
 My portly motion, mien, and gate;
 Mark my address, and learn my style, 225
 When to look scornful, when to smile;
 Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
 But keep your swearing to the last.
 Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
 And in the streets divert the city; 230
 The ladies from the windows gaping,
 The children all our motions aping.
 Your conversation to refine,
 I'll take you to some friends of mine,
Choice spirits, who employ their parts 235
 To mend the world by useful arts;
 Some cleansing hollow tubes to spy
 Direct the zenith of the sky;
 Some have the city in their care, 240
 From noxious steams to purge the air;
 Some teach us in these dang'rous days
 How to walk upright in our ways;
 Some whose reforming hands engage
 To lash the lewdness of the age;
 Some for the public service go 245
 Perpetual envoys to and fro;
 Whose able heads support the weight
 Of twenty ministers of state.
 We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
 Of parties o'er our *bonny-clabber*: 250
 Nor are we studious to inquire,
 Who votes for manors, who for hire:

Our care is to improve the mind
 With what concerns all humankind;
 The various scenes of mortal life, 235
 Who beats her husband, who his wife;
 Or how the bully at a stroke
 Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
 One tells the rise of cheese and oat-meal;
 Another when he got a hot meal; 260
 One gives advice in proverbs old,
 Instructs us how to tame a scold;
 Or how by *almanacks* 'tis clear,
 That herrings will be cheap this year.
 T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament 265
 My precious time so long mis-spent,
 By nature meant for nobler ends:
 O, introduce me to your friends!
 For whom by birth I was design'd,
 Till politics debas'd my mind: 270
 I give myself entire to you;
 G——d—— the Whigs, and Tories too.

* E P I T A P H of B Y - W O R D S.

Here lies a *round* woman, who thought *mighty odd*.
 Ev'ry word she e'er heard in this church about
 God.
 To convince her of *God* the good Dean did endeavour;
 But still in her heart she held *nature* more *clever*.
 Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run 5
 Upon something or other she found better *fun*:
 For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
 Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical*.
 In this world she despis'd ev'ry soul she met here;
 And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but *queer*. 10

EPIGRAM,

EPIGRAM, on seeing a worthy prelate go out of church in the time of *divine service* to wait on his Grace the D. of D —.

Lord Pam in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down;
When told the Lieutenant was just come to town,
His *station* despising, unaw'd by the *place*,
He flies from his *God* to attend on his *Grace*:
To the *court* it was fitter to pay his *devotion*,
Since *God* had no hand in his Lordship's *promotion*. 5

* EPIGRAM from the French.

SIR, I admit your gen'ral rule,
That ev'ry poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to shew it,
That ev'ry fool is not a poet.

* EPITAPH ON FRANCIS CHARTRES †.

H ERE continueth to rot
The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
And INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:

† *Fr. Chartres* was a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent, on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest.

His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

Nor was he more singular
In the undeviating *pravity* of his manners,
Than successful

In *accumulating* WEALTH:
For, without TRADE OR PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only person of his time,
Who could CHEAT without the mask of HONESTY,
Retain his primeval MEANNESS
When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a-year;
And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not do.

Oh indignant reader!

Think not his life useless to mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd † at his execrable designs,
To give to after ages

A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
In the sight of GOD
By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL
MORTALS.

interest, and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due. In a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdyhouse. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. This epitaph contains his character, very justly drawn by Dr Arbuthnot. ----- This gentleman was worth seven thousand pounds a-year estate in land, and about one hundred thousand in money. Pope.

† See vol. 8. p. 7.

* Joannes.

* *Joannes jacet hic Mirandula — cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges — forsan et Antipodes.*

Applied to FRANCIS CHARTRES.

Here Francis Charters lies — be civil !
The rest God knows — perhaps the devil.

* E P I G R A M.

Peter complains, that God has given
To his poor babe a life so short :
Consider, Peter, he's in heaven ;
'Tis good to have a friend at court.

* A N O T H E R.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come :
Knock as you please, there's no body at home.

* E P I T A P H.

Well then, poor G — lies under ground !
So there's an end of honest Jack.
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

* EPIGRAM, on the toasts of the kit-kat club.

Anno 1716.

WHence deathless *kit-kat* took its name,
Few critics can unriddle ;

Some say from *pastry-cook* it came,
 And some from *cat* and *fiddle*.
 From no trim beau its name it boasts,
 Grey statesmen, or green wits;
 But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
 Of old *cats* and young *kits*.

5

* To a LADY, with the *Temple of Fame*.

W^Hat's fame with men, by custom of the nation
 Is call'd in women only reputation:
 About them both why keep we such a pother?
 Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

* VERSES to be placed under the picture of ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET; containing a complete catalogue of his works.

S^EE who ne'er was nor will be half-read!
 Who first sung Arthur †, then sung Alfred ‡;
 Prais'd great Eliza || in God's anger,
 Till all true Englishmen cry'd, Hang her!
 Made William's virtues wipe the bare a——,
 And hang'd up Marlborough in *arras* **:
 Then hiss'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite;
 Made ev'ry reader curse the *light* ††;
 Maul'd human *wit* in one thick satire ††;
 Next, in three books, sunk human *nature* |||,

5

10

† Two heroic poems in folio, twenty books.

‡ Heroic poems in twelve books.

|| Heroic poems in folio, ten books,

** Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry-weaver.

†† Hymn to the light.

‡‡ Satire against *wit*.

||| Of the *nature* of man.

Uodid *creation* * at a jerk,
 And of *redemption* † made damn'd work.
 Then took his muse at once, and dipt her
 Full in the middle of the scripture :
 What wonders there the man grown old did ! 15
 Sternhold himself he *out-Sternholded* :
 Made David ‡ seem so mad and freakish,
 All thought him just what thought King Achish.
 No mortal read his Solomon ||,
 But judg'd R'oboam his own son. 20
 Moses ** he serv'd as Moses Pharaoh,
 And Deborah as she Siferah ;
 Made Jeremy †† full fore to cry,
 And Job ‡‡ himself curse God and die.

What punishment all this must follow ? 25
 Shall Arthur use him like King Tollo ?
 Shall David as Uriah slay him ?
 Or dext'rous Deb'rah Siferah him ?
 Or shall Eliza lay a plot
 To treat him like her sister Scot ? 30
 Shall William dub his better end ||| ?
 Or Marl'brough serve him like a friend ?
 No, none of these — heav'n spare his life !
 But send him, honest Job, thy *wife*.

* *Creation*, a poem, in seven books.

† The *Redeemer*, another heroic poem, in six books.

‡ Translation of all the *Psalms*.

|| *Canticles* and *Ecclesiastes*.

** Paraphrase of the canticles of Moses and Deborah, &c.

†† The *Lamentations*.

‡‡ The whole book of *Job*, a poem in folio.

||| Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.

Dr SWIFT to Mr POPE, while he was
writing the DUNCIAD.

Pope has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear ;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then diff'rent studies chuse ;
The *Dean* sits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the muse.

Now backs of letters, though design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by some other struck,
All turns and motions tries :
Till in a lump together stuck,
Behold a *poem* rise !

Yet to the *Dean* his share allot ;
He claims it by a canon ;
That without which a thing is not,
Is causa sine qua non.

Thus, Pope *, in vain you boast your wit ;
For, had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of prelate thus for preaching fam'd
The sexton reason'd well ;
And justly half the merit claim'd,
Because he *rang the bell.*

* A polite turn is given to this incident by Mr Pope, in his letter to Dr Sheridan, in vol. 8. let. 127. p. 260.

* BOUNCE to FOP.

An epistle from a dog at Twickenham to a
dog at court.

TO thee, sweet Fop, these lines I send,
 Who, though no spaniel, am a friend.
 Though once my tail in wanton play
 Now frisking this and then that way,
 Chanc'd with a touch of just the tip 5
 To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ship :
 Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off !
 Sure Bounce is one you never read of.
 Fop ! you can dance, and make a leg,
 Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg, 10
 And (what's the top of all your tricks)
 Can sloop to pick up *strings* and *sticks*.
 We country-dogs love nobler sport,
 And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
 Fie, naughty Fop ! where-e'er you come, 15
 To fart and piss about the room,
 To lay your head in ev'ry lap,
 And, when they think not of you —— snap !
 The worst that envy or that spite
 E'er said of me, is, I can bite ; 20
 That idle gypsies, rogues in rags,
 Who poke at me, can make no brags ;
 And that to towze such things as *flutter*,
 To honest Bounce is bread and butter.

While you, and ev'ry courtly fop, 25
 Fawn on the devil for a chop,
 I've the humanity to hate
 A butcher, though he brings me meat ;
 And, let me tell you, have a nose,
 (Whatever stinking fops suppose), 30
 That, under cloth of gold or tissue,
 Can smell a plaister, or an issue.

Your pilf'ring lord with simple pride
 May wear a picklock at his side;
 My master wants no key of state,
 For Bounce can keep his house and gate. 35

When all such dogs have had their days,
 As knavish Pams, and fawning Trays;
 When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Venis,
 And motley, squinting Harlequinis *, 40
 Shall lick no more their ladies br—,
 But die of looseness, claps, or itch;
 Fair Thames from either echoing shore
 Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See Bounce, like Berecynthia, crown'd 45
 With thund'ring offspring all around;
 Beneath, beside me, and at top,
 A hundred sons, and not one *fop*!

Before my children set your beef,
 Not one true Bounce will be a thief; 50
 Not one without permission feed,
 (Though some of J——n's hungry breed):
 But whatsoe'er the father's race,
 From me they suck a little grace:
 While your fine whelps learn all to steal, 55
 Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldest-born resides not far,
 Where shines great Strafford's glitt'ring star:
 My second (child of fortune !) waits
 At Burlington's Palladian gates: 60
 A third majestically stalks
 (Happiest of dogs !) in Cobham's walks:
 One ushers friends to Bathurst's door;
 One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.

Nobles whom arms or arts adorn, 65
 Wait for my infants yet unborn.
 None but a peer of wit and grace
 Can hope a puppy of my race.

* *Alii legunt Harvequinis.*

ON THE LADY BURLINGTON: 209

And O! would fate the bliss decree
 To mine, (a bliss too great for me!), 70
 That two my tallest sons might grace,
 Attending each with stately pace,
 Iulus' side, as erst Evander's †,
 To keep off flatt'ers, spies, and panders,
 To let no noble slave come near, 75
 And scare Lord Fannys from his ear:
 Then might a royal youth, and true,
 Enjoy at least a friend——or two;
 A treasure, which of royal kind
 Few but himself deserve to find. 80

Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
 Shall wag her tail within the grave.

* On the Countess of BURLINGTON cutting PAPER.

Pallas grew vap'rish once and odd;
 She would not do the least right thing,
 Either for goddess or for god,
 Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.
 Jove frown'd, and "Use" (he cry'd) "those eyes" 5
 "So skilful, and those hands so taper;
 "Do something exquisite and wise"——
 She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.
 This vexing him who gave her birth,
 Thought by all heav'n a burning shame, 10
 What does she next, but bids on earth
 Her Burlington do just the same?
 Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
 But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
 The sense and taste of one that bears 15
 The name of Savile and of Boyle.

† Virg. Æn. 8.

210 ON A LADY AT COURT.

Alas ! one bad example shown,
How quickly all the sex pursue !
See, Madam ! see, the arts o'erthrown
Between John Overton and you.

20

* On a certain LADY at court.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon,
(Envy, be silent, and attend !)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour !
Not grave through pride, or gay through folly ;
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

" Has she no faults then," (Envy says), " Sir ?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver :
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

10

TO DR DELANY, on the LIBELS
written against him.

-----*Tanti tibi non sit opaci.
Quinis arena Tagi.*

Written in the year 1729.

AS some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart ;

5

Till 'scaping oft without a wound
 Lessens the terror of the sound;
 Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
 He runs into a cannon's chops: 10
 An author thus who pants for fame,
 Begins the world with fear and shame:
 When first in print you see him dread
 Each pop-gun levell'd at his head:
 The lead yon critic's quill contains, 15
 Is destin'd to beat out his brains.
 As if he heard loud thunders roll,
 Cries, Lord, have mercy on his soul!
 Concluding, that another shot
 Will strike him dead upon the spot. 20
 But, when, with squibbing, flashing, popping,
 He cannot see one creature dropping;
 That, missing fire, or missing aim,
 His life is safe, I mean his fame;
 The danger past, takes heart of grace, 25
 And looks a critic in the face.

Though splendor gives the fairest mark
 To poison'd arrows from the dark,
 Yet, *in yourself when smooth and round**,
 They glance aside without a wound. 30

'Tis said, the gods try'd all their art,
 How *Pain* they might from *Pleasure* part;
 But little could their strength avail;
 Both still are fasten'd by the tail.
 Thus *Fame* and *Censure* with a tether. 35
 By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
 In wit before the common herd?
 And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
 To pay the penalty annex'd? 40

'Tis eminence makes envy rise;
 As fairest fruits attract the flies.

* *In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.*

212 TO DR DELANY, ON THE

Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
 You soon a remedy may find;
 Lie down obscure like other folks 45
 Below the lash of snarlers jokes.
 Their faction is five hundred odds;
 For every coxcomb lends them rods;
 And sneers as learnedly as they;
 Like females o'er their morning-tea. 50

You say, the muse will not contain,
 And write you must, or break a vein.
 Then, if you find the terms too hard,
 No longer my advice regard:
 But raise your fancy on the wing; 55
 The Irish *senate's* praises sing;
 How jealous of the nation's freedom,
 And for corruptions, how they weed 'em;
 How each the public good pursues,
 How far their hearts from private views; 60
 Make all true patriots up to shoeboys
 Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys *;
 Thus grown a member of the club,
 No longer dread the rage of Grub.

How oft am I for rhyme to seek! 65
 To dress a thought, I toil a week:
 And then how thankful to the town,
 If all my pains will earn a crown!
 Whilst every critic can devour
 My work and me in half an hour. 70
 Would men of genius cease to write,
 The rogues must die for want and spite;
 Must die for want of food and raiment,
 If scandal did not find them payment.
 How chearfully the hawkers cry. 75
 A satire, and the gentry buy!
 While my hard-labour'd poem pines
 Unfold upon the printer's lines.

* The Irish parliament sat at the Blue-boys hospital, while the new parliament-house was building.

LIBELS AGAINST HIM.

213.

A *genius* in the rev'rend gown
 Must ever keep its owner down ; 80
 'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
 And spoils the credit of the function.
 Round all your brethren cast your eyes ;
 Point out the surest men to rise ;
 That club of candidates in black, 85
 The least deserving of the pack,
 Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
 With grace and learning unendu'd,
 Can turn their hands to ev'ry job,
 The fittest tools to work for Bob * ; 90
 Will sooner coin a thousand lies,
 Than suffer men of parts to rise ;
 They croud about preferment's gate,
 And press you down with all their weight.
 For, as of old mathematicians 95
 Were by the vulgar thought magicians ;
 So academic dull ale-drinkers
 Pronounce all men of wit *freethinkers*.

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
 Disdains to serve ignoble ends. 100
 Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
 Oppress us in corrupted times :
 What pamphlets in a court's defence
 Shew reason, grammar, truth, or sense ?
 For though the muse delights in fiction, 105
 She ne'er inspires against conviction.
 Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
 And let not faction come betwixt :
 By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
 Though it would make you England's primate : 110
 First learn the science to be dull,
 You then may soon your conscience lull ;
 If not, however seated high,
 Your genius in your face will fly.

When Jove was from his teeming head 115
 Of wit's fair goddess brought to bed,

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

214 TO DR DELANY, ON THE

There follow'd at his lying-inn
 For afterbirth a Sooterkin;
 Which, as the nurse pursu'd to kill,
 110 Attain'd by flight the muses hill;
 There in the soil began to root,
 And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
 From hence the critic vermin sprung
 With harpy claws and pois'nous tongue,
 125 Who fatten on poeric scraps,
 Too cunning to be caught in traps.
 Dame Nature, as the learned show,
 Provides each animal its foe:
 Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
 130 Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks:
 Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral claim
 To persecute the muses fame;
 On poets in all times abusive,
 From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain?
 135 You try to take revenge in vain.
 A rat your utmost rage defies,
 That safe behind the wainscot lies:
 Say, did you ever know by sight
 In cheese an individual mite?
 140 Shew me the same numeric flea,
 That bit your neck but yesterday:
 You then may boldly go in quest
 To find the Grubstreet poets nest;
 What spunging-house in dread of jail
 145 Receives them, while they wait for bail;
 What alley they are nestled in,
 To flourish o'er a cup of gin:
 Find the last garret where they lay,
 Or cellar where they starve to-day.
 150 Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
 With each a libel in his hand,
 What punishment would you inflict?
 Or call 'em rogues, or get 'em kickt?

LIBELS AGAINST HIM.

215

These they have often try'd before ;
You but oblige 'em so much more :
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.

155

You have been libell'd — — Let us know,
What fool officious told you so ?

160

Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies ?

Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise :
And praise bestow'd on Grubstreet rhymes

165

Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.

On me, when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.

170

*Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.*

On D R E A M S.

An imitation of PETRONIUS.

Written in the year 1724.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

THose dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

5

For, when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburthen'd sports in various whims;

The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before. 10

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries, 15
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got. 20
Nor less Tom t—d-man, of true statesman mold,
Collects the city-filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job, 25
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead mens shoes. 30

The grave divine with knotty points perplexed,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text :
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days 35
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise :
And Dick the scavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in W—l—le's face.

To STELLA, visiting me in my sickness,
October 1727.

Pallas, observing Stella's wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,

In high concern for humankind,
Fix'd *honour* in her infant mind. 5

But, (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vitious age),
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine. 10
As nat'ral life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.

Those num'rous virtues which the tribe 15
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm, 20
It makes no diff'rence in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.

But, lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it seated in a scar, 25
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at Picquet;
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an assignation; 30
Or that on which his Lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be try'd, 35
All passions must be laid aside:
Ask no advice, but think alone;
Suppose the question not your own:
How shall I act? is not the case;
But how would Butus in my place? 40
In such a cause would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?

Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to humankind;

Ambition, avarice, and lust,
 And factious rage, and breach of trust,
 And flatt'ry tipt with nauseous fteer,
 And guilty shame, and servile fear,
 Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
 Will in your tainted heart preside. 45

Heroes and heroines of old
 By honour only were inroll'd
 Among their brethren in the skies,
 To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
 Ten thousand oaths upon record 50
 Are not so sacred as her word :
 The world shall in its atoms end,
 Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
 By honour seated in her breast
 She still determines what is best :
 What indignation in her mind
 Against enslavers of mankind !
 Base kings, and ministers of state,
 Eternal objects of her hate. 55

She thinks that nature ne'er design'd
 Courage to man alone confin'd :
 Can cowardice her sex adorn,
 Which most exposes ours to scorn ?
 She wonders where the charm appears
 In Florimel's affected fears ;
 For Stella never learn'd the art
 At proper times to scream and start ;
 Nor calls up all the house at night,
 And swears she saw a thing in white.
 Doll never flies to cut her lace,
 Or throw cold water in her face,
 Because she heard a sudden drum,
 Or found an earwig in a plum. 60

Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
 Proceeds that fund of wit and sense ;
 Which, though her modesty would shroud,
 Breaks like the sun behind a cloud ;
 While gracefulness its art conceals,
 And yet through ev'ry motion steals. 65

TO STELLA.

219

Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
 And, forming you, mistook your kind?
 No; 'twas for you alone he stole
 The fire that forms a manly soul;
 Then, to complete it every way,
 He moulded it with female clay:
 To that you owe the nobler flame,
 To this the beauty of your frame.
 How would Ingratitude delight,
 And how would Censure glut her spite,
 If I should Stella's kindness hide
 In silence, or forget with pride?
 When on my sickly couch I lay,
 Impatient both of night and day,
 Lamenting in unmanly strains,
 Call'd every power to ease my pains;
 Then Stella ran to my relief
 With chearful face, and inward grief;
 And, though by heav'n's severe decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,
 No cruel master could require
 From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
 What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
 With vigour and delight perform'd:
 My sinking spirits now supplies
 With cordials in her hands and eyes;
 Now with a soft and silent tread
 Unheard she moves about my bed.
 I see her taste each nauseous draught,
 And so obligingly am caught:
 I bless the hand from whence they came,
 Nor dare distort my face for shame.

85

90

95

100

105

110

115

120

Best pattern of true friends, beware:
 You pay too dearly for your care,
 If, while your tenderness secures
 My life, it must endanger yours;
 For such a fool was never found,
 Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
 Only to have the ruins made
 Materials for an house decay'd.

T 2

VERSES

VERSES on the death of Dr SWIFT, occasioned by reading the following maxim in ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplait pas.

In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that doth not displease us.

Written in Nov. 1731.

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true :
They argue no corrupted mind
In him ; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast :
“ In all distresses of our friends
“ We first consult our private ends ;
“ While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
“ Points out some circumstance to please us.” 10

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low ? 15
I love my friend as well as you :
But why should he obstruct my view ?
Then let me have the higher post ;
Suppose it but an inch at most. 20

If in a battle you should find
 One, whom you love of all mankind,
 Had some heroic action done,
 A champion kill'd, or trophy won ;
 Rather than thus be overtopp'd, 25
 Would you not wish his laurels cropp'd ?
 Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 Lies rack'd with pain, and you without :
 How patiently you hear him groan !
 How glad, the case is not your own ! 30

What poet would not grieve to see
 His brother write as well as he ?
 But, rather than they should excel,
 Would wish his rivals all in hell ?

Her end when Emulation misses, 35
 She turns to envy, stings, and hisses :
 The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human-kind ! fantastic race !
 Thy various follies who can trace ? 40
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, power, and station ;
 'Tis all on me an usurpation.

I have no title to aspire ; 45
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.

In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine :
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six, 50

It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, Pox take him and his wit.

I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own hum'rous biting way.

Arbuthnot is no more my friend, 55
 Who dares to irony pretend,

Which I was born to introduce,
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.

St John *, as well as Pultney †, knows
That I had some repute for prose ; 60
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.

If they have mortify'd my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside ;
If with such talents heav'n hath bliss'd 'em, 65
Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend :
I tamely can endure the first ;
But this with envy makes me burst. 70

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die ;
When, I foresee, my special friends 75
Will try to find their private ends :

And, though 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
See, how the Dean begins to break ! 80

Poor gentleman ! he droops apace !
You plainly find it in his face.

That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays : 85

He recollects not what he says ;

He cannot call his friends to mind ;

Forgets the place where last he din'd ;

Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;

He told them fifty times before. 90

How does he fancy, we can sit

To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?

But he takes up with younger folks,

Who for his wine will bear his jokes.

* Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

† William Pultney, Esq; now Earl of Bath.

DEATH OF DR SWIFT.

223

"Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a-quarter :
In half the time he talks them round :
There must another set be found.

95

For poetry, he's past his prime ;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme :
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen ; —
But there's no talking to some men.

100

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years :
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail :
Last year we thought him strong and hale ;
But now he's quite another thing :
I wish he may hold out till spring.
They hug themselves, and reason thus ;
It is not yet so bad with us.

105

110

115

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, " Worse and worse ! ")
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd ! the Dean is well.
Then he who prophesy'd the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest :
" You know I always fear'd the worst,
" And often told you so at first."
He'd rather chuse that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.

120

125

130

Not one foretells I shall recover ;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain 135
Just in the parts where I complain ;
How many a message would he send ?
What hearty prayers, that I should mend ?
Inquire what regimen I kept ;
What gave me ease, and how I slept ? 140
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear ;
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast, 145
They must be verifi'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive !
How is the Dean ? he's just alive.
Now the departing pray'r is read ;
He hardly breathes ——— The Dean is dead. 150

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
Oh ! may we all for death prepare !
What has he left ? and who's his heir ?
I know no more than what the news is ; 155
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
To public uses ! there's a whim !
What had the public done for him ?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride :
He gave it all ——— but first he dy'd. 160
And had the Dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation ?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood ?

Now Grubstreet wits are all employ'd ; 165
With elegies the town is cloy'd :
Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier *

* The author imagines, that the scribblers of the prevailing party, which he always opposed, will libel him after his death ;
but

DEATH OF DR SWIFT.

275

The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wifely on me lay all the blame. 170
 We must confess his case was nice ;
 But he would never take advice.
 Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
 He might have liv'd these twenty years :
 For when we open'd him, we found, 175
 That all his vital parts were found.
 From Dublin soon to London spread,
 'Tis told at court, the Dean is dead *.
 And Lady Suffolk † in the spleen
 Runs laughing up to tell *** 180
 The *** so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, " Is he gone ! 'tis time he should.
 " He's dead, you say, *** rot ;
 " I'm glad the medals were forgot ‡.
 " I promis'd him, I own ; but when ? 185
 " I only was the *** then ;
 " But now as consort of the ***
 " You know 'tis quite a diff'rent thing.

but that others will remember him with gratitude, who consider the service he had done to Ireland, under the name of *M. B. Drapier*, by utterly defeating the destructive project of Wood's halfpence, in five letters to the people of Ireland, at that time read universally, and convincing every reader. *Dub. edit.* ---- See the letters, in vol. 3.

* The Dean supposed himself to die in Ireland, where he was born.

† Mrs Howard, then Countess of Suffolk, and of the bedchamber to the late Queen, professed much friendship for the Dean. The Queen, then Princess, sent a dozen times to the Dean, then in London, with her commands to attend her : which at last he did, by advice of all his friends. She often sent for him afterwards, and always treated him very graciously. He taxed her with a present worth ten pounds, which she promised before he should return to Ireland ; but on his taking leave, the medals were not ready. *Dub. edit.*

‡ The medals were to be sent to the Dean in four months, but -----

Now Chartres *, at Sir Robert's † levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy: 190
 Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
 (Cries Bob), I'm sorry for the news:
 Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 And in his place my good friend Will ‡!
 Or had a mitre on his head, 195
 Provided Bolingbroke were dead ||!

Now Curll ** his shop from rubbish drains:
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!

* Col. Francis Chartres, though originally possessed of only a small paternal estate, amassed a prodigious fortune, both in England and Scotland. He had a way of insinuating himself into all ministers under every change, either as pimp, flatterer, or informer. He was tried at seventy for a rape, and came off by sacrificing a great part of his fortune. *Dub. edit.* ---- See his character by Dr Arbuthnot and Mr Pope, *above*, p. 201.

† Sir Robert Walpole, then first minister of state, afterwards Earl of Orford. He treated the Dean, in 1726, with great distinction; invited him to dinner at Chelsea, with the Dean's friends, chosen on purpose; appointed an hour to talk with him of Ireland, to which kingdom and people the Dean found him no great friend; for he defended Wood's project of halfpence, &c. for which the Dean would see him no more: and upon his next year's return to England, Sir Robert, on an accidental meeting, made him a civil compliment; but the Dean never made him another visit. *Dub. edit.*

‡ William Pultney, Esq; since Earl of Bath. From being Sir Robert's intimate friend, detesting his administration, he opposed his measures, and joined with Lord Bolingbroke to represent his conduct, in an excellent paper, called the *Craftsman*, which is still continued. *Dub. edit.*

|| Henry St John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State to Queen Anne, of blessed memory. He was reckoned the most universal genius in Europe. Walpole dreading his abilities, treated him most injuriously, working with King George I. who forgot his promise of restoring the said Lord, upon the restless importunity of Walpole. *Dub. edit.* ----- See vol. 8. p. 6. 7.

** Curll hath been the most infamous bookseller of any age or country. His character in part may be found in Mr Pope's *Dunciad*. He published three volumes all charged on the Dean, who

DEATH OF DR SWIFT.

227

And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by Tibbalds, More, and Cibber *. 200
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters †;
 Revive the libels born to die;
 Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene to represent 205
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear. 210
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 "I'm sorry — but we all must die!"

Indiff'rence clad in wisdom's guise
 All fortitude of mind supplies:
 For how can stony bowels melt 215
 In those who never pity felt?
 When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear; 220

who never wrote three pages of them. He hath used many of the
 Dean's friends in almost as vile a manner. *Dub. edit.*

* Three stupid verse-writers in London. The last, to the shame
 of the court, and the highest disgrace to wit and learning, was
 made Laureat. Moore, commonly called *Jemmy Moore*, son of
 Arthur Moore, whose father was jailor of Monaghan in Ireland.
 See the character of *Jemmy Moore* and Tibbalds [*Theobald*] in
 the *Dunciad*. *Dub. edit.*

† Curll was notoriously infamous for publishing the lives, let-
 ters, and last wills and testaments of the nobility and ministers of
 state, as well as of all the rogues who were hanged at Tyburn.
 He was in custody of the house of Lords, for publishing or for-
 ging the letters of many peers; which made the Lords enter a re-
 solution in their journal-book, that no life or writings of any Lord
 should be published without the consent of the next heir at law,
 or licence from their house. *Dub. edit.*

Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd, to stand between:
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts 225
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps:
 "The Dean is dead, (pray what is trumps?)
 "Then, Lord, have mercy on his soul!
 " (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.) 230
 "Six deans, they say, must bear the pall.
 " (I wish I knew what king to call.)
 "Madam, your husband will attend
 "The fun'ral of so good a friend:
 "No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight; 235
 "And he's engag'd to-morrow night;
 "My Lady Club will take it ill,
 "If he should fail her at Quadrille.
 "He lov'd the Dean, — (I lead a heart),
 "But dearest friends, they say, must part. 240
 "His time was come; he ran his race;
 "We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past; a different scene! 245
 No farther mention of the Dean,
 Who now, alas! is no more mist,
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where's now the fav'rite of Apollo?
 Departed: — *and his works must follow,* 250
 Must undergo the common fate;
 His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country-squire to Lintot * goes,
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
 Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
 "He dy'd a year ago." The same. 255

* Bernard Lintot, a bookseller. See Pope's Dunciad and letters.

He searches all the shop in vain.

" Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane *:

" I sent them with a load of books,

" Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.

260

" To fancy they could live a year!

" I find you're but a stranger here.

" The Dean was famous in his time,

" And had a kind of knack at rhyme.

" His way of writing now is past:

265

" The town has got a better taste.

" I keep no antiquated stuff;

" But spick and span I have enough.

" Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em:

" Here's Colley Cibber's birthday-poem.

270

" This ode you never yet have seen

" By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.

" Then here's a letter finely penn'd

" Against the *Craftsman* and his friend:

" It clearly shews that all reflection

275

" On ministers is disaffection.

" Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication †,

" And Mr Henley's ‡ last oration.

" The hawkers have not got them yet:

" Your Honour please to have a set?"

280

" Here's Woolston's || tracts, the twelfth edition;

" 'Tis read by ev'ry politician:

* A place in London where old books are sold.

† Walpole had a set of party-scribblers, who did nothing else but write in his defence. *Dub. edit.*

‡ Henley is a clergyman, who wanting both merit and luck to get preferment, or even to keep his curacy in the established church, formed a new conventicle, which he calls an *oratory*. There, at set times, he delivered strange speeches compiled by himself and his associates, who share the profit with him. Every hearer payeth a shilling each day for admittance. He is an absolute dunce, but generally reputed crazy. *Dub. edit.* ----- He is commonly called *Orator Henley*, whose rhapsodies burlesque religion, and disgrace his country. *Hawkes.*

|| Woolston was a clergyman; but, for want of bread, did in

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U

several

" The country-members when in town,
 " To all their boroughs send them down;
 " You never met a thing so smart; 285
 " The courtiers have them all by heart:
 " Those maids of honour who can read,
 " Are taught to use them for their creed.
 " The Rev'rend author's good intention
 " Hath been rewarded with a pension: 290
 " He doth an honour to his gown,
 " By bravely running *priestcraft* down:
 " He shews, as sure as God's in Gloc'ster,
 " That —— was a grand impostor;
 " That all his miracles were cheats, 295
 " Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
 " The church had never such a writer:
 " A shame he hath not got a mitre.

Suppose me dead; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose. 300
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 And while they toss my name about,
 With favour some, and some without;
 One quite indiff'rent in the cause, 305
 My character impartial draws.

The Dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill receiv'd at court.
 Although ironically grave,
 He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave: 310
 To steal a hint was never known,
 But what he writ was all his own.

" Sir, I have heard another story;
 " He was a most *confounded* Tory.
 " And grew, or he is much bely'd, 315
 " Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."

Several treatises, in the most blasphemous manner, attempt to
 turn our Saviour and his miracles into ridicule. He was much
 caressed by many courtiers, and by all the infidels; and his books
 were read generally by the court-ladies. *Dub. edit.*

DEATH OF DR SWIFT.

231

Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's letters!*——

“ He should have left them for his *bettors*; 320
“ We had a hundred *abler men*,
“ Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*. ——
“ Say what you will about his *reading*,
“ You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
“ Who in his *satires*, running riot, 325
“ Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
“ Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
“ *Court, city, camp*, —— all one to him. ——
“ But why would he, except he *slobber'd*,
“ Offend our *patriot*, great Sir Robert, 330
“ Whose *counsels* aid the sov'reign pow'r
“ To save the nation ev'ry hour?
“ What *scenes* of evil he unravels
“ In *satires, libels, lying travels!*
“ Not sparing his own *clergy-cloth*, 335
“ But *eats* into it, like a *moth!* ——

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it. 340
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant:
His satire points at no defect, 345
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He spar'd a hump or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux. 350
True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offered to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confess,
He ne'er offended with a jest;

But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
 A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
 Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 Must be or *ridicul'd* or *lash'd*.
 If you *resent* it, who's to blame?
 He neither knew *you*, nor your *name*.
 Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because its *owner* is a *duke*?
 His friendships, still so few confin'd,
 Were always of the middling kind;
 No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
 Where titles give no right or power,
 And peerage is a wither'd flower.
 He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 If such a wretch had known his face.
 On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 He vented oft his wrath in vain:
 — Squires to market brought;
 Who sell their souls and — for nought;
 The — go joyful back,
 To — the church, their tenants rack,
 Go snacks with * * * * *
 And keep the peace, to pick up fees:
 In every job to have a share,
 A jail or t—np—e to repair;
 And turn the — for public roads
 Commodious to their own abodes.

He never thought an honour done him,
 Because a peer was proud to own him;
 Would rather slip aside, and chuse
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
 And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 So often seen caressing Chartres.
 He never courted men in station,
 Nor persons held in admiration;
 Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 Because he sought for no man's aid.
 Though trusted long in great affairs,
 He gave himself no haughty airs:

DEATH OF DR SWIFT.

233

Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends :
And only chose the wise and good ;
No flatt'ers ; no allies in blood ;
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success ;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.

395

400

He kept with princes due decorum ;
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just ;
In princes never put his trust :
And, would you make him truly four,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The I——sh f——te if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd !
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry ;
For her he stood prepar'd to die ;
For her he boldly stood alone ;
For her he oft expos'd his own.
Two kingdoms *, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head ;
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.

405

410

415

Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men :
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valu'd not a groat :

420

* In the year 1713, the late Queen was prevail'd with by an address from the house of Lords in England, to publish a proclamation, promising three hundred pounds to discover the author of a pamphlet, call'd, *The public spirit of the Whigs* : and in Ireland, in the year 1724, the Lord Carteret, at his first coming into the government, was prevail'd on to issue a proclamation, promising the like reward of three hundred pounds to any person who could discover the author of a pamphlet, call'd, *The Drapier's fourth letter*, &c. writ against that destructive project of coining half-pence for Ireland. But in neither kingdom was the Dean discovered. *Dub. edit.* ----- See vol. ii. and vol. iii.

Ingratitude he often found,
 And pity'd those who meant the wound :
 But kept the tenor of his mind, 425
 To merit well of humankind :
 Nor made a sacrifice of those
 Who still were true, to please his foes.
 He labour'd many a fruitless hour *,
 To reconcile his friends in power ; 430
 Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 While they pursu'd each other's ruin.
 But, finding vain was all his care,
 He left the court in mere despair.

And, oh ! how short are human schemes ! 435
 Here ended all our golden-dreams.
 What St John's skill in state-affairs,
 What Ormond's *valour*, Oxford's cares,
 To save their sinking country lent,
 Was all destroy'd by one event. 440
 Too soon that precious life was ended †
 On which alone our weal depended,
 When up a dangerous faction starts ‡,
 With wrath and vengeance in their hearts ;

* Queen Anne's ministry fell to variance from the first year after their ministry began. Harcourt the Chancellor, and Lord Bolingbroke the Secretary, were discontented with the Treasurer Oxford, for his too much mildness to the Whig party. This quarrel grew higher every day until the Queen's death. The Dean, who was the only person that endeavoured to reconcile them, found it impossible ; and thereupon retired to the country about ten weeks before that fatal event. Upon which he returned to his deanery in Dublin ; where, for many years, he was worried by the new people in power, and had hundreds of libels writ against him in England. *Dub. edit.* --- See vol. viii. p. 22.

† In the height of the quarrel between the ministers, the Queen died. *Dub. edit.*

‡ Upon Queen Anne's death, the Whig faction was restored to power, which they exercised with the utmost rage and revenge ; impeached and banished the chief leaders of the church-party, and stripped all their adherents of what employments they had, &c. *Dub. edit.*

DEATH OF DR SWIFT.

235

By solemn league and cov'nant bound,

445

To ruin, slaughter, and confound ;

To turn religion to a fable,

And make the government a Babel :

Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,

Corrupt the f——te, rob the c—— :

450

To sacrifice old E——d's glory,

And make her infamous in story.

When such a tempest shook the land,

How could unguarded virtue stand ?

With horror, grief, despair, the Dean

455

Beheld the dire destructive scene :

His friends in exile, or the tower,

Himself within the frown of power * ;

Pursu'd by base invenom'd pens,

Far to the land of S—— and fens † ;

460

A servile race in folly nurs'd,

Who truckle most, when treated worst.

By innocence and resolution,

He bore continual persecution ;

While numbers to preferment rose,

465

Whose merit were to be his foes.

When *ev'n his own familiar friends,*

Intent upon their private ends,

Like renegadoes now he feels,

Against him lifting up their heels.

470

The Dean did, by his pen, defeat

An infamous destructive cheat ‡ :

Taught fools their int'rest how to know,

And gave them arms to ward the blow.

* Upon the Queen's death, the Dean returned to live in Dublin at the deanery-house. Numberless libels were writ against him in England as a Jacobite ; he was insulted in the street, and at night he was forced to be attended by his servants armed. *Dub. edit.*

† The land of S—— and fens, is Ireland. *Dub. edit.*

‡ One Wood, a hardwareman from England, had a patent for coining copper halfpence for Ireland, to the sum of 108,000 l. which in the consequence must leave that kingdom without gold or silver. *Dub. edit.* See the Drapier's letters, in vol. 3.

Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin ;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, fought his blood.

475

To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench *,
Whose fury blood could never quench ;
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian † ;
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded ;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent :
But heav'n his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends ;
Not strains of law, nor judges frown,
Nor topics brought to please the c — ,
Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.

480

485

490

In exile with a steady heart ‡,
He spent his life's declining part ;

495

* One Whitshed was then Chief Justice. He had some years before prosecuted a printer for a pamphlet writ by the Dean, to persuade the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures [vol. iii. p. 5.] Whitshed sent the jury down eleven times, and kept them nine hours, until they were forced to bring in a special verdict. He sat as judge afterwards on the trial of the printer of the Drapier's fourth letter [vol. iii. p. 64.] ; but the jury, against all he could say or swear, threw out the bill. All the kingdom took the Drapier's part, except the courtiers, or those who expected places. The Drapier was celebrated in many poems and pamphlets. His sign was set up in most of the streets of Dublin, (where many of them still continue), and in several country-towns. *Dub. edit.*

† Scroggs was Chief Justice under King Charles II. : his judgment always varied in state-trials, according to directions from court. Tressilian was a wicked judge, hanged above three hundred years ago. *Dub. edit.*

‡ In Ireland, which he had reason to call a place of exile ; to which

Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St John *, Pope, and Gay.

“ Alas, poor *Dean*! his only scope
“ Was to be held a *misanthrope*. 500
“ This into gen’ral *odium* drew him,
“ Which if he lik’d, *much good may’t do him*.
“ His zeal was not to lash our *crimes*,
“ But *discontent* against the times :
“ For had we made him *timely* offers 505
“ To *raise* his *post*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
“ Perhaps he might have truckled down,
“ Like other *brethren* of his *gown*.
“ For *party* he would scarce have bled :
“ I say no more, — because he’s *dead*. — 510
“ What writings has he left behind? —
I hear, they’re of a diff’rent kind :
A few in *verse* ; but most in *prose* —
“ Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose : —
“ All scribbled in the *worst* of *times*, 515
“ To *palliate* his friend Oxford’s *crimes*,
“ To praise Queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
“ As never fav’ring the *pretender* : —
“ Or *libels* yet conceal’d from sight,
“ Against the *court* to shew his *spight* : 520
“ Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third* ;
“ A *lie* at ev’ry *second* word —
“ Offensive to a *loyal* ear : —
“ But — *not one sermon*, you may *swear*. —

He knew an hundred pleasant stories, 525
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
Was chearful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.

As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those. 530

which country nothing could have driven him, but the Queen’s death, who had determined to fix him in England, in spite of the Duchess of Somerset, &c. *Dub. edit.*

* Henry St John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke. *Dub. edit.*

Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em ;
 But this I know, all people bought 'em,
 As with a moral view design'd,
 To *please*, and to *reform* mankind :
 And, if he often miss'd his aim,
 The *world* must own it, to their *shame*,
 The *praise* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*.
 He gave the little wealth he had
 To build a house for fools and mad ;
 To shew, by one satiric touch,
 No nation wanted it so much.
 That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
 I wish it soon may have a better *.
 And, since you *dread* no farther *lashes*,
 Methinks you may *forgive his ashes*.

535

}

540

545

To the Earl of PETERBOROW, who command-
 ed the British forces in Spain †.

Written in the year 1706.

MOrdanto fills the trump of fame,
 The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
 And prints are crouded with his name.

* See above, p. 6.

† This Noble Lord had made a most considerable figure in his day. His character was amiable and uncommon. His life was a continued series of variety. In his public and private conduct he differed from most men. He had visited all climates, but had staid in none. He was a citizen of the word. He conquered and maintained armies without money. His actions and expressions were peculiar to himself. He was of a vivacity superior to all fatigue, and his courage was beyond any conception of danger. He verified, in many instances, whatever has been said of romantic heroes. He seems to have been fixed only in his friendships and moral principles. He had a most true regard and affection for Swift and Pope. The Dean has here described him in a very particular manner, but so justly, that the four last stanzas will give

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW. 239

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast. 5

Knows ev'ry prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette A-la-main, 10
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reck
Mordanto at Madrid to seek ;
He left the town above a week. 15

Next day the postboy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn :
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his foll'wers strown, 20
This breaks a girth, and that a bone :

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure, 25
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition. 30

a most perfect and complete idea of Lord Peterborow's person and military virtue. His wit in the letter, vol. 8. p. 204. is easy and unaffected. At the time when he wrote that letter, he had hung up his helmet and his buckler, and was retired to his plough and his wheelbarrow, wearied of courts, and disgusted with statesmen. *Orrery.*

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land-commander, and a tar.

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-fake Charles of Sweden.

35

The FABLE of MIDAS.

Written in the year 1712.

* **M**idas, we are in story told,
Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch'd to gold:
He *chip'd* his *bread*; the pieces round
Glitter'd, like spangles on the ground:
A codling ere it went his lip in,
Would strait become a *golden* pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in *golden cup*:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill;
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for *gold finders*:

5

10

* The Dean, though he did not much change the natural order of words, was yet very exact in his versification. But it may be remarked, that verses of eight syllables are never harmonious, if the accent be placed on the *first*, and not repeated till the *third* or *fourth*. The first, fourth, and eighth verses are, among others, examples of this rule; which will be illustrated by changing the structure, so as to remove the accent from the *first* syllable to the *second*. If instead of,

Glitter'd, like spangles on the ground,
the fourth verse be read,

Like spangles glitter'd on the ground;
the ear will easily determine which should be preferred. It is
however

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

241

He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay 15
On *magazines* of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
Of paltry *provender* and *bread*;
Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is *equal* to *old* gold; 20
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our *gold* by *grains*.

This *fool* had got a *lucky hit*;
And people fancy'd he had *wit*.
Two gods their skill in music try'd, 25
And both chose Midas to decide;
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to shew his grudge,
Clapt *asses'* ears upon the judge; 30
A goodly pair erect and wide,
Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.

And now the virtue of his *hands*
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims, 35
The *golden* scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather *golden* gravel;

however true, that when the accent is placed on the *first* syllable,
and repeated at the *second*, the measure is not only harmonious,
but acquires a peculiar force. The eleventh verse is of this kind,

Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders;

which would be greatly enfeebled, by changing it to

It pass'd untouch'd between his grinders;

though the cadence would still be poetical, as the first accent
would fall on the second syllable. *Hawkes.*

Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had lost his *art*, and kept his *ears*. 40

This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain *leader* ;
To whom from Midas down descends
That virtue in the fingers ends.
What else by *perquisites* are meant, 45
By *pensions*, *bribes*, and *three per cent*.
By *places* and *commissions* sold,
And turning *dung* itself to *gold* ?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before ? 50

None e'er did modern Midas chuse
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan :
He values not the poet's praise, 55
Nor will exchange his *plumbs* * for *bays* :
To Pan alone rich misers call ;
And there's the jest, for Pan is *ALL*.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek. 60

Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath *asses'* ears ;
Where ev'ry fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies ;
Such gross delusions could not pass 65
Through any ears but of an *ass*.

But *gold* defiles with frequent touch ;
There's nothing *souls* the hand so much :
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws ; 70
Which while the *senate* strove to scour,
They wash'd away the *chymic* power.

* A cant word for 100,000 l. *Dub. edit.*

SHERIDAN TO SWIFT.

243

While he his utmost strength apply'd,
To swim against this *pop'lar* tide,
The *golden* spoils flew off apace ; 75
Here fell a *pension*, there a *place* :
The *torrent* merciless imbibes
Commissions, *perquisites*, and *bribes* ;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom ;
Much good may't do 'em that have caught 'em. 80
And Midas now neglected stands
With *asses' ears* and *dirty hands*.

The Rev. Dr SHERIDAN to Dr SWIFT.

Written in the year 1712.

DEAR Dean, since in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle ?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, Sir, a tossing and turning.
You'll find, if you read but a few of your histories, 5
All women as Eve, all women are mysteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the sex a *Bel-phagor*.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend 'em :
I swear without jest I an honour intend 'em. 10
In a sieve, Sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before, do you know what I mean, Sir ?
* *Not I, by my troth, Sir.* — Then read it again, Sir.
The reason I send you these lines of rhymes double, 15
Is purely through pity to save you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last ;
When your *Pegasus* canter'd in triple, and rid fast.

As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With *Phœbus's* leave, to run with his *asses*, 20

* The Dean's answer.

X 2

He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded;
While your fiery steed is whipp'd, spurr'd, bastinaded.

Dean SWIFT's answer to the Reverend Dr
SHERIDAN.

S I R,

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no sieve, (for with that you begin), 5
Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in.
And that she's a riddle, can never be right;
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is *light*.
But grant her a sieve, I can say something archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen *searcher*. 10

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid *, was the first man's damna-
tion?

If your Worship will please to explain me this *rebus*,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11.

1712, past 12 at noon.

A LETTER to the Reverend Dr SHERIDAN.

Written in the year 1718.

S I R,

WHate'er your predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus;

• Vir-Gin, Man-Trap.

LETTER TO DR SHERIDAN. 245

And think your boys may gather there-hence
 More wit and humour than from Terence.
 But as to comic Aristophanes, 5
 The rogue too bawdy and too profane is.
 I went in vain to look for Eupolis,
 Down in the Strand * just where the new pole is ;
 For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
 You will not find it in the Vatican. 10
 He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
 To take his greatest grandees for asses.
 Poets, in those days, used to venture high ;
 But these are lost full many a century.

Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence 15
 My judgment of the old comedians.

Proceed to tragics, first Euripides
 (An author, where I sometimes dip a-days)
 Is rightly censur'd by the Stagirite,
 Who says his numbers do not fadge aright. 20
 A friend of mine that author despises
 So much, he swears the very best piece is,
 For aught he knows, as bad as Theſpis's ;
 And that a woman, in those tragedies,
 Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is. 25
 At least, I'm well assur'd, that no folk lays
 The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
 But above all I prefer Æschylus,
 Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.

And now I find my muse but ill able 30
 To hold out longer in trisyllable.
 I chose these rhymes out, for their difficulty :
 Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye ?

* N. B. The Strand in London. The fact may be false, but the rhyme cost me some trouble.

The F A G G O T.

Written in the year 1713, when the Queen's ministers
were quarrelling among themselves *.

O Bserve the dying father speak :
Try, lads, can you this bundle break ;
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggots ;
And strove by turns to break the faggot :
In vain : the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
See, said the fire, how soon 'tis done :
Then took and broke them one by one.
So strong you'll be, in friendship ty'd ;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel.
Here ends the fable and the moral.

This tale may be apply'd in few words
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards,
And others, who in solemn sort
Appear with slender wands at court :
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round :
While wise men think they ought to fight
With *quarter* staves, instead of *white* ;
Or constable with *staff* of peace,
Should come and make the clatt'ring cease ;
Which now disturbs the Queen and court,
And gives the *Whigs* and rabble sport.

* See more of the author's endeavours to procure a reconciliation among them, in the letters to and from Dr Swift, in vol. 8. lett. 6. 93.

See also Free thoughts on the present state of affairs, in vol. 4.

In history we never found,
 The Consul's *fascēs* * were unbound ;
 Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
 Except to lash some grand delinquent. 30
 How would they blush to hear it said,
 The Prætor broke the Consul's head ;
 Or Consul in his purple gown,
 Came up and knock'd the Prætor down ?

Come, courtiers : every man his stick : 35
 Lord Treasurer †, for once be quick ;
 And that they may the closer cling,
 Take your blue riband for a string.
 Come, trimming Harcourt ‡, bring your mace ;
 And squeeze it in, or quit your place :
 Dispatch ; or else that rascal Northey § 40
 Will undertake to do it for thee :
 And be assur'd the court will find him
 Prepar'd to *leap o'er sticks*, or bind 'em.

To make the bundle strong and safe, 45
 Great Ormond, lend thy gen'ral's staff :
 And, if the *crozier* could be cramm'd in,
 A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden.
 You'll then defy the strongest *Whig*
 With both his hands to bend a twig. 50
 Though with united strength they all pull,
 From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

* *Fascēs*, a bundle of rods or small sticks carried before the consuls at Rome.

† Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

‡ Lord Chancellor.

§ Sir Edward Northey, Attorney-General, brought in by Lord Harcourt, yet very desirous of the great seal.

The

The AUTHOR upon himself.

Written in the year 1713.

*A few of the first lines were wanting in the copy sent us
by a friend of the author's.*

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

BY an old ———— pursu'd
A crazy prelate *, and a royal prude † ;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On ev'ry genius that attempts to rise ;
And pausing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod, 5
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God ;
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conj'ring book ‡.

Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime ;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in rhyme : 10
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit :
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd with too much grace ;
Nor shew'd the *parson* in his gait or face ;
Despis'd luxurious wines, and costly meat ; 15
Yet still was at the tables of the great ;

* Dr Sharp, Archbishop of York.

† Her late Majesty Queen Anne.

‡ Archbishop Sharp, according to Dr Swift's account, had represented him to the Queen as a person that was not a Christian ; a great lady had supported the aspersion ; and the Queen, upon such assurances, had given away the bishoprick contrary to her Majesty's first intentions, which were in favour of Dr Swift. *Orrery.*

Frequented lords ; *saw those that saw the Queen* ;
 At Child's or Truby's * never once had been ;
 Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
 Secur'd by numbers from the laymens gibes, 20
 And deal in vices of the graver sort,
 Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.

But after sage monitions from his friends
 His talents to employ for nobler ends ;
 To better judgments willing to submit, 25
 He turns to politics his dangerous wit.

And now the public interest to support,
 By Harley Swift invited comes to court ;
 In favour grows with ministers of state ;
 Admitted private, when superiors wait : 30
 And Harley, not ashamed his choice to own,
 Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
 At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
 But St John † comes and whispers in his ear :
 The waiters stand in ranks ; the yeomen cry, 35
Make room, as if a Duke were passing by.

Now Finch ‡ alarms the Lords : he hears for certain
 This dang'rous priest is got behind the curtain.
 Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
 That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves. 40
 Walpole and Aislaby §, to clear the doubt,
 Inform the Commons, that the secret's out :
 " A certain doctor is observ'd of late
 " To haunt a certain minister of state :
 " From whence with half an eye we may discover 45
 " The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."

* A coffeehouse and tavern near St Paul's, at that time much frequented by the clergy.

† Then Secretary of State, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke.

‡ The late Earl of Nottingham, who made a speech in the house of Lords against the author.

§ They both spoke against the author in the house of Commons, although Aislaby professed much friendship for him.

250 THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF.

York is from Lambeth sent to shew the Queen
A dangerous treatise writ against the spleen *;
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift. 50
Poor York! the harmless tool of others hate;
He sues for pardon †, and repents too late.

Now, —— her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her ——
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills; 55
And thence into the royal ear instills.
The Queen incens'd, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.
Now through the realm a proclamation spread ‡,
To fix a price on his devoted head. 60
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.

By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now carefs'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene: 65
Lord! how were they mistaken in the Dean!
Now Delaware ¶ again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend **. 70

By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while
His great contending friends to reconcile,

* Tale of a Tub.

† His Grace was sorry for what he had said, and sent a message to the author to desire his pardon.

‡ The proclamation was against the author of a pamphlet, called, *The public spirit of the Whigs*, against which the Scotch Lords complained. See it in vol. 2.

¶ Delaware, then Lord Treasurer of the household, always caressed the author at court: but, during the trial of the printers before the house of Lords, and while the proclamation hung over the author, his Lordship would not seem to know him.

** The Scotch Lords treated and visited the author more after the proclamation than before, except the Duke of Argyll, who would never be reconciled.

Performs what friendship, justice, truth require :
What could he more but decently retire * ?

IN SICKNESS.

Written soon after the author's coming to live in
Ireland, upon the Queen's death, October
1714.

'TIS true, — then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline ?

But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known ?
My state of health none care to learn ;
My life is here no soul's concern :
And those with whom I now converse,
Without a tear will tend my herse.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,

10

Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,

15

From whom I once expected more ;
Which those who tend the sick for pay,
Can act as decently as they :
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.

20

My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick :

* About ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town
upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at
court, and went down to Berkshire. See vol. 8. p. 22.

252 TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

And spare my absent friends the grief 25
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to-day, intomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

To the Earl of OXFORD, late Lord Treasurer.
Sent to him when he was in the Tower, before his trial.

Out of Horace.

Written in the year 1716.

HOW blest'd is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies !
The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,
With trembling knees, and terror at his back ;
Though fear should lend him pinions like the wind, 5
Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine :
But shall with unattainted honour shine ;
Nor stoops to take the *staff**, nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown. 10

Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky ;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful silence hath a sure reward ; 15
Within our breast be ev'ry secret barr'd :
He who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one-roof, or in one ship, with me.
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked heaven involve the just ? 20
And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

* A white *staff* is the ensign of the Lord Treasurer's office.

Ad amicum eruditum THOMAM SHERIDAN.

Scriptit Oct. ann. Dom. 1717.

Delicæ Sheridan musarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum, 5
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
Astitit; et dixit, mentis præsaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus; 10
Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente, 15
Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juvenus,
Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pœonius venit, ecce, *salutifer* orbi.
Ast illi causas orant; his insula visa est
Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram. 20

Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
Conscius, expedias puero seu lætus Apollo
Nascenti arrisit; sive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.

Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis, 25
Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
Erumpent, promissis; quo ritu sæpe puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitât ignes.

Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub aëre natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris. 30
Pessundat: nam sæpe vides in stipite matrem.

254 APOLLO TO THE DEAN.

Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
 Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit Avernus ;
 Sæpe puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
 Cœlumque terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

35

APOLLO to the DEAN.

Written in the year 1720.

Right Trusty, and so forth, — we let you to
 know
 We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
 For, first, I have often by chymists been told,
 Though I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold,
 Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it, 5
 That, since I was born, I hardly have spy'd it.
 Then it must be allow'd, that whenever I shine,
 I forward the grass, and I ripen the vine ;
 To me the good fellows apply for relief,
 Without whom they could get neither *claret* nor *beef* : 10
 Yet their wine and their victuals these curmudgeon *
 lubbards
 Lock up from my sight, in cellars and cupboards.
 That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,
 And taint all their meat, and sour all their drink.
 But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd, 15
 I alone can inspire the poetical croud :
 This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
 Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.
 This ev'ry pretender to rhyme will admit,
 Without troubling his head about judgment or wit. 20

* *Curmudgeon*, a word here used as an adjective, now signifies a
 sordid niggardly fellow ; but was perhaps in its original sense of
 more extensive import, being probably a corruption of *cœur mé-*
chant, a wicked heart. *Hawkes.*

APOLLO TO THE DEAN. 255

These gentlemen use me with kindness and freedom;
 And as for their works, when I please I may read 'em:
 They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls,
 And the titles I view, when I shine on the walls.
 But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany, 25
 Whom I, for your sake, love better than any,
 And of *my mere motion, and special good grace*,
 Intended in time to succeed in your place,
 On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came
 With a certain false traitress, one Stella by name, 30
 To the *deanery*-house, and on the *north* glass,
 Where, for fear of the cold, I never can pass,
 Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utensil,
 Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
 Did maliciously, falsely, and trait'rously write, 35
 Whilst Stella aforesaid stood by with a light *.
 My sister has lately depos'd upon oath,
 That she stopt in her course to look at them both:
 That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
 And still as he writ, stood smiling and reading: 40
 That her eyes were as bright as myself at noonday,
 But her graceful black locks were mingled with grey;
 And by the description I certainly know,
 'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago;
 Whom when I with the best of my talents endu'd 45
 On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude:
 That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
 Direct to the *north*, where I never went:
 That the letters appear'd reverse through the pane,
 But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right a-
 gain; 50
 Wherein she distinctly could read ev'ry line,
 And presently guess'd the fancy was mine †.

* See verses said to be cut by two of the Dean's friends upon a pane of glass in one of his parlours, among the posthumous pieces, in vol. 7.

† The mechanism of this poem is formed upon a mistake, which a very slight consideration of the laws of vision would have

256 APOLLO TO THE DEAN.

Now you see, why his verses so seldom are shown :
 The reason is plain, they're none of his own ;
 And observe while you live, that no man is shy 55
 To discover the goods he came honestly by.
 If I light on a thought, he'll certainly steal it;
 And when he has got it, find ways to conceal it :
 Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
 There's scarce one in ten, but what has my mark ; 60
 And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
 I'll make it appear, they are all stolen ware.
 But as for the poem he writ on your fash,
 I think I have now got him under my lash ;
 My sister transcrib'd it last night to his sorrow, 65
 And the public shall see't, if I live till to-morrow.
 Through the zodiac around, it shall quickly be spread
 In all parts of the globe, where your language is read.
 He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refusal,
 When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are u-
 sual : 70
 But the secret is this ; I did lately intend
 To write a few verses on you, as my friend :
 I studied a fortnight before I could find,
 As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
 And resolv'd the next winter, (for that is my time, 75
 When the days are at shortest), to get it in rhyme ;
 Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus :
 When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass us,
 Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
 (For I think in my conscience he deals with *old nick*),
 And from my own stock provided with topics, 81
 He gets to a window beyond both the tropics ;
 There out of my sight, just against the north zone,
 Writes down my conceits, and calls them his own ;

have prevented. The whole depends upon Cynthia's reading in
 Stella's eyes the writing, which appeared inverted, through the
 pane: but as the writing was not inverted on that side of the
 glass at which Stella looked, it must necessarily be inverted in
 her eyes. *Hawkes.*

APOLLO TO THE DEAN. 257

And you, like a cully, the bubble can swallow : 85
 Now, who but Delany, that writes like Apollo?
 High treason by statute ! but here you object,
 He only stole hints, but the verse is correct ;
 Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely express'd.
 So a thief steals my horse, and has him well dress'd. 90
 Now, whereas the said criminal seems past repentance,
 We Phœbus think fit to proceed to the sentence.
 Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire,
 To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire ;
 We order a vulture, in shape of the spleen, 95
 To prey on his liver, but not to be seen.
 And we order our subjects of ev'ry degree
 To believe all his verses were written by me ;
 And, under the pain of our highest displeasure,
 To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure. 100
 And lastly, for Stella just out of her prime,
 I'm too much reveng'd already by time.
 In return to her scorn, I sent her diseases ;
 But will now be her friend, whenever she pleases :
 And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover, 105
 Though she lives to be grey as a badger all over.

AN ELEGY on the much lamented death of Mr
 DEMAR, the famous rich usurer, who died the
 6th of July 1720 *.

Written in the year 1720.

K Now all men by these presents, Death the tamer
 By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar ;

* This elegy was a subject started and partly executed in company, consisting of Swift and Stella, and a few friends. Every one threw in a hint ; and Stella's were the 31st, 33d, 33d, and 34th lines. *Hawkes.*

Nor can *four hundred thousand Sterling pound*
 Redeem him from his *prison* under ground.
 His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess, 5
 Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
 Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
 His faithful steward in the shades below.
 He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak ;
 He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk : 10
 And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
 He might be thought an object fit for alms ;
 So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
 He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

Where-e'er he went, he never saw his *bettters* ; 15
Lords, knights, and 'squires, were all his humble debtors ;
 And under *band* and *seal* the Irish nation
 Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation*.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
 In half a minute is not worth a groat. 20
 His *coffers* from the *coffin* could not save,
 Nor all his *int'rest* keep him from the grave.
 A golden monument would not be right,
 Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh London tavern * ! thou hast lost a friend, 25
 Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend :
 He *touch'd* the *pence* when others *touch'd* the *pot* ;
 The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
 On him could ever boast a power to seize ; 30
 But as his gold he weigh'd, grim Death in spight
 Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light ;
 And as he saw his darling *money* fail,
 Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale.
 He who so long was *current*, 'twould be strange 35
 If he should now be *cry'd down* since his *change*.

The *sexton* shall green sods on thee bestow :
 Alas ! the *sexton* is thy *banker* now.

* A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.

THE RUN UPON BANKERS. 259

A dismal *banker* must that *banker* be,
Who gives no *bills* but of *mortality* *.

40

The Run upon the BANKERS.

Written in the year 1720.

I.

THE bold incroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune with one general sweep
Turns all again to barren strand.

II.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are said to represent the seas ;
Which *breaking bankers* and the *banks*,
Resume *their own* whene'er they please.

III.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper *circulation*
Its motion and its heat maintains.

IV.

Because 'tis *lordly* not to pay,
Quakers and *aldermen* in state
Like *peers* have *levees* ev'ry day
Of duns attending at their gate.

V.

We want our money on the nail ;
The banker's ruin'd if he pays :
They seem to act an ancient tale ;
The *birds* are met to strip the *jays*.

VI.

Riches, the wisest monarch † fings,
Make *pinions* for themselves to fly :

* See an epitaph on this miser, p. 172.

† Solomon.

260 THE RUN UPON BANKERS.

They fly like bats on *parchment wings*,
And geese their *silver* plumes supply.

VII.

No money left for squand'ring heirs ! 25
Bills turn the lenders into debtors :
The wish of Nero now is theirs,
That they *had never known their letters* *.

VIII.

Conceive the works of midnight-hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs : 30
Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sit squeezing *images of wax* †.

IX.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke ;
The witches left in open air,
With pow'r no more than other folk, 35
Expos'd with all their *magic* ware.

X.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due ;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty chests in view. 40

XI.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light,
Upon the god of *gold* and *hell*,
Unable to endure the sight,
He hides within his darkest cell.

XII.

As when a conj'rer takes a lease 45
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a dismal case,
Whene'er the *bloody bond* ‡ appears.

* It is said of Nero, that when he first came to the imperial dignity from the tutorage of Seneca, being asked to sign a warrant for an execution, he wished he could not write. *Hawkes*.

† Witches were fabled to torment the absent, by roasting or otherwise ill treating their images in wax. *Hawkes*.

‡ These contracts were alway supposed to be signed with blood. *Hawkes*.

THE DESCRIPTION, &c. 261

XIII.

A baited banker thus desponds,
From his own hand foresees his fall;
They have his *soul* who have his *bonds*;
'Tis like the *writing on the wall**. 50

XIV.

How will the caitiff wretch be scar'd,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepar'd,
And all his *grand account* to make? 55

XV.

For in that universal call
Few bankers will to heav'n be mounters:
They'll cry, *Ye shops upon us fall*,
Conceal and cover us, ye counters: 60

XVI.

When *other* hands the *scales* shall hold,
And they in *men and angels* fight
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
Weigh'd in the balance, and found light.

The DESCRIPTION of an IRISH FEAST,
translated almost literally out of the original Irish.

Translated in the year 1720.

O Rourk's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there,
Of those who were not.
His revels to keep,
We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,
Fat bullocks and swine.

5

* *Mene mene tekcl uphar sin.*

262 THE DESCRIPTION OF

Ufquebaugh to our feast	
In pails was brought up,	10
An hundred at least,	
And a madder * our cup.	
O there is the sport !	
We rise with the light	
In disorderly fort	15
From snoring all night.	
O how was I trick'd !	
My pipe it was broke,	
My pocket was pick'd,	
I lost my new cloak.	20
I'm ris'd, quoth Nell,	
Of mantle and kercher † :	
Why then fare them well,	
The de'il take the searcher.	
Come, harper, strike up ;	25
But, first, by your favour,	
Boy, give us a cup :	
Ah ! this has some favour.	
O Rourk's jolly boys	
Ne'er dream'd of the matter,	30
Till rous'd by the noise	
And musical clatter,	
They bounce from their nest,	
No longer will tarry,	
They rise ready drest,	35
Without one <i>Ave Mary</i> .	
They dance in a round,	
Cutting capers and ramping ;	
A mercy the ground	
Did not burst with their stamping.	40
The floor is all wet	
With leaps and with jumps,	
While the water and sweat	
Splish splash in their pumps.	

* A wooden vessel.

† An handkerchief.

AN IRISH FEAST.

263

Bless you late and early,
 Laughlin O Enagin,
*By my hand **, you dance rarely,
 Margery Grinagin †.
 Bring straw for our bed,
 Shake it down to the feet,
 Then over us spread
 The winnowing sheet :
 To show I don't flinch,
 Fill the bowl up again ;
 Then give us a pinch
 Of your sneezing, a *yeen* ‡.
 Good Lord, what a fight,
 After all their good cheer,
 For people to fight
 In the midst of their beer !
 They rise from their feast,
 And hot are their brains,
 A cubit at least
 The length of their *skeans* ||.
 What stabs and what cuts,
 What clatt'ring of sticks ;
 What strokes on the guts,
 What bastings and kicks !
 With cudgels of oak
 Well harden'd in flame
 An hundred heads broke,
 An hundred struck lame.
 You churl, I'll maintain
 My father built Lusk,
 The castle of Slain,
 And Carrick Drumrusk :
 The Earl of Kildare,
 And Moynalta, his brother,

45

50

55

60

65

70

75

* An Irish oath.

† The name of an Irish woman.

‡ An Irish word for a woman.

|| Daggers, or short swords.

264 ON A FRENCH GENTLEMAN, &c.

As great as they are,
I was nurs'd by their mother*.

80

Ask that of old *Madam*,
She'll tell you who's who,

As far up as Adam,
She knows it is true.

Come down with that beam,
If cudgels are scarce,

85

A blow on the weam,
Or a kick on the a—se.

A French gentleman dining with some company on a fast-day, called for some bacon and eggs. The rest were very angry, and reproved him for so hainous a sin: whereupon he wrote the following lines *extempore*, which are here translated.

*PEut on croire avec bon sens,
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere,
Ou, que manger un harang,
C'est un secret pour lui plaire ?
En sa gloire envelopé,
Songe t'il bien de nos soupé ?*

5

IN ENGLISH.

WHO can believe with common sense,
A bacon slice gives God offence,
Or how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm ?
Wrapt up in majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine ?

5

* It is the custom in Ireland, to call nurses foster-mothers, their husband foster-fathers, and their children foster-brothers or foster sisters; and thus the poorest claim kindred to the richest.

An excellent new S O N G on a seditious
pamphlet*.

To the tune of Packington's pound.

Written in the year 1720.

B Rocados, and damasks, and tabbies, and gawses,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
With forty things more : now hear what the law says,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the King's lo-
ver.

Though a printer and dean 5
Seditiously mean

Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean ;
We'll buy English silks for our wives* and our daugh-
ters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

II.

In England the dead in woollen are clad, 10
The Dean and his printer then let us cry sie on ;
To be cloth'd like a carcase would make a Teague
mad,

Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.

Our wives they grow fullen
At wearing of woollen, 15
And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in.

* Dr Swift having wrote a treatise advising the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures, a prosecution was set on foot against Waters the printer thereof ; which was carried on with so much violence, that the then Lord Chief Justice, one Whitshed, thought proper, in a manner the most extraordinary, to keep the grand jury above twelve hours, and to fend them eleven times out of court, until he had wearied them into a special verdict. *Dub. edit.* See vol. 3. p. 5.

Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

III.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To *inflame* both the nations do plainly conspire; 20
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder;
And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.

Therefore I assure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the Dean's book, they were in a great
fury: 25

They would buy English silks for their wives and their
daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

IV.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *Coram nobis* so oft hath been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor li-
nen, 30

And, if swearing can do't, shall be swingingly maul'd:
And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,

If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce come off
clean.

Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our
daughters, 35
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

CARBERIÆ RUPEŠ in comitatu Corgagenſi
apud Hibernicos*.

Scriptit Jun. ann. Dom. 1723.

ECce ingens fragmen scopuli, quod vertice summo
Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum,

* See above, p. 5.

Decidit in fluctus : maria undique et undique faxa
 Horrisono stridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
 Erigitur ; trepidatque suis Neptunus in uadis. 5
 Nam, longâ ventî rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
 Æquorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur :
 Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant ;
 Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas.
 Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse tonantem 10
 Montibus impositos montes, et Pelion altum
 In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâsse gigantum.

Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
 Exesa è scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
 Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo. 15
 Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
 Formantur ; moles olim ruitura supernè.
 Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
 Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.

Sed, cum sævit hyems, et venti, carcere rupto, 20
 Immenso volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,
 Non obfessæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
 Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
 Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ :
 Littora littoribus reboant ; vicinia latè, 25
 Gens assueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
 Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.

Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
 Vi salientis aquæ de summo præcipitantur,
 Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linquunt. 30

Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem ;
 Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et, aëra sudum
 Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat.

[We have added a translation of the preceding poem for the benefit of our English readers. It is done by Mr W. Dunkin, M. A. for whom our supposed author hath expressed a great regard on account of his ingenious performances, although unacquainted with him.]

CARBERRY ROCKS in the county of Cork, Ireland.

LO! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
 Its airy head amidst the azure clouds,
 Hangs a huge fragment; destitute of props,
 Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops!
 With horse rebuff the swelling seas rebound. 5
 From shore to shore the rocks return the sound:
 The dreadful murmur heaven's high convex cleaves,
 And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves:
 For long the whirling winds and beating tides
 Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides. 10
 Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
 Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge.
 Not louder noise could shake the guilty world,
 When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
 Retorting Pelion from his dread abode, 15
 To crush earth's rebel-sons beneath the load.

Oft too with hideous yawn the caverns wide
 Present an orifice on either side,
 A dismal orifice from sea to sea
 Extended, pervious to the god of day: 20
 Uncouthly join'd the rocks stupendous form
 An arch, the ruin of a future storm:
 High on the cliff their nests the *woodquests* make,
 And sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak Winter with his sullen train 25
 Awakes the winds to vex the wat'ry plain;
 When o'er the craggy steep without control,
 Big with the blast, the raging billows roll;

THE FRENCH DOG.

269

Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from heav'n by Jove's avenging hand, 30
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blasts their gilded tow'rs,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar :
Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore.
The neighb'ring race, though wont to brave the shocks 35
Of angry seas, and run along the rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.

The goats, while pendent from the mountain-top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop, 40
Wash'd down the precipice with sudden sweep,
Leave their sweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.
The frighted fisher with desponding eyes,
Though safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the skies serene, 45
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

Upon the HORRID PLOT discovered by HAR-
LEQUIN, the Bishop of ROCHESTER'S
French dog*.

In a dialogue between a Whig and a Tory.

Written in the year 1723.

I Ask'd a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light ?
He answer'd, that a *dog* of late
Inform'd a minister of state.

* See the proceedings in parliament against Dr Atterbury the Bishop of Rochester, State-trials, vol. 6. ---- He was tried by the Lords for a plot against the government, deprived of his bishoprick, banished his native country, and died in France, Feb. 15. 1732.

Said I, from thence I nothing know ;
For are not all informers so ?

5

A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase ;
And so a perjur'd dog denotes
Porter, and Prendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.

10

Whig. But you must know, this dog was lame.

Tory. A weighty argument indeed !

Your evidence was lame : — proceed :
Come, help your lame dog o'er the stile.

15

Whig. Sir, you mistake me all this while :

I mean a dog (without a joke)

Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.

Tory. I'm still to seek, which dog you mean ;

Whether cur Plunket, or whelp Skean.

20

An English, or an Irish hound ;

Or t'other puppy that was drown'd,

Or Mafon, that abandon'd bitch :

Then pray be free, and tell me which :

For ev'ry stander by was marking,

25

That all the noise they made was *barking*.

You pay them well ; the dogs have got

Their dogs-heads in a porridge-pot :

And 'twas but just ; for wise men say,

That *ev'ry dog must have his day*.

30

Dog Walpole laid a quart of *nog* on't,

He'd either *make a hog or dog on't* ;

And look'd, since he has got his wish,

As if he had *thrown down a dish*.

Yet this I dare foretel you from it,

35

He'll soon *return to his own vomit*.

Whig. Besides this horrid plot was found

By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.

Tory. Why then the proverb is not right,

Since you can teach *dead dogs* to bite.

40

Whig. I prov'd my proposition full :

But Jacobites are strangely dull.

Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,

Our witness is a real *cur*,

THE FRENCH DOG. 271

A *dog* of spirit for his years, 45
 Has twice two legs, two hanging ears ;
 His name is *Harlequin*, I wot,
 And that's a name in ev'ry *plot* :
 Resolv'd to save the British nation,
 Though French by birth and education ; 50
 His correspondence plainly dated
 Was all decypher'd and *translated* :
 His answers were exceeding pretty
 Before the secret wise committee :
 Confess'd as plain as he could bark : 55
 Then with his forefoot set his *mark*.

Tory. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
 I thought it was a *dog* in *doublet* :
 The matter now no longer sticks ;
 For statesmen never want *dog-tricks*. 60
 But since it was a real cur,
 And not a *dog* in metaphor,
 I give you joy of the report,
 That he's to have a place at court.

Whig. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in ; 65
 A turnspit in the royal kitchen.
 Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
 We had occasion for a *plot* :
 And when we found the *dog* begin it,
 We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it. 70

Tory. I own it was a dang'rous project ;
 And you have prov'd it by *dog-logic*.
 Sure such intelligence between
 A *dog* and bishop ne'er was seen,
 Till you began to change the breed ; 75
 Your bishops all are *d——gs* indeed.

JOAN cudgels NED.

Written in the year 1723.

JOan cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully ;
 Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully.

272 STELLA AT WOOD-PARK.

Die Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
She dare not say her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
And ev'ry day she *combs his head.*

5

STELLA at WOOD-PARK,

A house of CHARLES FORD, Esq; eight miles from
Dublin.

—————*Cuicunque nocere volebat
Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.*

Written in the year 1723.

DON Carlos in a merry spite
Did Stella to his house invite :
He entertain'd her half a year
With gen'rous wines and costly chear.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price :
Now at the table-head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits ;
She look'd on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn :
A haunch of ven'son made her swear,
Unless it had the right *fumette.*
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
Dear Madam, try this pigeon's leg ;
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light she view'd the wine,
To see that ev'ry glass was fine.
At last grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil;

5

10

15

20

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK. 273

Don Carlos now began to find
 His malice work as he design'd.
 The winter-sky began to frown, 25
 Poor Stella must pack off to town;
 From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
 To * Liffy's stinking tide at Dublin:
 From wholesome exercise and air,
 To flossing in an easy chair: 30
 From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
 To piddle like a lady breeding:
 From ruling there the household singly,
 To be directed here by Dingly †:
 From ev'ry day a lordly banquet, 35
 To half a joint, and *God be thanked*:
 From ev'ry meal, Pontack in plenty,
 To half a pint one day in twenty:
 From Ford attending at her call,
 To visits of _____ 40
 From Ford who thinks of nothing mean,
 To the poor doings of the Dean:
 From growing richer with good cheer,
 To running out by starving here.
 But now arrives the dismal day; 45
 She must return to Ormond Quay ‡.
 The coachman stopt; she look'd, and swore
 The rascal had mistook the door:
 At coming in you saw her stoop;
 The entry brush'd against her hoop: 50
 Each moment rising in her airs,
 She curs'd the narrow winding stairs:
 Began a thousand faults to spy;
 The ceiling hardly six feet high;
 The smutty wainscot full of cracks: 55
 And half the chairs with broken backs:
 Her quarter's out at Ladyday,
 She vows she will no longer stay

* The river that runs through Dublin.

† A lady. The two ladies lodged together.

‡ Where the two ladies lodged.

274 STELLA AT WOOD-PARK.

In lodgings, like a poor Grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let. 60

Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup:
When all the while you might remark,
She strove in vain to ape Wood-park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her store, 65
The cupboard could contain but four):
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of *delf*.

Thus for a week the farce went on;
When all her country-savings gone, 70
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.

Thus far in jest: though now I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;
But poets, when a hint is new, 75
Regard not whether false or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,

Where truth has not the least pretence;
Nor can be more securely plac'd,
'Than on a nymph of Stella's taste. 80
I must confess, your wine and vittles
I was too hard upon a little:

Your table neat, your linen fine;
And, though in miniature, you shine:
Yet when you sigh to leave Wood-park, 85
The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
To languish in this odious town,

And pull your haughty stomach down;
We think you quite mistake the case,
The virtue lies not in the place: 90
For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

A quibbling ELEGY on the Worshipful Judge BOAT.

Written in the year 1723.

TO mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate hath *sunk* our Justice *Boat*.
Why should he *sink*, where nothing seem'd to press?
His *lading* little, and his *ballast* less.
Tost in the *waves* of this *tempestuous* world, 5
At length, his *anchor* fix'd, and *canvas* furl'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end * he *founders* in the *port*.
With *water* † fill'd he could no longer *float*,
The common death of many a stronger *boat*. 10

A post so fill'd, on nature's laws intrenches:
Benches on *boats* are plac'd, not *boats* on *benches*.
And yet our *Boat*, how shall I reconcile it?
Was both a *boat*, and in one sense a *pilot*.
With every *wind* he *sail'd*, and well could *tack*: 15
Had many *pendents*, but abhorr'd a *Jack* ‡.
He's gone, although his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a *rope*.

Behold the awful *bench* on which he sat;
He was as *hard* and pon'drous *wood* as that: 20
Yet, when his *sand* was out, we find at last,
That death has *overfet* him with a *blast*.
Our *Boat* is now *sail'd* to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry souls to hell; 25
A trade our *Boat* || hath practis'd here so well:
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both *pitch* and *brimstone* to fill up his *flaws*.

* Two villages near the sea, where boatmen and seamen live.

† It was said he died of a dropsy.

‡ A cant word for a Jacobite.

|| In hanging people as a judge.

276 ELEGY ON JUDGE BOAT.

Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
 We may place *Boat* in his old *post* again. 30
 The way is thus, and well deserves your thanks:
 Take the three strongest of his broken planks;
 Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
 Form'd like the triple-tree near Stephen's * green;
 And when we view it thus with thief at end on't, 35
 We'll cry, Look, here's our *Boat*, and there's the pen-
dent.

The E P I T A P H.

Here lies *Judge Boat* within a coffin;
 Pray gentle-folks forbear your scoffing.
 A *Boat* a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
 A wooden judge is no such wonder.
 And in his robes you must agree, 5
 No *Boat* was better deck'd than he.
 'Tis needless to describe him fuller,
 In short, he was an able sculler †.

A receipt to restore STELLA's youth.

Written in the year 1724-5.

THE Scottish hinds, too poor to house
 In frosty nights their starving cows,
 While not a blade of grass or hay
 Appears from Michaelmas to May,
 Must let their cattle range in vain 5
 For food along the barren plain.

* Where the Dublin gallows stands.

† Query, Whether the author meant *scholar*, and wilfully mistook.

RECEIPT FOR STELLA. 277

Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
 And nothing left but skin and bone;
 Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
 They just keep life and soul together, 10
 Till summer-show'rs and ev'ning's dew
 Again the verdant glebe renew;
 And as the vegetables rise,
 The famish'd cow her want supplies:
 Without an ounce of last year's flesh;
 15 Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;
 Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
 As rising from Medea's kettle,
 With youth and beauty to inchant
 Europa's counterfeit gallant *. 20

Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
 If I compare you to the cow?
 'Tis just the case; for you have fasted
 So long, till all your flesh is wasted,
 And must against the warmer days 25
 Be sent to Quilca † down to graze;
 Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
 Will soon your appetite repair:
 The nutriment will from within,
 Round all your body, plump your skin;
 30 Will agitate the lazy blood,
 And fill your veins with sprightly blood:
 Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
 Nor ought of Stella but the name;
 For what was ever understood 35
 By human kind, but flesh and blood?
 And if your flesh and blood be new,
 You'll be no more the former you;
 But for a blooming nymph will pass,
 Just fifteen, coming summer's grass, 40
 Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
 While all the 'squires for nine miles round,

* Jupiter is fabled to have stolen Europa in the shape of a bull.
Hawkes.

† Dr Sheridan's house, seven or eight miles from Dublin.

278 WHITSHED's MOTTO, &c.

Attended by a brace of curs,
 With jocky boots and silver spurs,
 No less than justices o' *quorum*, 45
 Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
 Shall leave deciding broken pates,
 To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
 But lest you should my skill disgrace,
 Come back before you're out of case: 50
 For if to Michaelmas you stay,
 The new-born flesh will melt away;
 The 'squires in scorn will fly the house
 For better game, and look for grouse;
 But here, before the frost can mar it, 55
 We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

WHITSHED's motto on his coach*.

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

Liberty and my native country.

Written in the year 1724.

L *ibertas et natale solum* :
 Fine words ! I wonder where you stole 'em.
 Could nothing, but thy chief reproach,
 Serve for a motto on thy coach ?
 But let me now the words translate : 5
Natale solum, my estate ;
 My dear estate, how well I love it !
 My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it :
 They swear I am so kind and good,
 I hug them, till I squeeze their blood. 10

* The noted Chief Justice who twice prosecuted the Drapier, and dissolved the grand jury for not finding the bill against him. See his letters, in vol. 3.

Libertas bears a large import :
 First, how to swagger in a court ;
 And, secondly, to shew my fury
 Against an uncomplying jury ;
 And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention 15
 To favour Wood, and keep my pension ;
 And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
 Get the great seal, and turn out Brod'rick ;
 And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean),
 To humble that vexatious Dean ; 20
 And, sixthly, for my soul to barter it *,
 For fifty times its worth, to Carteret †.
 Now, since your motto thus you construe,
 I must confess you've spoken once true.
Libertas et natale solum : 25
 You had good reason, when you stole 'em.

Sent by Dr DELANY to Dr SWIFT, in order to be admitted to speak to him, when he was deaf.

Written in the year 1724.

DEar Sir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
 Your ears and doors should both be barr'd.
 Can any thing be more unkind ?
 Must I not see, 'cause you are blind ?
 Methinks, a friend at night should cheer you, 5
 A friend that loves to see and hear you.
 Why am I robb'd of that delight,
 When you can be no loser by't ?
 Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer ?)
 That if you heard, you'd be no gainer. 10
 For sure you are not yet to learn,
 That hearing is not your concern ;

* (i. e.) Liberty to barter his soul. *Hawkes.*

† Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Then be your doors no longer barr'd :
Your business, Sir, is to be heard.

The ANSWER.

THE wife pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loss to lose an ear.
Why are we then so fond of two,
When, by experience, one would do ?

'Tis true, say they, cut off the head, 5
And there's an end ; the man is dead ;
Because, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace :
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain, 10
The loss of one is no such trouble,
Since t'other will in strength be double.
The limb surviving, you may swear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir.
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of 15
Your Rev'rence but to cut one leg off ;
And you shall find by this device,
The other will be stronger twice ;
For ev'ry day you shall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining : 20
So, when an eye hath lost its brother,
You see the better with the other :
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two :
Because the soul her power contracts, 25
And on the brother-limb *reacts*.

But yet the point is not so clear in
Another case, the sense of hearing :
For though the place of either ear
Be distant as one head can bear ; 30
Yet Galen most acutely shews you,
(Consult his book *de partium usu*),

That from each ear, as he observes,
 There crept two auditory nerves,
 Not to be seen without a glass, 35
 Which near the *os petrosum* pass;
 Thence to the neck: and moving thorough there
 One goes to this, and one to t'other ear,
 Which made my grand-dame always stuff her ears,
 Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers. 40
 You see my learning; but to shorten it,
 When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
 To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
 And thus I solve this hard *phenomenon*.

'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies 45
 To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
 Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
 Would guard your nose against a post:
 Without your legs, two legs of wood
 Are stronger, and almost as good: 50
 And as for hands, there have been those,
 Who wanting both, have us'd their toes*;
 But no contrivance yet appears
 To furnish artificial ears.

A quiet LIFE and a good NAME.

To a friend who married a shrew.

Written in the year 1724.

NELL scolded in so loud a din,
 That Will durst hardly venture in:
 He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
 Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;

* There was about this time a man shewed, who wrote with his foot. *Hawkes*.

But when he saw his friend appear, 5
 Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my dear
 At sight of Will she bawl'd no more,
 But hurry'd out, and clapp'd the door.

Why, Dick ! the devil's in thy Nell,
 (Quoth Will), thy house is worse than hell: 10
 Why, what a peal the jade has rung !
 Damn her, why don't you slit her tongue ?
 For nothing else will make it cease.
 Dear Will, I suffer this for peace :
 I never quarrel with my wife ; 15
 I bear it for a quiet life.
 Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it ;
 Bids us to *seek peace, and ensue it.*

Will went again to visit Dick ;
 And ent'ring in the very nick, 20
 He saw virago Nell belabour,
 With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbour :
 Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
 Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.

But now, to make my story short, 25
 Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
 Why, Dick, thy wife has dev'lish whims ;
 Od(bubs, why don't you break her limbs ?
 If she were mine, and had such tricks,
 I'd teach her how to handle sticks : 30
 Z——ds, I would ship her to Jamaica,
 Or truck the carrion for *tobacco* :
 I'd send her far enough away ——
 Dear Will ; but what would people say ?
 Lord ! I should get so ill a name, 35
 The neighbours round would cry out, shame.

Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit ;
 But who believ'd him, when he said it ?
 Can he who makes himself a slave,
 Consult his peace, or credit save ? 40
 Dick found it by his ill success,
 His quiet small, his credit less.

She serv'd him at the usual rate ;
 She stunn'd, and then she broke his pate.
 And what he thought the hardest case, 45
 The parish jeer'd him to his face ;
 Those men who wore the breeches least,
 Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
 At home he was pursu'd with noise ;
 Abroad was pester'd by the boys : 50
 Within, his wife would break his bones ;
 Without, they pelted him with stones :
 The 'prentices procur'd a riding *
 To act his patience, and her chiding.

False patience and mistaken pride ! 55
 There are ten thousand Dicks beside ;
 Slaves to their quiet and good name
 Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

* A riding, a humorous cavalcade still practised in some parts of England, to ridicule a scolding wife and henpecked husband. A woman bestrides the horse, and with a ladle chastises a man, who sits on a pillion behind her, with his face to the horse's tail. *Hawkes.*

[Some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, used to entertain themselves with writing riddles, and sending them to him and their other acquaintance; copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The author at his leisure-hours fell into the same amusement; although it be said, that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use. However, by the advice of some persons, for whom the author had a great esteem, and who were pleased to send the copies, the few following have been published, (which are allowed to be genuine); because we are informed that several good judges have a taste for such kind of compositions.]

A R I D D L E.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

IN youth exalted high in air,
 Or bathing in the waters fair,
 Nature to form me took delight,
 And clad my body all in white:
 My person tall and slender wasse,
 On either side with fringes grac'd;
 Till me that tyrant man espy'd,
 And dragg'd me from my mother's side!
 No wonder now I look so thin;
 The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin:
 My skin he slay'd, my hair he cropt;
 At head and foot my body lopt:
 And then, with heart more hard than stone,
 He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
 To vex me more, he took a freak
 To slit my tongue, and make me speak:
 But that which wonderful appears,
 I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
 He oft employs me in disguise,
 And makes me tell a thousand lies:
 To me he chiefly gives in trust
 To please his malice, or his lust.
 From me no secret he can hide:
 I see his vanity and pride:
 And my delight is to expose
 His follies to his greatest foes.

All languages I can command,
 Yet not a word I understand.
 Without my aid the best divine
 In learning would not know a line:
 The lawyer must forget his pleading;
 The scholar could not shew his reading.

RIDDLES.

285

Nay, man my master is my slave:
I give command to kill or save,
Can grant ten thousand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.

35

But while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

40

II.

A N O T H E R.

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch blest'd,
When in my gaudy liv'ry dress'd!
No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The fav'rite messenger of Jove*,
And Lemnian god † consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight.
Soon would their altars flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

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III.

A N O T H E R.

BY fate exalted high in place,
Lo, here I stand with double face:

* Mercury.

† Vulcan.

Superior none on earth I find;
 But see *below me* all mankind.
 Yet, as it oft attends the great,
 I almost *sink* with my own *weight*.
 At every *motion* undertook,
 The vulgar all consult my *look*.
 I sometimes give advice in *writing*,
 But never of my own *inditing*.

5

10

I am a courtier in my way,
 For those who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
 And some give out that I entice
 To lust, and luxury, and dice;
 Who punishments on me inflict,
 Because they find their pockets pick'd.

15

By riding *post* I lose my health;
 And only to get others wealth.

IV.

A N O T H E R.

Because I am by nature *blind*,
 I wisely chuse to walk *behind*;
 However, to avoid disgrace,
 I let no creature see my *face*.
 My *words* are few, but spoke with *sense*:
 And yet my *speaking* gives offence:
 Or, if to *whisper* I presume,
 The company will fly the room.
 By all the world I am *opprest*,
 And my *oppression* gives them *rest*.

5

10

Through me, though sore against my will,
Instructors ev'ry art instil.
 By thousands I am *sold* and *bought*,
 Who neither get, nor lose a groat;
 For none, alas, by me can gain,
 But those who give me *greatest* pain.

15

Shall man presume to be my master,
 Who's but my *caterer* and *taster*?
 Yet though I always have my will,
 I'm but a mere *dependor* still: 20
 An humble *hanger-on* at best;
 Of whom all people *make a jest*.

In me detractors seek to find
 Two vices of a diff'rent kind:
 I'm too profuse, some cens'ers cry, 25
 And all I get, I *let it fly*:
 While others give me many a curse,
 Because too *close* I hold my *purse*.
 But this I know, in either case
 They dare not *charge* me to my *face*. 30
 'Tis true indeed, sometimes I *save*,
 Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
 But when the year is at an end,
 Computing what I *get* and *spend*,
 My *goings out*, and *comings in*, 35
 I cannot find I lose or win;
 And therefore all that know me say,
 I justly keep the *middle way*.
 I'm always by my betters led;
 I last *get up*, am first *abed*; 40
 Though, if I rise *before my time*,
 The learn'd in sciences sublime
 Consult the stars, and thence foretell
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

V.

A N O T H E R.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
 Domestic subject for disputes,
 Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
 Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care;
 I saw thee rais'd to high renown, 5
 Supporting half the British crown;

And often have I seen thee grace
 The chaste Diana's infant-face;
 And whensoever you please to shine,
 Less useful is her light than thine: 10
 Thy num'rous fingers know their way,
 And oft in Celia's tresses play.

To place thee in another view,
 I'll shew the world strange things and true;
 What lords and dames of high degree 15
 May justly claim their birth from thee.
 The soul of man with spleen you vex;
 Of spleen you cure the female sex.
 Thee for a gift the courtier sends
 With pleasure to his special friends: 20
 He gives; and with a gen'rous pride,
 Contrives all means the gift to hide:
 Nor oft can the receiver know,
 Whether he has the gift or no.
 On airy wings you take your flight, 25
 And fly unseen both day and night;
 Conceal your form with various tricks;
 And few know how or where you fix.
 Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
 That they to others give thee most. 30
 Mean time, the wise a question start,
 If thou a real being art;
 Or but a creature of the brain,
 That gives imaginary pain:
 But the sly giver better knows thee; 35
 Who feels true joys, when he bestows thee.

VI.

A N O T H E R.

THough I, alas! a pris'ner be,
 My trade is pris'ners to set free.

No slave his Lord's commands obeys
 With such *insinuating* ways.
 My genius *piercing, sharp, and bright,*
 Wherein the men of wit delight.
 The clergy keep me for their ease,
 And *turn* and *wind* me as they please.
 A new and wondrous art I show
 Of raising spirits from below ;
 In *scarlet* some, and some in *white* :
 They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
 In at each *mouth* the *spirits* pass,
 Distinctly seen as through a glass :
 O'er *head* and body make a rout,
 And drive at last all *secrets* out :
 And still the more I show my art,
 The more they *open ev'ry heart*.

5

10

15

A greater chymist none than I,
 Who, from *materials hard and dry,*
 Have taught men to *extract* with skill
 More precious juice than from a still.

20

Although I'm oft *out of case,*
 I'm not ashamed to show my *face*.
 Though at the tables of the great,
 I near the side-board take my seat ;
 Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
 Is never pleas'd till I make one :
 He kindly bids me near him stand ;
 And often takes me by the *hand*.

25

30

I twice a-day a-hunting go ;
 Nor ever fail to *seize my foe* ;
 And when I have him by the *pole,*
 I drag him upwards from his *hole,*
 Though some are of so stubborn kind,
 I'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.

35

I hourly wait some fatal end ;
 For I can *break,* but scorn to *bend*.

VII.

A N O T H E R.

The gulf of all human possessions.

Written in the year 1724.

Come hither and behold the fruits,
 Vain man, of all thy vain pursuits.
 Take wise advice, and *look behind*,
 Bring all *past* actions to thy mind.
 Here you may see, as in a glass,
 How soon all human pleasures pass.
 How will it mortify thy pride,
 To turn the true impartial side !
 How will your eyes contain their tears,
 When all the sad *reverse* appears !

5

10

This cave within its womb confines
 The last result of all designs :
 Here lie deposited the spoils
 Of busy mortals endless toils :
 Here, with an easy search, we find
 The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
 The wretched purchase here behold
 Of traitors who their country sold.

15

This gulf insatiable imbibes
 The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes.
 Here, in their proper shape and mien,
 Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.

20

Necessity, the tyrant's law,
 All human race must hither draw ;
 All prompted by the same *desire*,
 The vig'rous youth, and aged sire.

25

Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make *oblations* at this shrine. 30
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
For while the bashful sylvan maid,
As half ashamed, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part 35
With that which dwelt so *near her heart* ;
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profusely pours her *off'rings* here.

A treasure here of *learning* lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works ; 40
Labours of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.

In at this gulf all off'rings pass,
And lie an undistinguish'd mass.
Deucalion to restore mankind 45
Was bid to throw the stones *behind* ;
So those who here their gifts convey,
Are forc'd to *look another way* ;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below. 50

Sad charnel-house ! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home ;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave ;
Where each supply of *dead* renews 55
Unwholesome *damps*, *offensive dews* :
And lo ! the *writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls ;
The *food of worms*, and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign. 60

See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die ;

A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.

65

And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:
In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest;
I saw them of their garments stript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;
Twice were they bury'd, twice were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting place at last.

70

75

Here oft the curious trav'ler finds
The combat of *opposing winds*:
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws;
Why, at this *cave's* tremendous mouth,
He feels at once both *north* and *south*:
Whether the winds in caverns pent
Through *clefts* oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, *op'ning all his stores*,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.

80

85

Yet from this *mingled mass* of things
In time a new creation springs.
These *crude* materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies:
In various forms appear again
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

90

95

VIII.

A N O T H E R.

LOUISA TO STREPHON.

Written in the year 1724.

A H, Strephon, how can you despise
Her who without thy pity dies ?

To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble blood as you ;
Fair issue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy bosom bred ;
Embrac'd thee closer than a wife ;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why should my shepherd take amiss,
That oft I wake thee with a kiss ?
Yet you of ev'ry kiss complain ;
Ah, is not love a pleasing pain ?
A pain which ev'ry happy night
You cure with ease and with delight ;
With pleasure, as the poet sings,
Too great for mortals less than kings.

5

10

15

Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
Observes me with revengeful eye :
If Cloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desp'rate nails ;
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious race ;
They all were born from thy embrace.

20

Consider, Strephon, what you do ;
For should I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost ;
And all my kin, a num'rous host,

25

Who down direct our lineage bring
 From victors o'er the Memphian King; 30
 Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
 Who never fled the bloody plains,
 Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
 And scorn the pleasures of a court;
 From whom great Sylla found his doom; 35
 Who scourg'd to death that scourge of Rome,
 Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
 Thou, like Alcides, shalt expire,
 When his invenom'd shirt he wore,
 And skin and flesh in pieces tore. 40
 Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
 Cut from the piece that made her shift,
 Shall in thy dearest blood be dy'd,
 And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX.

A N O T H E R.

Written in the year 1725.

DEpriv'd of root, and branch, and rind,
 Yet flow'rs I bear of ev'ry kind;
 And such is my prolific pow'r,
 They bloom in less than half an hour:
 Yet standers-by may plainly see 5
 They get no nourishment from me.
 My head with giddiness goes round;
 And yet I firmly stand my ground:
 All over naked I am seen,
 And painted like an Indian queen. 10
 No couple-beggar in the land
 E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand;
 I join them fairly with a *ring*;
 Nor can our parson blame the thing:
 And though no marriage-words are spoke, 15
 They part not till the *ring* is broke,

Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I'm but an idol rais'd on high ;
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down. 20
I lay a pris'ner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old post restor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

VERSES on the upright judge who condemned
the DRAPIER's printer.

Written in the year 1724.

THE church I hate, and have good reason ;
For there my grandfire cut his weazon :
He cut his weazon at the altar ;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

On the same.

IN church your grandfire cut his throat :
To do the job too long he tarry'd ;
He should have had my hearty vote,
To cut his throat before he marry'd.

On the same.

(The Judge speaks).-

I'M not the grandson of that ass Quin *,
Nor can you prove it, Mr Pasquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice ;

* An alderman.

296 ON THE WANT OF SILVER.

This when my grandfire knew, they tell us he
In Christ-church cut his throat for jealousy.
And, since the alderman was mad you say,
Then must I be so too, *ex traduce*.

5

A SIMILE, on our want of SILVER, and
the only way to remedy it.

Written in the year 1725.

AS when of old some forc'refs threw
O'er the moon's face a fable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air ;
Wise people, who believ'd with reason,
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din ;
The cymbal's rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell :
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her *silver* face again.
(Note here, that in the chymic style,
The moon is *silver* all this while).

5

10

15

So (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long winded)
When late a feminine magician *,
Join'd with a *brazen* politician,
Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment of prodigious size † ;
Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no silver to be seen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppose his counter-charm of paper,

20

25

* A great lady is reported to have been bribed by Wood.

† A patent to William Wood, for coining halfpence.

WOOD THE IRONMONGER. 297

And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud, till all the nation hears ;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
And drive the conj'ners to the devil : 30
And when the sky is grown serene,
Our silver will appear again.

On WOOD the IRONMONGER.

Written in the year 1725.

S Almoncus, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad coppersmith of Elis ;
Up at his forge by morning-peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep.
Among a crew of royst'ring fellows 5
Would sit whole ev'nings at the alehouse :
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vap'ring scab must needs devise
To ape the thunder of the skies : 10
With *brass* two fiery steeds he shod,
To make a clatt'ring as they trod.
Of polish'd *brass* his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar ;
And up he mounts into the box, 15
And he must thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch :
With squibs and crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling croud below. 20
All ran to pray'rs, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity ;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in, 25
To see the wicked varlet sprawling ?
They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base ;

They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder.

30

The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adul'trate copper :
Which, as he scatter'd, we like dolts
Mistook at first for thunderbolts ;
Before the Drapier shot a letter,
(Nor Jove himself could do it better),
Which lighting on th' impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

35

WOOD an INSECT.

Written in the year 1725.

BY long observation I have understood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The first is an insect they call a *wood-louse*,
That folds up itself in itself for a house,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Inclos'd *cap-a-pee* in a strong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears :
And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone *.

10

The louse of the *wood* for a med'cine is us'd,
Or swallow'd alive, or skillfully bruis'd.
And let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice posses'd,
Or sick of *obstructions*, and *pains in her chest*.

15

The next is an insect we call a *wood-worm*,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form :
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch ;
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch ;

20

* He was in jail for debt.

Because, like a watch, it always cries *click* :
 Then wo be to those in the house who are sick ;
 For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
 If the maggot cries *click*, when it scratches the post.
 But a kettle of scalding hot water injected 25
 Infallibly cures the timber affected :
 The omen is broken, the danger is over ;
 The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.

Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd at the
 door

Of a governing statesman or favourite whore : 30
 The death of our nation he seem'd to foretel,
 And the sound of his brags we took for our knell.
 But now since the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,
 I think the best thing we can do is to scald him.
 For which operation there's nothing more proper 35
 Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper ;
 Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
 This coiner of *raps* * in a cauldron of oil.
 Then chuse which you please, and let each bring a faggot,
 For our fear's at an end with the death of the mag-
 got †. 40

TO QUILCA,

A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr SHERIDAN, in no very
 good repair, where the supposed author, and
 some of his friends, spent a summer in the
 year 1725.

LET me thy properties explain :
 A rotten cabin, dropping rain ;
 Chimneys with scorn rejecting smoke ;
 Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.

* A cant word in Ireland for a counterfeit halfpenny.

† See vol. 3. p. 155.

Here elements have lost their uses, 5
 Air ripens not, nor earth produces ;
 In vain we make poor Sheelah * toil,
 Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
 Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
 The goddesses *Want* in triumph reigns ; 10
 And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around * her wait.

H O R A C E, ode 14. book 1. paraphrased, and
 inscribed to IRELAND.

Written in the year 1725-6.

The INSCRIPTION.

*Poor floating isle, toss'd on ill fortune's waves,
 Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves ;
 Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand ;
 Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land ?
 Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
 Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail ;
 Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
 And thus address thee in the sailor's style.*

1. **U**Nhappy ship, thou art return'd in vain :
 New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.
 Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
2. Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.

* An Irish name.

1. *O navis, referent in mare te novi
 Fluctus.*

2. ----- *Fortiter occupa
 Fortum.*

3. Lost are thy oars, that us'd thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors on either side.
4. Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood
The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough eastern wind.
5. Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus, commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the strong cords of union once are broke;
6. Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when some writer in a public cause
His pen to save a sinking nation draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper sail;
'Till pow'r discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation scar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his trust in pop'lar breath.

- A larger sacrifice in vain you vow ;
7. There's not a pow'r above will help you now :
A nation thus, who oft heav'n's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd heav'n relief expects.
 8. 'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke,
That thy descent is from the British oak ;

3. *Nulum remigio latus.*

4. ----- *Malus celeri saucius Africo.*

5. ----- *Ac sine funibus*

Vix durare carinae

Possint impericisus

Æquor?

6. *Non tibi sunt integra lintea.*

7. *Non dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.*

8. *Quamvis Pontica pinus,*

Sylvæ filia nobilis.

Or, when your name and family you boast,
 From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.
 Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
 Her sons descended from the British line ;
 Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
 On French records for twenty long campaigns :
 Yet from an empress now a captive grown,
 She sav'd Britannia's rights, and lost her own.

9. In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
 Lur'd by the gilded stern and painted sides ;
 Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
 In the gay trappings of a birthday-night :
 'They on the bold brocades and satins rav'd,
 And quite forgot their country was enslav'd.
10. Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just ;
 Nor change thy course with ev'ry sudden gust,
 Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
 Who turn with ev'ry gale that blows from court.
11. Weary and sea-sick when in thee confin'd,
 Now for thy safety cares distract my mind ;
 As those who long have stood the storms of state,
 Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
 Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
 Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
 They lie, alas ! too easy to be found ;
 For thee alone they lie the island round.

9. Nil pictis timidus navita fustibus

10. Fidit ; tu, nisi ventis
 Debes ludibrium, cave.

11. Nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,
 Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
 Interfusa nitentes
 Vites aequora Cycladas.

On reading Dr YOUNG's satires called the UNIVERSAL PASSION, by which he means PRIDE.

Written in the year 1726.

IF there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the King;
A minister * so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the common-weal:
If he † who in the chair presides, 5
So steadily the senate guides:
If others whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in this glorious scheme:
If ev'ry peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend: 10
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest?
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair *Justice* shines; 15
Her scale to neither side inclines:
Now *Pride* and cruelty are flown,
And *Mercy* here exalts her throne,
For such is good example's power,
It does its office ev'ry hour, 20
Where governors are good and wise;
Or else the truest maxim lies:

* Sir Robert Walpole. He was prime minister of state to King George I. and II. for above twenty years. He was made a Knight of the Bath in May 1725, and a Knight of the Garter in May 1726; was created Earl of Orford in February 1742, and died March 18. 1745.

† Sir Spencer Compton, the Speaker of the house of Commons at that time. He was created Baron of Wilmington of Sussex, January 11. 1727, and Earl of Wilmington, May 14. 1730. He died First Commissioner of the Treasury, July 2. 1743.

For so we find all ancient sages
 Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
 Through all the realm his virtues run, 25
 Rip'ning and kindling like the sun.
 If this be true, then how much more,
 When you have nam'd at least a score
 Of courtiers, each in their degree,
 If possible, as good as he? 30

Or, take it in a diff'rent view,
 I ask, (if what you say be true),
 If you affirm the present age
 Deserves your satire's keenest rage;
 If that same *universal passion* 35
 With ev'ry vice hath fill'd the nation;
 If Virtue dares not venture down
 A single step beneath the crown;
 If clergymen, to shew their wit,
 Praise *classics* more than holy writ; 40
 If bankrupts, when they are undone,
 Into the senate-house can run,
 And sell their votes at such a rate
 As will retrieve a lost estate;
 If law be such a partial whore 45
 To spare the rich and plague the poor:
 If these be of all crimes the worst,
 What land was ever half so curs'd?

The DOG and THIEF.

Written in the year 1726.

Quoth the thief to the dog, Let me into your door,
 And I'll give you these delicate bits.
 Quoth the dog, I should then be more villain than your'e,
 And besides must be out of my wits.

THE DOG AND THIEF. 305

Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
 But my master each day gives me bread:
 You'll fly, when you get what you came here to steal,
 And I must be hang'd in your stead.

The stockjobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,
 And tips you, the freeman, a wink;
 Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
 And here is a guinea to drink.

Said the freeman, Your guinea to-night would be spent:
 Your offers of bribery cease;
 I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent,
 Or else I may forfeit my lease.

From London they come silly people to chouse,
 Their lands and their faces unknown:
 Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-house,
 That would turn a man out of his own?

ADVICE to the GRUBSTREET VERSE- WRITERS.

Written in the year 1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
 Down from your garrets haste;
 Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
 Not yet consign'd to paste,

I know a trick to make you thrive;
 O, 'tis a quaint device:
 Your stillborn poems shall revive,
 And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
 Then let them well be dry'd;
 And Curll must have a special care
 To leave the margin wide.

306 GRUBSTREET VERSE-WRITERS.

Lend these to paper-sparing Pope :

And when he sits to write,

No letter with an *envelope* *

15

Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,

Why then recall your loan ;

Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,

And swear they are your own.

20

On seeing VERSES written upon WINDOWS in INNS.

Written in the year 1726.

I.

THE fage who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,

Because he ne'er one thought allow'd

That might not be confess'd ;

His window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake,

5

His breast again would cover,

And fairly bid the devil take

The diamond and the lover.

II.

A N O T H E R.

BY Satan taught, all conjurers know
Your mistress in a glass to show,

And you can do as much :

In this the devil and you agree ;

None e'er made verses worse than he,

5

And thine I swear are such.

* A blank cover.

III.

A N O T H E R.

THat love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd;
Those rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

IV.

A N O T H E R.

THE church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near akin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE between
RICHMOND-LODGE and MARBLE-
HILL*.

Written June 1727, just after the news of the
late King's death, to which time this note must
also be referred.

*RICHMOND-LODGE is a house with a small park be-
longing to the crown. It was usually granted by the*

* This piece contains some of the best and finest portraits of
Dr Swift, in three or four different attitudes, that ever were
drawn. In it we are also told, in his own ludicrous way, that he
generally spunged a breakfast once a-week from the Princess of
Wales,

*crown for a lease of years. The Duke of Ormond * was the last who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.*

MARBLE-HILL is a house built by Mrs Howard, then of the bedchamber, now Countess of Suffolk, and Groom of the Stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex-side near Twickenham, where Mr Pope lives, and about two miles from Richmond-Lodge. Mr Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, and the Dean of St Patrick's chief butler, and keeper of the icehouse. Upon King George's death, these two houses met, and had the following dialogue.

† **I**N spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say,
Sing on I must, and sing I will
Of Richmond-Lodge, and Marble-Hill.

Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news :
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

Marble-H. Quoth Marble-Hill, Right well I ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen : 10

Wales, [the late Queen Caroline]; and, I believe, we may take his own word for it, that he frequently used

*To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter.*

Swift.

* James Butler, Duke of Ormond, succeeded John Duke of Marlborough as Captain-General in Q. Anne's reign. He fled from England, soon after the Queen's death in 1714; and retired to Avignon in France, where he died without issue in 1745. His corpse was brought to England, and interred in Westminster-abbey, May 22. 1746.

† This poem was carried to court, and read to the King and Queen.

You'll find it soon by woful proof ;
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

Richmond-L. The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we should put no trust in princes :
My royal master promis'd me 15
To raise me to a high degree ;
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends ; 20
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God they now may find as true.

Marble-H. My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know ;
And now she will not have a shilling 25
To raise the stairs, or build the ceiling ;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound ;
'Tis come to what I always thought :
My dame is hardly worth a groat. 30
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn :
For those we dext'rous courtiers call,
Can rise upon their master's fall.
But we unlucky and unwise 35
Must fall, because our masters rise.

Richmond-L. My master scarce a fortnight since
Was grown as wealthy as a prince ;
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any king : 40
And by his crown will nothing get ;
But like a king to run in debt.

Marble-H. No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no — wine ;
My icchouse rob, as heretofore, 45
And steal my artichokes no more ;
Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
Bedraggled in my walks so green :

310 A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Plump Johnny Gay will now elope ;
And here no more will dangle Pope. 50

Richmond-L. Here wont the Dean, when he's to seek,
To sponge a breakfast once a-week ;
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be said, 55
No butter sticks upon his bread.
We soon shall find him full of spleen,
For want of tattling to the Queen ;
Stunning her royal ears with talking ;
His *Rev'rence* and her *Highness* walking : 60
Whilst Lady Charlotte *, like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly sight to see her ride
With ancient Mirmont † at her side.
In velvet cap his head lies warm ; 65
His hat for show beneath his arm.

Marble-H. Some South-sea broker from the city
Will purchase me, the more's the pity ;
Lay all my fine plantations waste
To fit them to his vulgar taste ; 70
Chang'd for the worse in ev'ry part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

Richmond-L. In my own Thames may I be drowned,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head ;
Except her Majesty prevails 75
To place me with the Prince of Wales :
And then I shall be free from tears,
For he'll be Prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times, as others do. 80
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope :
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

* Lady Charlotte de Rouffy, a French lady.

† Marquis de Mirmont, a Frenchman of quality.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 311

Marble-H. Then let him come and take a nap 85
 In summer on my verdant lap :
 Prefer our *villa's*, where the Thames is,
 To Kensington, or hot St James's ;
 Nor shall I dull in silence sit ;
 For 'tis to me he owes his wit : 90
 My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
 Have taught him his poetic words.
 We gardens, and you wildernesses,
 Assist all poets in distresses.
 Him twice a-week I here expect, 95
 To rattle Moody * for neglect ;
 An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
 In tippling at the *dog* and *partridge* ;
 And I can hardly get him down
 Three times a-week to brush my gown. 100

Richmond-L. I pity you, dear Marble-Hill ;
 But hope to see you flourish still.
 All happiness — and so adieu.

Marble-H. Kind Richmond-Lodge, the same to you.

DESIRE and POSSESSION.

Written in the year 1727.

'TIS strange, what diff'rent thoughts inspire
 In men, *possession* and *desire* !
 Think what they wish so great a blessing ;
 So disappointed when possessing !

A moralist profoundly sage, 5
 I know not in what book or page,
 Or whether o'er a pot of ale,
 Related thus the following tale.

Possession, and *Desire* his brother,
 But still at variance with each other, 10

* The gardener.

312 DESIRE AND POSSESSION.

Were seen contending in a race ;
 And kept at first an equal pace :
 'Tis said, their course continu'd long ;
 For this was active, that was strong :
 Till envy, slander, sloth, and doubt, 15
 Misled them many a league about.
 Seduc'd by some deceiving light,
 They take the wrong way for the right :
 Through slipp'ry by-roads dark and deep
 They often climb, and often creep. 20

Desire, the swifter of the two,
 Along the plain like lightning flew :
 Till ent'ring on a broad highway,
 Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
 He strove to pick up all he found, 25
 And by excursions lost his ground :
 No sooner got, than with disdain
 He threw them on the ground again ;
 And hasted forward to pursue
 Fresh objects fairer to his view ; 30
 In hope to spring some nobler game ;
 But all he took was just the same :
 Too scornful now to stop his pace,
 He spurn'd them in his rival's face.

Possession kept the beaten road ; 35
 And gather'd all his brother strow'd ;
 But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
 Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.

Desire had now the goal in sight :
 It was a tow'r of monstrous height ; 40
 Where on the summit *Fortune* stands,
 A crown and sceptre in her hands ;
 Beneath a chasm as deep as hell,
 Where many a bold advent'rer fell.
Desire in rapture gaz'd a while, 45
 And saw the treach'rous goddess's smile ;
 But as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
 She knock'd him with the sceptre down.

ON CENSURE.

313

He tumbled in the gulf profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.

10

Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumb'rous weight;
And as he now expiring lay,
Flocks ev'ry ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcase light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

35

ON CENSURE.

Written in the year 1727.

YE wise, instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure;
Or how this evil can be born,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are try'd in scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit;
All others who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the pow'r to rise,
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie:
Alas, they would not do you wrong,
But all appearances are strong.

5

10

15

Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs,

20

314 THE FURNITURE OF A

Their utmost malice cannot make
 Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;
 Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
 Or put one feature out of place;
 Nor will you find your fortune sink,
 By what they speak, or what they think;
 Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
 Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise. 25

The most effectual way to baulk
 Their malice, is ——— to let them talk. 30

The FURNITURE of a WOMAN'S MIND.

Written in the year 1727.

A Set of phrases learn'd by rote;
 A passion for a scarlet coat;
 When at a play to laugh, or cry,
 Yet cannot tell the reason why;
 Never to hold her tongue a minute,
 While all she prates has nothing in it;
 Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
 And take his nonsense all for wit;
 Her learning mounts to read a song,
 But half the words pronouncing wrong; 10
 Hath ev'ry repartee in store,
 She spoke ten thousand times before;
 Can ready compliments supply
 On all occasions, cut and dry;
 Such hatred to a parson's gown,
 The sight will put her in a swoon; 15
 For conversation well endu'd,
 She calls it witty to be rude;
 And placing raillery in railing,
 Will tell aloud your greatest failing; 20
 Nor makes a scruple to expose
 Your bandy leg, or crooked nose; 25

Can at her morning-tea run o'er
 The scandal of the day before ;
 Improving hourly in her skill,
 To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In chusing lace a critic nice,
 Knows to a groat the lowest price ;
 Can in her female clubs dispute,
 What linen best the silk will suit,
 What colours each complexion match,
 And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
 Can finely counterfeit a fright ;
 So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
 She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
 Can dext'rously her husband tease,
 By taking fits whenc'er she please ;
 By frequent practice learns the trick
 At proper seasons to be sick ;
 Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
 At once creating love and pity ;
 If Molly happens to be careless,
 And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
 She gets a cold as sure as death,
 And vows she scarce can fetch her breath ;
 Admires how modest women can
 Be so *robustious*, like a man.

In party, furious to her pow'r ;
 A bitter Whig, or Tory sour ;
 Her arguments directly tend
 Against the side she would defend ;
 Will prove herself a Tory plain,
 From principles the Whigs maintain ;
 And to defend the Whiggish cause,
 Her topics from the Tories draws.

316 CLEVER TOM CLINCH.

O yes *! if any man can find,
 More virtues in a woman's mind,
 Let them be sent to Mrs Harding †;
 She'll pay the charges to a farthing: 60
 Take notice, she has my commission
 To add them in the next edition;
 They may outsell a better thing:
 So, holla boys; God save the King.

Clever TOM CLINCH going to be hanged.

Written in the year 1727.

AS clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
 Rode stately through Holbourn to die in his calling,
 He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
 And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
 His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches were white; 5
 His cap had a new cherry riband to tie't.
 The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
 And said, Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man.
 But as from the windows the ladies he spy'd,
 Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each side; 10
 And when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
 He swore from his cart, it was all a damn'd lie.
 The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
 Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
 Then said, I must speak to the people a little, 15
 But I'll see you all damn'd before I will whistle ‡.
 My honest friend Wild ||, may he long hold his place,
 He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.

* O yes; a corruption of *yez*, hear ye; a word used by criers.

† A printer.

‡ A cant word for confessing at the gallows.

|| Jonathan Wild, the noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving stolen goods.

Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade; 20
My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
And thus I go off without pray'r-book or psalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

On cutting down the old THORN at MARKET-
HILL*.

Written in the year 1727.

AT Market hill, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many a hundred years
A spacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came ev'ry village-maid, 5
And on the boughs her garland hung,
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
Secure from satyrs sat and sung.

Sir Archibald † that val'rous knight,
Then lord of all the fruitful plain, 10
Would come to listen with delight,
For he was fond of rural strain.

(Sir Archibald, whose fav'rite name
Shall stand for ages on record,
By Scottish bards of highest fame, 15
Wife Hawthornden and Stirling's Lord ‡.)

But time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;

* A village near the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, where the Dean sometimes made a long visit.

† Sir Archibald Acheson, Secretary of State for Scotland.

‡ Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

318 MARKET-HILL THORN.

No fruit or blossom to be seen,
Its head reclining tow'rs the ground. 20

This aged, sickly, sapless thorn,
Which must, alas! no longer stand,
Behold the cruel Dean in scorn
Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the blow, 25
Altonish'd gave a dreadful shriek;
And mother Tellus trembled so,
She scarce recover'd in a week.

The sylvan pow'rs with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compassion sent 30
(For none could tell whose turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpye, lighting on the stock,
Stood chatt'ring with incessant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock, 35
To rouse and warn the nymph within.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
The ruin of her ancient seat;
And fled in haste with all her brood
To seek a more secure retreat. 40

Last trotted forth the gentle swine,
To ease her itch against the stump,
And dismally was heard to whine,
All as she scrubb'd her meazly rump.

The nymph who dwells in ev'ry tree, 45
(If all be true that poets chant),
Condemn'd by fate's supreme decree,
Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care, 50
Receiv'd its last and deadly wound,
She fled, and vanish'd into air.

But from the root a dismal groan
First issuing, struck the murd'rer's ears;

- And in a shrill revengeful tone 55
 This prophecy he trembling hears.
- " Thou chief contriver of my fall,
 " Relentless Dean, to mischief born ;
 " My kindred oft thine hide shall gall,
 " Thy gown and cassock oft be torn. 60
- " And thy confed'rate dame, who brags
 " That she condemn'd me to the fire,
 " Shall rent her petticoats to rags,
 " And wound her legs with ev'ry bri'r.
- " Nor thou, Lord Arthur *, shalt escape : 65
 " To thee I often call'd in vain,
 " Against that assassin in crape ;
 " Yet thou couldst tamely see me slain.
- " Nor when I felt the dreadful blow,
 " Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy spouse ; 70
 " Since you could see me treated so,
 " (An old retainer to your house),
- " May that fell Dean, by whose command
 " Was form'd this Machi'vellian plot,
 " Not leave a thistle on thy land ; 75
 " Then who will own thee for a Scot ?
- " Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
 " Through all thy empire I foresee,
 " To tear thy hedges, join in leagues ;
 " Sworn to revenge my thorn and me. 80
- " And thou the wretch ordain'd by fate,
 " Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
 " With hatchet blunter than thy pate
 " To hack my hallow'd timber down,
- " When thou suspended high in air, 85
 " Dy'st on a more ignoble tree,
 " (For thou shalt steal thy landlord's mare),
 " Then, bloody *caitiff*, think on me."

* Sir Arthur Acheson.

On the five LADIES at SOT'S-HOLE*, with
the DOCTOR † at their head.

N. B. *The Ladies treated the Doctor.*

Sent as from an officer in the army.

Written in the year 1728.

Fair ladies, number five,
Who in your merry freaks
With little Tom contrive
To feast on ale and steaks.

While he sits by a-grinning,
To see you safe in Sot's-hole,
Set up with greazy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole.

Alas ! I never thought
A priest would please your palate ;
Besides, I'll hold a goat,
He'll put you in a ballad :

Where I shall see your faces
On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like graces,
Than Venus like an owl ;

And we shall take you rather
To be a midnight-pack
Of witches met together,
With Belzebub in black.

It fills my heart with wo
To think, such ladies fine

* An alehouse in Dublin famous for beef-steaks.

† Dr Thomas Sheridan.

ON BURNING A DULL POEM. 321

Should be reduc'd so low
To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parson cheated !
Had you been cunning flagers,
You might yourselves be treated
By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Instead of powder'd beaus,
From pulpits chuse gallants.

If we who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs ;
Z——ds, who would be a rake ?

Had I a heart to fight,
I'd knock the Doctor down ;
Or could I read or write,
I'gad I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch *,
And at the Rose on Sunday,
The parson safe at church,
I'll treat you with burgundy.

ON BURNING a dull POEM.

Written in the year 1729.

AN afs's hoof alone can hold
That pois'nous juice which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an afs's head
Such frigid fustian could contain ;
I mean the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts
Went down like stupifying draughts :

* He kept a school.

322 A LIBEL ON DR DELANY.

I found my head began to swim,
A numbness crept through ev'ry limb.
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When, who could think? though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.

How could I more inance its fame?
Though born in snow, it dy'd in flame. 15

A LIBEL on the Reverend Dr DELANY,
and his Excellency JOHN Lord CAR-
TERET.

To Dr DELANY, occasioned by his epistle to his
Excellency JOHN Lord CARTERET.

Written in the year 1729.

Deluded mortals, whom the great
Chuse for companions *tête à tête*;
Who at their dinners *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And how his *Lordship* was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke,
And how you *laugh'd* at ev'ry joke:
Swear he's a most facetious man;
That you and he are *cup and cann*: 10
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake *preferment's* road.

Suppose my *Lord* and you alone,
Hint the least int'rest of your own;
His visage drops, he knits his brow, 15
He cannot talk of *bus'ness* now:
Or mention but a vacant *post*,
He'll turn it off with, *Name your toast*.

A LIBEL ON DR DELANY. 323

Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint 20

For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit are but a kind
Of pandars to a vitious mind;
Who proper objects must provide 25
To gratify their lust of pride,
When weary'd with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then should you dare to ask a *place*,
You forfeit all your *patron's* grace, 30
And disappoint the sole design,
For which he summon'd you to *dine*.

Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office half his days :
While Montague *, who claim'd the station 35
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept :
Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes ; 40
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair :
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From *Pæan's* fire to *party-zeal* ;
Not owing to his happy vein 45
The fortunes of his latter scene,
Took proper *principles* to thrive ;
And so might ev'ry *dunce* alive.

Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit, 50
From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales.

Thus Gay, the *bare* † with many friends,
Twice seven long years the *court* attends :

* Earl of Halifax. † See his fables.

324 A LIBEL ON DR DELANY.

Who under tales conveying truth, 55
To virtue form'd a princely youth* :
Who paid his courtship with the croud
As far as *modest pride* allow'd ;
Rejects a servile *usher's* place,
And leaves St James's in disgrace †. 60

Thus Addison ‡ by lords carefs'd,
Was left in foreign lands distress'd ;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A trav'ling tutor to a 'squire :
But wisely left the *muses* hill, 65
To bus'ness shap'd the *poet's* quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the *courtiers* trade,
And grown a *minister of state*,
Saw poets at his levee wait. 70

Hail, happy Pope ! whose gen'rous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning *courts*, at *courts* unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen.
A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught, 75
By *sages*, *priests*, or *poets* taught ;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells ;
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose *meanest* talent is his *wit* ; 80
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a *rascal statesman's* spittle ;
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is plac'd :
By Homer dead was taught to thrive, 85
Which Homer never could alive :

* His Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland, second son of K. George II.

† For some account of this, see *Letters to and from Dr Swift*, in vol. 8. let. 27.

‡ See a criticism on Swift's prose works, prefixed to vol. I.

A LIBEL ON DR DELANY. 325

And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising *slaves* that *cringe* for bread,

True *politicians* only pay
For solid *work*, but not for *play* ; 90
Nor ever chuse to work with tools
Forg'd up in *colleges* and *schools*.
Consider how much more is due
To all their *journeymen*, than you :
At table you can Horace quote ; 95
They at a pinch can bribe a vote :
You shew your skill in Grecian story ;
But they can manage Whig and Tory :
You, as a *critic*, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious ; 100
But they can smoke the deep designs,
When Bolingbroke with Pultney dines.

Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a *place* already ;
An office for your talents fit, 105
To flatter, carve, and shew your wit ;
To snuff the lights, and stir the fire,
And get a *dinner* for your hire.
What claim have you to *place* or *pension* ?
He overpays in condescension. 110

But, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you we know
Could never condescend so low ;
The *viceroi*, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend ;
Nor will in *you* those gifts despise, 115
By which himself was taught to rise :
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation. 120

This may be true — submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will ;
And what condition can be worse ?
He comes to *drain* a *beggar's* purse ;

326 A LIBEL ON DR DELANY,

He comes to tie our chains on faster,
 And shew us, England is our master: 125
 Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
 To make them work their own undoing.
 What has he else to bait his traps,
 Or bring his *vermin* in, but *scraps*? 130
 The offals of a *church* distressed;
 A hungry *vicarage* at best;
 Or some remote inferior *post*,
 With forty pounds a-year at most.

But here again you interpose; 135
 Your fav'rite *Lord* is none of those
 Who owe their virtues to their stations,
 And characters to dedications:
 For keep him in, or turn him out,
 His *learning* none will call in doubt; 140
 His *learning*, though a *poet* said it
 Before a play, would lose no credit;
 Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
 Although to praise it Phillips writ.
 I own he hates an action base, 145
 His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
 Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
 Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
 Can sometimes drop a *voter's* claim,
 And give up party to his fame. 150
 I do the most that *friendship* can;
 I hate the *viceroi*, love the *man*.

But you, who till your fortune's made,
 Must be a *sweet'ner* by your trade,
 Should swear he never meant us ill; 155
 We suffer sore against his will;
 That if we could but see his heart,
 He would have chose a milder part:
 We rather should lament his case,
 Who must obey, or lose his *place*. 160

Since this reflection slipt your pen,
 Insert it when you write again:

A LIBEL ON DR DELANY. 327

And to illustrate it, produce
This *simile* for his excuse.

“ So, to destroy a guilty land, 165
“ An *angel* * sent by heav’n’s command,
“ While he obeys *almighty* will,
“ Perhaps may feel *compassion* still;
“ And wish the task had been assign’d
“ To *spirits* of less gentle kind.” 170

But I, in *politics* grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a diff’rent mould,
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both *k* — and *ministers* of *state*,
Who look on *courts* with stricter eyes 175
To see the seeds of *vice* arise,
Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Though *flattering knaves* may call it *bitter*;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would shew you many a *statesman’s* face: 180
Fresh from the *tripod* of *Apollo*
I had it in the words that follow:
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except *his Excellence*).

“ So, to effect his *monarch’s* ends, 185
“ From *hell* a *viceroi* dev’l ascends;
“ His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm’d,
“ The contributions of the *damn’d*;
“ Which with unsparing hand he strows
“ Through *courts* and *senates* as he goes; 190
“ And then at *Belzebub’s black hall*,
“ Complains his *budget* was too small.”

Your *simile* may better shine
In verse; but there is *truth* in mine;
For no imaginable things 195
Can differ more than gods and *k*——s:

* So when an angel by divine command,

Addison’s Campaign.

And *statesmen* by ten thousand odds
Are angels just as k——s are gods.

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

Written in the year 1729.

TWO-fac'd Janus, god of time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme:
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new year's gift:
She has got but half a face;
Janus, since thou hast a brace,
To my Lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.

God of time, if you be wise,
Look not with your future eyes:
What imports thy forward sight?
Well, if you could lose it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor isle's * approaching ruin,
When thy retrospection vast
Sees the glorious ages past?

Happy nation! were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind.
Drown your morals, Madam cries,
I'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back;
Give me time, when coming on:
Who regards him, when he's gone?
By the Dean though gravely told,
New years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new year's face
Burnishes an old year's face:

* Ireland.

Give me velvet and quadrille,
I'll have youth and beauty still.

30

DRAPIER'S HILL*.

Written in the year 1729.

WE give the world to understand,
Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land;
A purchase which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a-year;
Provided, to improve the ground, 5
He will but add two hundred pound,
And from his endless hoarded store
To build a house five hundred more.
Sir Arthur † too shall have his will,
And call the mansion *Drapier's hill*: 10
That when a nation, long inflav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was sav'd;
When none the DRAPIER's praise shall sing;
His signs aloft no longer swing;
His medals and his prints forgotten, 15
And all his handkerchiefs are rotten ‡;
His famous LETTERS made waste paper;
This hill may keep the name of DRAPIER:
In spite of envy flourish still,
And DRAPIER's vic with COOPER's hill. 20

* The Dean gave this name to a farm called *Drumlack*, which he took of Sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat lay between that and Market-hill, and intended to build an house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind. *Hawkes*.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, from whom the purchase was made.

‡ Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the author, under the name of *M. B. Drapier*.

The GRAND QUESTION debated:

Whether HAMILTON'S BAWN* should be turned into a BARRACK or a MALHOUSE?

Written in the year 1729.

The PREFACE to the ENGLISH EDITION.

THE author of the following poem is said to be Dr J. S. D. S. P. D. who writ it, as well as several other copies of verses of the like kind, by way of amusement, in the family of an Honourable gentleman in the north of Ireland, where he spent a summer about two or three years ago.

A certain very great person †, then in that kingdom, having heard much of this poem, obtained a copy from the gentleman, or, as some say, the lady, in whose house it was written; from whence, I know not by what accident, several other copies were transcribed, full of errors. As I have a great respect for the supposed author, I have procured a true copy of the poem; the publication whereof can do him less injury than printing any of those incorrect ones which ran about in manuscript, and would infallibly be soon in the press, if not thus prevented.

Some expressions being peculiar to Ireland, I have prevailed on a gentleman of that kingdom to explain them, and I have put the several explanations in their proper places.

THus spoke to my Lady the Knight ‡ full of care,
Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.

* A bawn was a place near the house, inclosed with mud or stone walls to keep the cattle from being stolen in the night. They are now little used.

† John Lord Carteret, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, afterwards Earl of Granville in right of his mother,

‡ Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat it was written.

THE GRAND QUESTION. 331

This Hamilton's bawn *, whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder, 5
For a *barrack* † or *malthouse*, we now must consider.

First, let me suppose I make it a *malthouse*,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain; 10
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a-day, and three hogsheds a-year:
With a dozen large vessels my vaults shall be stor'd;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board:
And you and the Dean no more shall combine 15
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine:
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a *barrack*, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't: 20
In poundage and draw-backs I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in ev'ry debate;
And rather than that I would lose my estate.

Thus ended the Knight: thus began his *meek* wife;
It *must*, and it *shall* be a *barrack*, my life. 26
I'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull *rums* ‡.
With *parsons* what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over dawb'd when I sit by the Dean. 30
But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
The *Captain*, I'm sure, will always come here;
I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
For the *Captain*, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert, 35
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;

* A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur Acheson's seat.

† The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called *barracks*.

‡ A cant word in Ireland for a poor country-clergyman.

332 THE GRAND QUESTION.

That men of his coat should be minding their pray'rs,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs.

Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain ;
The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain. 40

But Hannah *, who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cry'd, Madam, why surely my master's possess'd,
Sir Arthur the maltster ! how fine it will sound ! 45
I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under ground.
But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood †.
And now my dream's out ; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat ; O dear, how I scream'd ! 50
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes ;
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.

Dear Madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a *barrack* whenever you please :
And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout, 55
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest ;
And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets : 60
But, Madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.

Dear Madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
An I were to be hang'd I can't sleep a wink :
For if a new crotchets comes into my brain, 65
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd ;
Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the *Captain* betimes the next morning. 70

* My Lady's waiting-woman.

† Two of Sir Arthur's managers

THE GRAND QUESTION. 333

Now see when they meet how their honours behave :
Noble *Captain*, your servant — Sir Arthur, your slave ;
You honour me much — the honour is mine, —
'Twas a sad rainy night — but the morning is fine —
Pray how does my Lady ? — my wife's at your service. — 75

I think I have seen her picture by Jervis. —
Good morrow, good *Captain*, — I'll wait on you down —

You shan't stir a foot — you'll think me a clown —
For all the world, *Captain*, not half an inch farther —
You must be obey'd — your servant, Sir Arthur ; 80
My humble respects to my Lady unknown. —
I hope you will use my house as your own.

“ Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
“ Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate.” 85
Pray, Madam, be quiet ; what was it I said ? —
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.

Next day to be sure the *Captain* will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum :
Now, Madam, observe how he marches in state :
The man with the kettledrum enters the gate : 90
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the boys hollow.
See now comes the *Captain* all dawb'd with gold lace :
O law ! the sweet gentleman ! look in his face ;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land, 95
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand ;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears
With ribands in knots at its tail and its ears :
At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court ; when the *Captain* cries, *STAND.*
Your *Ladyship* lifts up the fash to be seen, 101
(For sure I had *dizen'd* you out like a *queen*) :
The *Captain*, to shew he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver ;
(His beaver is cock'd ; pray, Madam, mark that, 105
For a *Captain* of horse never takes off his hat ;

334 THE GRAND QUESTION.

Because he has never a hand that is idle;
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the
bridle);

Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair; 110

(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt!),

Then he low'rs down the point, and kisses the hilt.

Your *Ladyship* smiles, and thus you begin;

Pray, *Captain*, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.

The *Captain* salutes you with congee profound, 115

And your *Ladyship* curtsies half way to the ground.

Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us.

I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;

And, *Captain*, you'll do us the favour to stay,

And take a short dinner here with us to-day: 120,

You're heartily welcome: but as for good cheer,

You come in the very worst time of the year:

If I had expected so worth a guest —

Lord! Madam! your *Ladyship* sure is in jest;

You *banter* me, Madam, the kingdom must grant — 125

You officers, *Captain*, are so complaisant.

"Hift, huffy, I think I hear somebody coming —

No, Madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.

To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story),

The *Captain* at dinner appears in his glory; 130

The *Dean* and the *Doctor* * have humbled their pride,

For the *Captain's* intreated to sit by your side;

And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first;

The *parsons* for envy are ready to burst:

The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able 135

To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;

And Molly and I have thrust in our nose.

To peep at the *Captain* in all his fine *clo'es*:

Dear Madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,

Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran: 140

"And, Madam, says he, if such dinners you give,

"You'll never want *parsons* as long as you live;

* Doctor Jenny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

" I ne'er knew a *parson* without a good nose,
 " But the devil's as welcome where-ever he goes :
 " G — d — me, they bid us reform and repent, 145
 " But, z — s, by their looks they never keep lent :
 " Mister *Curate*, for all your grave looks I'm afraid
 " You cast a sheep's eye on her Ladyship's maid ;
 " I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
 " In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band : 150
 " (For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
 " That the *Captain* suppos'd he was *curate* to Jenny) :
 " Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
 " A hundred to one but it covers a clown ;
 " Observe how a *parson* comes into a room, 155
 " G — d — me, he hobbles as bad as my groom ;
 " A *scholar*, when just from his college broke loose,
 " Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose ;
 " Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs*, and stuff,
 " By G — they don't signify this pinch of snuff. 160
 " To give a young gentleman right education,
 " The army's the only good school in the nation ;
 " My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
 " But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school ;
 " I never could take to my book for the blood o'me, 165
 " And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o'me.
 " He caught me one morning coquetting his wife ;
 " But he Maul'd me, I ne'er was so Maul'd in my life :
 " So-I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
 " The first man I robb'd was a *parson* by G —. 170
 " Now, Madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
 " But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."

Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
 And, Madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
 So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the Dean, 175
 As who should say, *Now, am I skinny and lean* † ?
 But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
 And the *Doctor* was plaguily down in the hips.

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers. See essay on modern education, in vol. 7.

† Nicknames for my Lady.

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
 Till she heard the Dean call, *Will your Ladyship walk?* 79
 Her *Ldayship* answers, *I'm just coming down:*
 Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 Cry'd, Huffy, why fure the *wench* is gone mad:
 How could these *chimera's* get into your brains? — 185
 Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
 But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
 Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
 For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye:
 Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *clergy*. 190

An excellent new BALLAD; or, The true
 ENGLISH DEAN * to be hanged for a
 RAPE.

Written in the year 1730.

I.

OUR brethren of England, who love us so dear,
 And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
 A blessing-upon them! have sent us this year,
 For the good of our church, a true English Dean.
 A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape; 5
 The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Chester,
 And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
 Burst into her chamber, and would have carefs'd her;
 But she valu'd her honour much more than her life. 10
 She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape
 To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

III.

The Dean he pursu'd to recover his game;
 And now to attack her again he prepares:

* Sawbridge Dean of Fernes.

But the company stood in defence of the dame ; 15
 They cudgel'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down
 stairs.

His Deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
 And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the *bagnio* he goes,
 And orders the landlord to bring him a whore ; 20
 No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
 'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
 He had made himself drunk with the juice of the grape,
 And got a good *clap*, but committed no rape.

V.

The Dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade, 25
 Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in delight ;
 For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
 Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
 His landlord was ready his Deanship to ape
 In ev'ry debauch, but committing a rape. 30

VI.

This Protestant zealot, this English divine,
 In church and in state was of principles found ;
 Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
 And griev'd that a Tory should live above ground.
 Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape 35
 For no other crime, but committing a rape ?

VII.

By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
 Each priest had a concubine, *jure ecclesiæ* ;
 Who'd be Dean of Fernes without a *commendam* ?
 And precedents we can produce, if it please ye : 40
 Then why should the Dean, when whores are so cheap,
 Be put to the peril and toil of a rape ?

VIII.

If Fortune should please but to take such a crotchet,
 (To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor),
 To give thee *lawn sleeves*, a *mitre* and *rotchet*, 45
 Whom wouldst thou resemble ? I leave thee a guesser ;

But I only behold thee in Atherton's * shape,
For *sodomy* hang'd, as thou for a rape.

IX.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave Col'nel Chartres †,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten? 50
To hang him all England would lend him their gar-
ters;

Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The Dean he was vex'd, that his whores were so will-
ing: 55

He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;
He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling;

But here was to pay the dev'l and all.
His trouble and sorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a rape. 60

XI.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice;

Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?

If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,

No devil nor dean could ravish 'em then;

Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape 65

Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

XII.

Our church and our state dear England maintains,

For which all true Protestant hearts should be gla ;

She sends us our bishops, and judges, and deans;

And better would give us, if better she had. 70

But, Lord, how the rabble will stare and will gape,

When the good English Dean is hang'd up for a rape!

* A bishop of Waterford, sent from England a hundred years ago.

† See above, p. 201.

The LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM*.

Written in the year 1730.

Five hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Cælia spent in dressing;
The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon, who found the room was void, 5
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here. 10

And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry side:
In such a case few words are best, 15
And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Cælia sweat and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses; 20

* No charge has been more frequently brought against the Dean, or indeed more generally admitted, than that of coarse indelicacy, of which this poem is always produced as an instance. Here then it is but justice to remark, that whenever he offends against delicacy, he teaches it; he stimulates the mind to sensibility, to correct the faults of habitual negligence; as physicians, to cure a lethargy, have recourse to a blister. And though it may reasonably be supposed, that few English ladies leave such a dressing-room as Cælia's, yet many may have given sufficient cause for reminding them, that very soon after desire has been gratified, the utmost delicacy becomes necessary to prevent disgust. See a defence of this poem in vol. 8. p. 318. *Hawkes.*

340 LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM.

Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt,
 No brush could force a way betwixt;
 A paste of composition rare,
 Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
 A forehead-cloth, with oil upon't, 25
 To smoothe the wrinkles on her front :
 Here allum-flower to stop the steams
 Exhal'd from four unfav'ry streams ;
 Their night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
 Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she dy'd ; 30
 With puppy-water, beauty's help,
 Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
 Here galley-pots and vials plac'd,
 Some fill'd with washes, some with paste ;
 Some with pomatums, paints, and slops, 35
 And ointments good for scabby chops.
 Hard by a filthy basin stands,
 Foul'd with the scouring of her hands ;
 The basin takes whatever comes,
 The scrapings from her teeth and gums, 40
 A nasty compound of all hues,
 For here she spits and here she spues.

But oh ! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
 When he beheld and smelt the towels,
 Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd, 45
 With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax grim'd.
 No object Strephon's eye escapes ;
 Here petticoats in frowzy heaps ;
 Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
 All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot. 50
 The stockings why should I expose,
 Stain'd with the moisture of her toes ;
 Or greasy coifs, or pinders reeking,
 Which Cælia slept at least a week in ?
 A pair of tweezers next he found, 55
 To pluck her brows in arches round ;
 Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
 Or on her chin like bristles grow.

The virtues we must not let pass
 Of Cælia's magnifying glass ; 60

LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM. 341

When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
It shew'd the visage of a giant:
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Cælia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail 65
To squeeze it out from head to tail;
For catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.

Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest;
And must you needs describe the chest? 70
That careless wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner;
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite?
In vain the workman shew'd his wit, 75
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Resolv'd to go through *thick and thin*. 80
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.

As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A sudden universal crew 85
Of human evils upward flew;
He still was comforted to find
That *hope* at last remain'd behind:
So Strephon lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid, 90
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
And foul his hands in search of *hope*.

O! ne'er may such a vile machine 95
Be once in Cælia's chamber seen!

342 LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM.

O! may she better learn to heep
Those *secrets of the hoary deep* *!

As mutton cutlets, *prime of meat* †,
Which, though with art you salt and beat, 100
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire;
If from *adown* ‡ the hopeful chops,
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame, 105
Pois'ning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench:
So things which must not be exprest,
When *plumpt* into the reeking chest 110
Send up an excremental smell,
To taint the parts from whence they fell;
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round ev'ry room.

Thus finishing his grand survey, 115
The swain disgusted slunk away;
Repeating in his am'rous fits,
" Oh! *Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh—*."

But *Vengeance*, goddess never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping: 120
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks;
And, if unsav'ry odours fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits, 125
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vitious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in *contrast*.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of womankind. 130

* Milton.

† *Primo virorum*.

‡ Vid. D----n D----'s works, and N. P----y's.

THE POWER OF TIME. 343

Should I the *queen of love* refuse,
Because she rose from stinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky quean.

When Cælia all her glory shows, 135
If Strephon would but stop his nose,
Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, sops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout; 140
He soon will learn to think like me,
And blest his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from *dung*.

The POWER of TIME*.

Written in the year 1730.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of *Time's* destructive hand;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine)
Is out at elbows, why should I repine? 5

The REVOLUTION at MARKET-HILL.

Written in the year 1730.

From distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends;

* Scarron hath written a larger poem on the same subject.

344 REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL.

Where Phcebus pays a scanty stipend,
 Where never yet a codling ripen'd :
 Hither the frantic goddess draws
 Three suff'ers in a ruin'd cause :
 By faction banish'd here unite,
 A Dean *, a Spaniard †, and a Knight ‡ ;
 Unite, but on conditions cruel ;
 The Dean and Spaniard find it too well : 10
 Condemn'd to live in service hard ;
 On either side his Honour's guard,
 The Dean to guard his honour's back,
 Must build a castle at Drumlack || ;
 The Spaniard, sore against his will, 15
 Must raise a fort at Market-hill,
 And thus the pair of humble gentry
 At north and south are posted centry ;
 While in his lordly castle fixt
 The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt : 20
 And what the wretches most resent,
 To be his slaves must pay him rent ;
 Attend him daily as their chief,
 Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
 Oh, Fortune ! 'tis a scandal for thee 25
 To smile on those who are least worthy :
 Weigh but the merits of the three,
 His slaves have ten times more than he.

Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia !
 The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye : 30
 Of *their* two fames the world enough rings ;
 Where are *thy* services and suff'rings ?
 What if for nothing once you kist,
 Against the grain, a monarch's list ?

* The author.

† Col. Harry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain.

‡ Sir Arthur Achefon.

|| The Irish name of a farm the Dean took, and was to build on, but changed his mind. He called it *Drapier's hill*. Vide the poem so called, p. 329.

What if among the courtly tribe 35
 You lost a place, and fav'd a bribe?
 And then in surly mood came here
 To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
 And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd?
 You never ventur'd to be hang'd. 40
 How dare you treat your betters thus?
 Are you to be compar'd with us?

Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
 Call forth our cottagers to arms;
 Our forces let us both unite, 45
 Attack the foe at left and right.
 From Market-hill's exalted head,
 Full northward let your troops be led;
 While I from Drapier's mount descend,
 And to the south my squadrons bend. 50
 New-river-walk with friendly shade
 Shall keep my host in ambushade;
 While you, from where the bason stands,
 Shall scale the rampart with your bands,
 Nor need we doubt the fort to win; 55
 I hold intelligence within.
 True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
 Brave as the Upton fan she wears;
 Then left upon our first attack
 Her valiant arm should force us back, 60
 And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
 I have a stratagem contriv'd.
 By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes
 She shall be caught as in a noose;
 So well contriv'd her toes to pinch, 65
 She'll not have power to stir an inch:
 These gaudy shoes must Hannah * place
 Direct before her lady's face;
 The shoes put on our faithful portress
 Admits us in to storm the fortress; 70
 While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
 Like Montezume in golden chains,

* My Lady's waiting-maid.

346 REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL.

Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
 Stumbling at ev'ry step she trod.
 Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle, 75
 To catch a monkey by a wile
 The mimic animal amuse;
 They place before him gloves and shoes;
 Which when the brute puts awkward on,
 All his agility is gone: 80
 In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
 The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.

But let us on our first assault
 Secure the larder and the vault:
 The valiant Dennis * you must fix on, 85
 And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon †;
 Then if we once can seize the key
 And chest, that keeps my Lady's tea,
 They must surrender at discretion:
 And soon as we have gain'd possession, 90
 We'll act as other conq'rors do,
 Divide the realm between us two:
 Then (let me see) we'll make the Knight
 Our clerk, for he can read and write;
 But must not think, I tell him that, 95
 Like Lorimer ‡ to wear his hat;
 Yet, when we dine without a friend,
 We'll place him at the lower end.
 Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
 May serve to wait on Mrs Leslie; 100
 But lest it might not be so proper,
 That her own maid should overtop her;
 To mortify the creature more,
 We'll take her heels five inches low'r.

For Hannah, when we have no need of her, 105
 'Twill be our int'rest to get rid of her:
 And when we execute our plot,
 'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
 As all your politicians wise
 Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise. 110

* The butler. † The housekeeper. ‡ The agent.

T R A U.

TRAULUS.

A Dialogue between TOM and ROBIN.

The first part.

Written in the year 1730.

Tom. SAY, Robin, what can Traulus mean
By bell'wing thus against the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and *Jacobite*, and *lib'ler*?
Yet cannot prove a single fact?

5

Robin. Forgive him, Tom, his head is crackt.

Tom. What mischief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, spawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's fav'rite?
Revile that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of *Draper*?

10

Robin. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain,
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.

Tom. Such friendship never man profess'd,
The Dean was never so caress'd;
For Traulus long his rancour nurs't,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

15

20

Robin. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.

Tom. Yet many a wretch in bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And though perhaps among the rout,
He wildly flings his filth about;

25

He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
 To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;
 Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
 But turns aside, like mad Ulysses :
 While Traulus all his ordure scatters,
 To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
 Whence come these inconsistent fits ?

30

Robin. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.

Tom. Agreed: and yet when Towzer snaps
 At people's heels with frothy chaps;
 Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
 To say he's mad, will not avail :
 The neighbours all cry, *Shoot him dead,*
Hang, drown, or knock him on the head.
 So Traulus when he first harangu'd,
 I wonder why he was not hang'd;
 For of the two, without dispute,
 Towzer's the less offensive brute.

35

40

Robin. Tom, you mistake the matter quite ;
 Your barking curs will seldom bite;
 And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
 He barks as fast as he can utter.
 He prates in spite of all impediment,
 While none believes, that what he said he meant ;
 Puts in his finger and his thumb
 To grope for words, and out they come.
 He calls you rogue ; there's nothing in it,
 He fawns upon you in a minute :
Begs leave to rail, but d—n his blood,
He only meant it for your good :
His friendship was exactly tim'd,
He shot before your foes were prim'd,
By this contrivance, Mr Dean,
By G— I'll bring you off as clean —
 Then let him use you e'er so rough,
 'Twas all for love, and that's enough.

45

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* This is the usual excuse of Traulus, when he abuses you to others without provocation.

But though he sputter through a session,
 It never makes the least impression :
 Whate'er he speaks for madness goes, 65
 With no effect on friends or foes.

Tom. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
 Can set the mastiff on your back.
 I own, his madness is a jest,
 If that were all. But he's possest, 70
 Incarnate with a thousand imps,
 'To work whose ends his madness pimps ;
 Who o'er each string and wire preside,
 Fill ev'ry pipe, each motion guide ;
 Directing ev'ry vice we find 75
 In scripture to the devil assign'd ;
 Sent from the dark infernal region,
 In him they lodge, and make him *legion*.
 Of *brethren* he's a *false accuser* ;
 A sland'rer, traitor, and seducer ; 80
 A fawning, base, trepanning liar ;
 The marks peculiar of his fire.
 Or grant him but a drone at best,
 A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
 The Dean hath felt their stings before ; 85
 And must their malice ne'er give o'er ?
 Still swarm and buzz about his nose ?
 But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
 A patriot is a dang'rous post,
 When wanted by his country most ; 90
 Perversely comes in evil times,
 Where virtues are imputed crimes.
 His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant ;
 A traitor to the vices regnant.

What spirit, since the world began, 95
 Could *always* bear to *strive with man* ?
 Which God pronounc'd, he never would,
 And soon convinc'd them by a flood.
 Yet still the Dean on freedom raves ;
 His spirit always strives with slaves, 100
 'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
 And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

T R A U L U S.

The second part.

Written in the year 1730.

TRaulus of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mungrel seed :
By the *dam* from lordlings sprung,
By the *fire* exhal'd from dung :
Think on ev'ry vice in both, 5
Look on him, and see their growth.

View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride ;
Positive and over-bearing,
Changing still, and still adhering ; 10
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward ;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon ;
Reputation ever tearing, 15
Ever dearest friendship swearing ;
Judgment weak, and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong :
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates ; 20
Talks whate'er comes in his head ;
Wishes it were all unpaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
From the *father's* scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs ? 25
Were they *masons*, were they *butchers* ?
Herald, lend the muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandfire :
'This was dext'rous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well : 30

TO BETTY THE GRIZETTE. 351

Hence the greasy clumsy mien
 In his drefs and figure feen;
 Hence the mean and fordid foul,
 Like his body, rank and foul;
 Hence that wild fufpicious peep, 35
 Like a rogue that fteals a fheep;
 Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
 How to cut your throat and fmile;
 Like a butcher doom'd for life
 In his *mouth* to wear his *knife* : 40
 Hence he draws his daily food
 From his tenants vital blood.

Laftly, let his gifts be try'd
 Borrow'd from the mafon's fide :
 Some perhaps may think him able 45
 In the ftate to build a Babel;
 Could we place him in a ftation
 To deftroy the old *foundation*.
 True indeed, I fhould be gladder,
 Could he learn to *mount a ladder*. 50
 May he at his latter end
 Mount alive, and dead defcend !

In him tell me which prevail,
 Female vices moft, or male ?
 What produc'd him, can you tell ? 55
 Human race, or *imps of hell* ?

TO BETTY the GRIZETTE.

Written in the year 1730.

QUeen of wit and beauty, Betty !
 Never may the mufe forget ye :
 How thy face charms ev'ry fhepherd,
 Spotted over like a leopard;
 And, thy freckled neck difplaid, 3
 Envy breeds in ev'ry maid,
 Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
 Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,

352 DEATH AND DAPHNE.

Or a tawny speckled pippin
Shrivel'd with a winter's keeping. 10

And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.

Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply.
And thy memory is loaded. 15

With old scraps from plays exploded :
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all Christian folks ;
Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thousand times. 20

Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing,
Picking wit among collegians,

In the playhouse upper regions ;
Where, in eighteen-penny gall'ry,
Irish nymphs learn Irish rail'ry : 25

But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endu'd
To be scurrilous and rude ; 30

When you pertly raise your snout,
Fleece, and gibe, and laugh, and flout :

This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humour passes.

Thus indulgent Chloe bit,
Swears you have a world of wit. 35

DEATH and DAPHNE*.

To an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean.

Written in the year 1730.

DEath went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay :

* See an anecdote relating to this lady, above, p. 4.

The phantom, having humbly kist
 His grisly monarch's footy fift,
 Presented him the weekly bills
 Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills. 5
 Pluto observing since the peace,
 The burial-article decrease;
 And vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
 Declar'd in council, Death must marry : 10
 Vow'd he no longer could support
 Old bachelors about his court :
 The int'rest of his realm had need
 That death should get a num'rous breed ;
 Young *deathlings*, who, by practice made 15
 Proficient in their father's trade,
 With colonies might stock around
 His large dominions under ground.

A consult of coquets below
 Was call'd to rig him out a beau : 20
 From her own head Megara takes
 A periwig of twisted snakes ;
 Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
 (Like *toupets* * of this upper world),
 With flow'r of sulphur powder'd well, 25
 That graceful on his shoulders fell,
 An adder of the fable kind,
 In line direct, hung down behind.
 The owl, the raven, and the bat,
 Clubb'd for a feather to his hat ; 30
 His coat, an us'rer's velvet pall,
 Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all,
 But loath his person to expose
 Bare, like a carcase pick'd by crows,
 A lawyer o'er his hands and face 35
 Stuck artfully a parchment case.
 No new-flux'd rake shew'd fairer skin ;
 Nor Phillis after lying in.
 With snuff was fill'd his ebon box,
 Of shin-bones rotted by the pox. 40

* The periwigs now in fashion are so called.

Nine spirits of blaspheming fops
 With aconite anoint his chops :
 And give him words of dreadful sounds,
 G—d d—n his blood, and b—d and w—ds.

Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train 45
 To take a house in Warwick-lane ;
 The *faculty*, his humble friends,
 A complimentary message sends :
 Their president in scarlet gown
 Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to town. 50

But Death had bus'ness to dispatch ;
 His mind was running on his match.
 And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
 His *Majesty of terrors* came,
 Fine as a col'nel of the guards, 55
 To visit where she sat at cards.
 She, as he came into the room,
 Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
 And now her heart with pleasure jumps ;
 She scarce remembers what is trumps ;
 For such a shape of skin and bone
 Was never seen except her own :
 Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
 Her pocket-glass drew slyly out ;
 And grew enamour'd with her phiz, 65
 As just the counter-part of his.
 She darted many a private glance,
 And freely made the first advance ;
 Was of her beauty grown so vain,
 She doubted not to win the *swain* ; 70
 Nothing, she thought, could sooner gain him,
 Than with her wit to entertain him.
 She ask'd about her friends below ;
 This meagre fop, that batter'd beau :
 Whether some late departed toasts 75
 Had got gallants among the ghosts ?
 If Chloë were a sharper still
 As great as ever at quadrille ?
 (The ladies there must needs be rooks,
 For cards, we know, are Pluto's books) ; 80

If Florimel had found her love,
 For whom she hang'd herself above?
 How oft a week was kept a ball
 By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
 She fancied those Elysian shades
 The sweetest place for masquerades:
 How pleasant on the banks of Styx,
 To troll it in a coach and six!

85

What pride a female heart inflames!
 How endless are ambition's aims!
 Cease, haughty nymph; the fates decree
 Death must not be a spouse for thee:
 For when, by chance, the meagre shade
 Upon thy hand his finger laid,
 Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
 His matrimonial spirit fled;
 He felt about his heart a damp,
 That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp:
 Away the frightened spectre scuds,
 And leaves my Lady in the fuds.

90

95

100

ON STEPHEN DUCK, the THRESHER,
 and favourite POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.

Written in the year 1730.

THE thrasher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail,
 The proverb says, *No fence against a stail*.
 From *threshing* corn he turns to *thresh* his brains;
 For which her *Majesty* allows him *grains*.
 Though 'tis confess'd, that those who ever saw
 His poems, think them all not worth a *straw*!
 Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threshing *stubble*!
 Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

5

A PANEGYRIC on the DEAN, in the person of a
LADY in the north*.

Written in the year 1730.

Resolv'd my gratitude to show,
Thrice Rev'rend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless muse shall sing your fame.

Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind;
Nine more such champions as the Dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign.
How well to win the ladies hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirits rais'd,
By you so oft, so highly prais'd!
Transform'd, by your convincing tongue,
To witty, beautiful, and young.
I hope to quit that awkward shame
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To shew my face with scornful air,
Let others match it, if they dare.

Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard, who humbly deigns to chuse
Me for the subject of his muse.
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.

My heart with emulation burns
To make you suitable returns:

* The Lady of Sir Arthur Acheson.

My gratitude the world shall know:
 And, see, the printer's boy below;
 Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
 A panegyric on Dean Swift;
 And then, to mend the matter still, 35
 By Lady Anne of Market-hill*.

I thus begin: My grateful muse
 Salutes the Dean in diff'rent views;
 Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;
 Robert and Darby's † coadjutor:
 And as you in commission sit, 40
 To rule the dairy next to Kit ‡.

In each capacity I mean
 To sing your praise. And first as Dean:
 Envy must own, you understand your 45
 Precedence, and support your grandeur:
 Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
 Except to give Dean Daniel place.
 In you such dignity appears;
 So suited to your state and years! 50
 With ladies what a strict decorum!
 With what devotion you adore 'em!
 Treat me with so much complaisance,
 As fits a princess in romance!
 By your example and assistance, 55
 The fellows learn to know their distance.
 Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
 No longer calls me *snipe* and *flattern*;
 Nor dares he, though he were a Duke,
 Offend me with the least rebuke. 60

Proceed we to your preaching || next;
 How nice you split the hardest text!

* A village near Sir Arthur Acheson's house, where the author passed two summers.

† The names of two overseers.

‡ My Lady's footman.

|| The author preached but once while he was there.

How your superior learning shines
 Above our neighb'ring dull divines !
 At Beggar's Opera * not so full pit
 Is seen, as when you mount our pulpit.

65

Consider now your conversation :
 Regardful of your age and station,
 You ne'er was known by passion stirr'd,
 To give the least offensive word :
 But still, whene'er you silence break,
 Watch ev'ry syllable you speak :
 Your style so clear, and so concise,
 We never ask to hear you twice.
 But then, a parson so genteel,
 So nicely clad from head to heel ;
 So fine a gown, a band so clean,
 As well become St Patrick's Dean ;
 Such reverential awe express,
 That cow-boys know you by your dress !
 Then, if our neighb'ring friends come here,
 How proud are we when you appear,
 With such address, and graceful port,
 As clearly shews you bred at court !

70

75

80

Now raise your spirits, Mr Dean,
 I lead you to a nobler scene ;
 When to the vault you walk in state,
 In quality of *butler's* † mate :
 You next to Dennis ‡ bear the sway :
 To you we often trust the key :
 Nor can he judge with all his art
 So well, what bottle holds a quart :
 What pints may best for bottles pass,
 Just to give ev'ry man his glass :
 When proper to produce the best ;
 And what may serve a common guest.

85

90

95

* A play written by Mr Gay.

† He sometimes used to direct the butler.

‡ The butler.

With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
 Not you, to steal your master's wine;
 Except a bottle now and then,
 To welcome *brother* serving-men; 100
 But that is with a good design,
 To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine;
 Your master's honour to maintain,
 And get the like returns again.

Your usher's * post must next be handled: 105
 How blest'd am I by such a man led!
 Under whose wise and careful guardship
 I now despise fatigue and hardship:
 Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
 Though daggled round, I scorn to fret: 110
 From you my chamber-damsels learn
 My broken hose to patch and darn.

Now as a jester I accost you;
 Which never yet one friend has lost you.
 You judge so nicely to a hair, 115
 How far to go, and when to spare.
 By long experience grown so wise,
 Of ev'ry taste to know the size,
 There's none so ignorant or weak
 To take offence at what you speak †. 120
 Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
 Whether with Dermot, or his Grace;
 With Teague o' Murphy, or an Earl,
 A Duchefs or a kitchen-girl.
 With such dexterity you fit 125
 Their several talents with you wit,
 That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
 And Gahagan ‡ take ev'ry joke.

* He sometimes used to walk with the Lady.

† The neighbouring ladies were no great understanders of rail-
 lery.

‡ The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-hill. See
 the poem, above, p. 317.

I now become your humble suitor
 To let me praise you as my tutor *. 130
 Poor I, a savage bred and born,
 By you instructed ev'ry morn,
 Already have improv'd so well,
 That I have almost learn'd to spell :
 The neighbours who come here to dine, 135
 Admire to hear me speak so *fine*.
 How enviously the ladies look,
 When they surprize me at my book !
 And, sure as they're alive, at night,
 As soon as gone, will shew their spight : 140
 Good Lord ! what can my Lady mean,
 Conversing with that rusty Dean !
 She's grown so nice, and so *penurious* †,
 With Socrates and Epicurius.
 How could she sit the live-long day, 145
 Yet never ask us once to play ?

But I admire your patience most,
 That when I'm duller than a post,
 Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
 You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce ; 150
 Are so indulgent, and so mild,
 As if I were a darling child.
 So gentle is your whole proceeding,
 That I could spend my life in reading.

You merit new employments daily : 155
 Our thatcher, ditcher, gard'ner, baily.
 And to a genius so extensive,
 No work is grievous or offensive ;
 Whether your fruitful fancy lies
 To make for pigs convenient styes ; 160
 Or ponder long, with anxious thought,
 To banish rats that haunt our vault :

* In bad weather the author used to direct my Lady in her reading.

† Ignorant ladies often mistake the word *penurious* for *nice* and *dainty*.

Nor have you grumbled, Rev'rend Dean,
 To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
 To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in, 165
 And cure the rank unfav'ry smelling.

Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
 Such charming butter * never man made.
 Let others, with fanatic face,
 Talk of their *milk* for *babes of grace*; 170
 From *tubs* their snuffing nonsense utter;
 Thy *milk* shall make us *tubs* of butter.
 The bishop with his *foot* may burn it †,
 But with his *hand* the Dean can churn it.
 How are the servants overjoy'd 175
 To see thy Deanship thus employ'd!
 Instead of poring on a book,
 Providing butter for the cook!
 Three morning-hours you tofs and shake
 The bottle till your fingers ake: 180
 Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
 The butter from the whey to part;
 Behold a frothy substance rise;
 Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
 The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd; 185
 And out you squeeze an ounce at least.

Your Rev'rence thus, with like success,
 (Nor is your skill or labour less),
 When bent upon some smart lampoon,
 Will tofs and turn your brain till noon; 190
 Which in its jumbings round the scull
 Dilates, and makes the vessel full:
 While nothing comes but froth at first,
 You think your giddy head will burst:

* A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes.

† It is a common saying, when the milk burns, That the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it, the devil having been called bishop of hell. See a satire on the Irish bishops, in vol. 7. said to have been first printed in Fog's journal. *Hawkes*.

But squeezing out four lines in rhyme, 195
Are largely paid for all your time.

But you have rais'd your gen'rous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building. 200
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious trav'ler's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks,
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks :
Here gentle goddess Cloacine 205
Receives all off'rings at her shrine.
In sep'rate cells the he's and she's
Here pay their vows with *bended knees* ;
For 'tis profane when sexes mingle ;
And ev'ry nymph must enter single, 210
And when she feels an *inward motion*,
Come fill'd with *rev'rence* and devotion,
The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush ;
Here unobserv'd she boldy goes, 215
As who should say, to *pluck a rose*.

Ye who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean ;
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation, 220
Or of his own, or Smedley's * lay,
Or billetdoux, or lock of hay :
And, O ! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb.

Yet when your lofty domes I praise, 225
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a while.

Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine ? 230

* See his character below, p. 366.

Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?

When Saturn rul'd the skies alone,
(That *golden* age to *gold* unknown),
This earthly globe to thee assign'd 235
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars *smoking* round
Were built to thee, with off'rings crown'd:
And here thy daily vot'ries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste: 240
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam:
(Though sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink):
Or where appointing lovers rove, 245
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flow'ry vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale.
There many a flow'r absterfivè grew,
Thy fav'rite flow'rs of yellow hue! 250
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.

But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;
Then *Gluttony* with greasy paws 255
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With wat'ry chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;
Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share, 260
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priest in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese, 265
To dress their soups and fricassees;
And, for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catfup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
 Confin'd thee, goddess, to a cell: 270
 Sprung from her womb that impious line,
 Contemners of thy rites divine.
 First, lolling *Sloth* in woollen cap
 Taking her after-dinner nap:
 Pale *Dropfy* with a fallow face, 275
 Her belly burst, and slow her pace:
 And lordly *Gout* wrapt up in fur:
 And wheezing *Asthma*, loath to stir.
 Voluptuous *Ease*, the child of *Wealth*,
 Infecting thus our hearts by stealth; 280
 None seek thee now in open air,
 To thee no verdant altars rear;
 But in their cells and vaults obscene
 Present a sacrifice unclean;
 From whence unsav'ry vapours rose, 285
 Offensive to thy nicer nose.
 Ah! who in our degen'rate days,
 As nature prompts, his off'ring pays?
 Here nature never diff'rence made
 Between the sceptre and the spade. 290

Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
 To pay your tribute on the plain?
 Why will you place in lazy pride
 Your altars near your couches side?
 * When from the homeliest earthen ware 295
 Are sent up off'rings more sincere,
 Than where the haughty Dukes locks
 Her silver vase in cedar-box.

Yet some devotion still remains
 Among our harmless northern swains †, 300
 Whose off'rings plac'd in golden ranks,
 Adorn our crystal rivers banks;
 Nor seldom grace the flow'ry downs,
 With spiral tops and copple-crowns;

* Vide Virgil and Lucretius.

† The north of Ireland.

A P A N E G Y R I C.

365

Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow *.

305

Hither by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft I tread;
Here when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here by the sacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.

310

Be witness for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with design:
Nor will the zealous Hannah † pout
To wash thy injur'd off'rings out.

315

But stop, ambitious muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.

320

Me Phœbus ‡ in a midnight-dream ||
Accosting, said, *Go shake your cream* **.
Be humbly minded, know your post;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style:
Teach Dennis how to stir the *guile* ††:
With Peggy Dixon †† thoughtful sit,
Contriving for the pot and spit.
Take down thy proudly-swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:

325

330

* Virg. lib. 6.

† My Lady's woman.

‡ *Cynthia aurem vellit.* Hor.

|| *Cum somnia vera.* Idem.

** In the bottle to make butter.

†† *Guile*, the quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.

‡‡ Mrs Dixon the housekeeper.

366 CASSINUS AND PETER.

At nicely carving shew thy wit;
 But ne'er presume to eat a bit: 333
 Turn ev'ry way thy watchful eye;
 And ev'ry guest be sure to ply:
 Let never at your board be known
 An empty plate except your own. 340
 Be these thy arts*; nor higher aim
 Than what befits a rural dame.

But Cloacina, goddess bright,
 Sleek — claims her as his right:
 And Smedley †, flow'r of all divines, 345
 Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

CASSINUS and PETER.

A tragical ELEGY.

Written in the year 1731.

TWO college-fops of Cambridge growth,
 Both special wits, and lovers both,
 Conferring as they us'd to meet
 On love, and books, in rapture sweet;
 (Muse, find me names to fit my metre, 5
Cassinus this, and t'other *Peter*).
 Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
 To chat a while, and warm his nose.
 But such a sight was never seen,
 The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen. 10
 He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
 One greasy stocking round his head,
 The other he sat down to darn
 With threads of diff'rent-colour'd yarn;

* *Hæ tibi erunt artes.* Virg.

† A very stupid, insolent, factious, deformed, conceited parson, a vile pretender to poetry, preferred by the Duke of Grafton for his wit.

His breeches torn exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown ;
A rug ; for nightgown he had none. 20
His jordan flood in manner fitting
Between his legs to spue or spit in,
His ancient pipe in fable dy'd,
And half unsmok'd lay by his side.

Him thus accoutred Peter found, 25
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd :
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers plac'd to drink it hot.

Why, Cassy, thou wilt doze thy pate :
What makes thee lie abed so late ? 30
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their mattins chant in ev'ry bush :
And I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heav'n send thou hast not got the hyps ! 35
How ! not a word come from thy lips ?

Then gave him some familiar thumps ;
A college-joke to cure the dumps.

The swain at last, with grief oppress'd,
Cry'd, " Cælia !" thrice, and sigh'd the rest. 40

Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must. Is Cælia dead ?

How happy I, were that the worst ?
But I was fated to be curst.

Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore ? 45

Oh Peter, would it were no more !

Why, plague confound her sandy locks :
Say, has the small or greater pox
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face ?
Be easy, 'tis a common case. 50

O Peter ! beauty's but a varnish,
 Which time and accidents will tarnish :
 But Cælia has contriv'd to blast
 Those beauties that might ever last.
 Nor can imagination guess, 55
 Nor eloquence divine express,
 How that ungrateful charming maid
 My purest passion has betray'd.
 Conceive the most invenom'd dart
 To pierce an injur'd lover's heart. 60

Why, hang her ; though she seem'd so coy,
 I know she loves the barber's boy.

Friend Peter, this I could excuse ;
 For ev'ry nymph has leave to chuse ;
 Nor have I reason to complain, 65
 She loves a more deserving swain.
 But oh ! how ill hast thou divin'd
 A crime, that shocks all human kind ;
 A deed unknown to female race,
 At which the sun should hide his face ; 70
 Advice in vain you would apply ——
 Then leave me to despair and die.
 Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
 These elegies and sonnets burn ;
 And on the marble grave these rhymes, 75
 A monument to after times :
 " Here Cassy lies, by Cælia slain,
 " And dying never told his pain."

Vain empty world, farewell. But hark, 80
 The loud Cerberian triple bark.
 And there —— behold Alecto stand,
 A whip of scorpions in her hand.
 Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
 Beck'ning to waft me o'er the ferry.
 I come, I come, —— Medusa ! see, 85
 Her serpents hiss direct at me.
 Begone ; unhand me, hellish fry :
 Avaunt * —— ye cannot say 'tis I.

* See Macbeth.

Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
 I fear thou wilt be mad indeed. 90
 But now, by friendship's sacred laws
 I here conjure thee, tell the cause;
 And Cælia's horrid fact relate:
 Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.

To force it out my heart must rend : 95
 Yet when conjur'd by such a friend ——
 Think, Peter, how my soul is rackt !
 These eyes, these eyes beheld the fact.
 Now bend thine ear, since out it must ;
 But when thou seest me laid in dust, 100
 The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
 Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart ;
 (How would her virgin-soul bemoan
 A crime to all her sex unknown !) ;
 Nor whisper to the tattling reeds 105
 The blackest of all female deeds ;
 Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
 Where Echo sits, and list'ning mocks ;
 Nor let the zephyrs' treach'rous gale
 Through Cambridge waft the direful tale ; 110
 Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd race
 Discover Cælia's foul disgrace.
 But if you fail, my spectre dread
 Attending nightly round your bed :
 And yet I dare confide in you ;
 So take my secret, and adieu. 115

Nor wonder how I lost my wits :
 Oh ! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh—— *.

To a friend who had been much abused in many
 inveterate libels †.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
 And fortune help the murd'rer in his flight ;

* See the lady's dressing-room, above, p. 342. v. 118.

† This and the following poem, both unquestionably genuine,
 were never inserted in any former edition of the Dean's works.

370 THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet safe from injur'd innocence escape :
And calumny, by working under ground, 5
Can, unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound.

What's to be done ? shall wit and learning chuse
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose ?
By censure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by heav'n bestow'd ; 10
Or fearless enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy distinction at the dearest rate ?

The LOGICIANS refuted.

Logicians have but ill defin'd
As rational, the human kind ;
Reason, they say, belongs to man ;
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius, 5
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditi ;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em ; 10
And must in spite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain ;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature ;
That instinct is a surer guide 15
Than reason, boasting mortals pride ;
And that brute beasts are before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute,
At law his neighbour prosecute, 20
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery ?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind ;
They eat their meals, and take their sport, 25
Nor know who's in or out at court,

They never to the levee go ;
 To treat as dearest friend, a foe :
 They never importune his Grace,
 Nor ever cringe to men in place ; 30
 Nor undertake a dirty job ;
 Nor draw the quill to write for B — b :
 Fraught with invective they ne'er go
 To folks at Pater-noster-row :
 No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters, 35
 No pick-pockets, or poetasters,
 Are known to honest quadrupedes :
 No single brute his fellow leads.
 Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
 Nor cut each others throats for pay. 40
 Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
 Comes nearest us in human shape ;
 Like man he imitates each fashion,
 And malice is his ruling passion.
 But both in malice and grimaces, 45
 A courtier any ape surpasses.
 Behold him humbly cringing wait
 Upon the minister of state :
 View him soon after to inferiors
 Aping the conduct of superiors : 50
 He promises with equal air,
 And to perform takes equal care.
 He in his turn finds imitators ;
 At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
 Their masters' manners still contract, 55
 And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
 Thus, at the court, both great and small
 Behave alike, for all ape all.